

LIFE

JUNIOR DANCE

MARCH 13, 1944 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



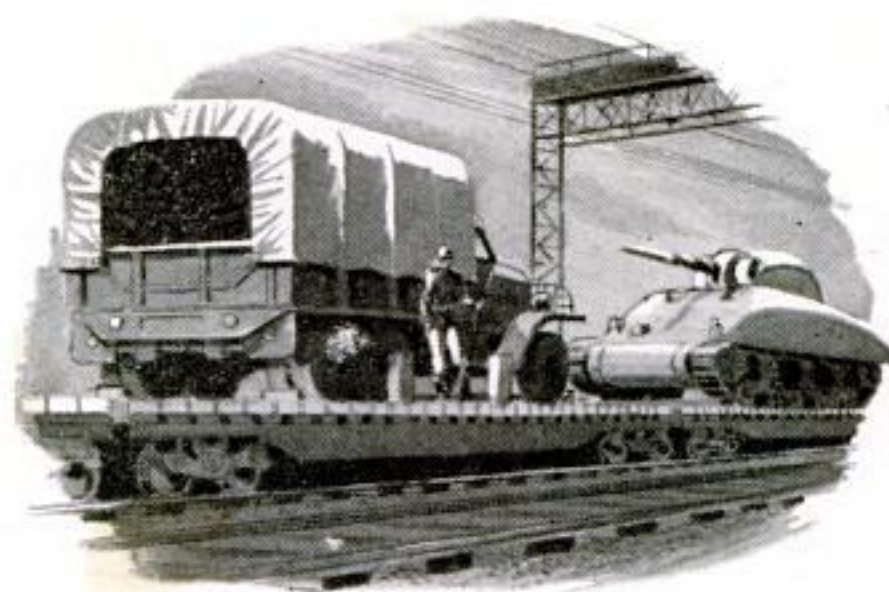
In a changing world, the tradition of fine craftsmanship

and virgin wool fibres is constantly symbolized by the Forstmann label.

Forstmann Woolen Company, Passaic, New Jersey.

More and more Ethyl is going overseas

—and you'll find some of the reasons why in this
MILITARY QUIZ FOR CAR OWNERS



1. In World War I an average division had about 4000 horsepower. What horsepower does a division have today?
4,000 8,000 25,000 200,000 500,000



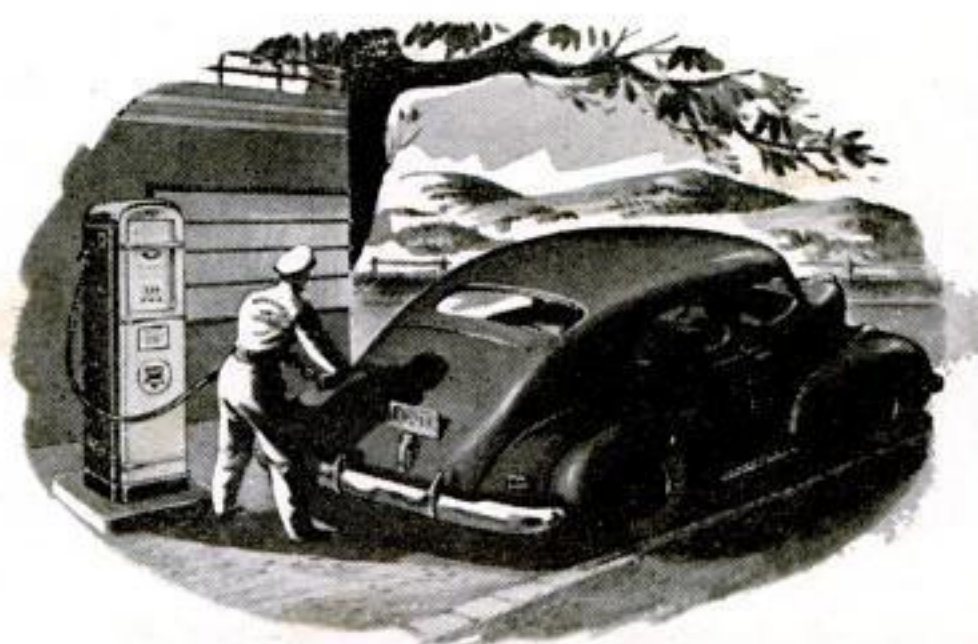
2. How many gallons of high-octane gasoline did the Army Air Force consume in the first two years of the war?
500,000 10,000,000 50,000,000 2,000,000,000



3. How many gallons of aviation gasoline did the Navy flying boat "Mars" use flying from San Francisco to Hawaii?
500 1500 2000 5000 6000



4. What ingredient is used to improve every gallon of fighting gasoline used by the Army and Navy?
Cylinder oil Salt Ethyl fluid Carbon tetrachloride



5. What's the No. 1 reason government agencies have placed limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use?

Rubber shortage Military needs Transportation problem

ANSWERS

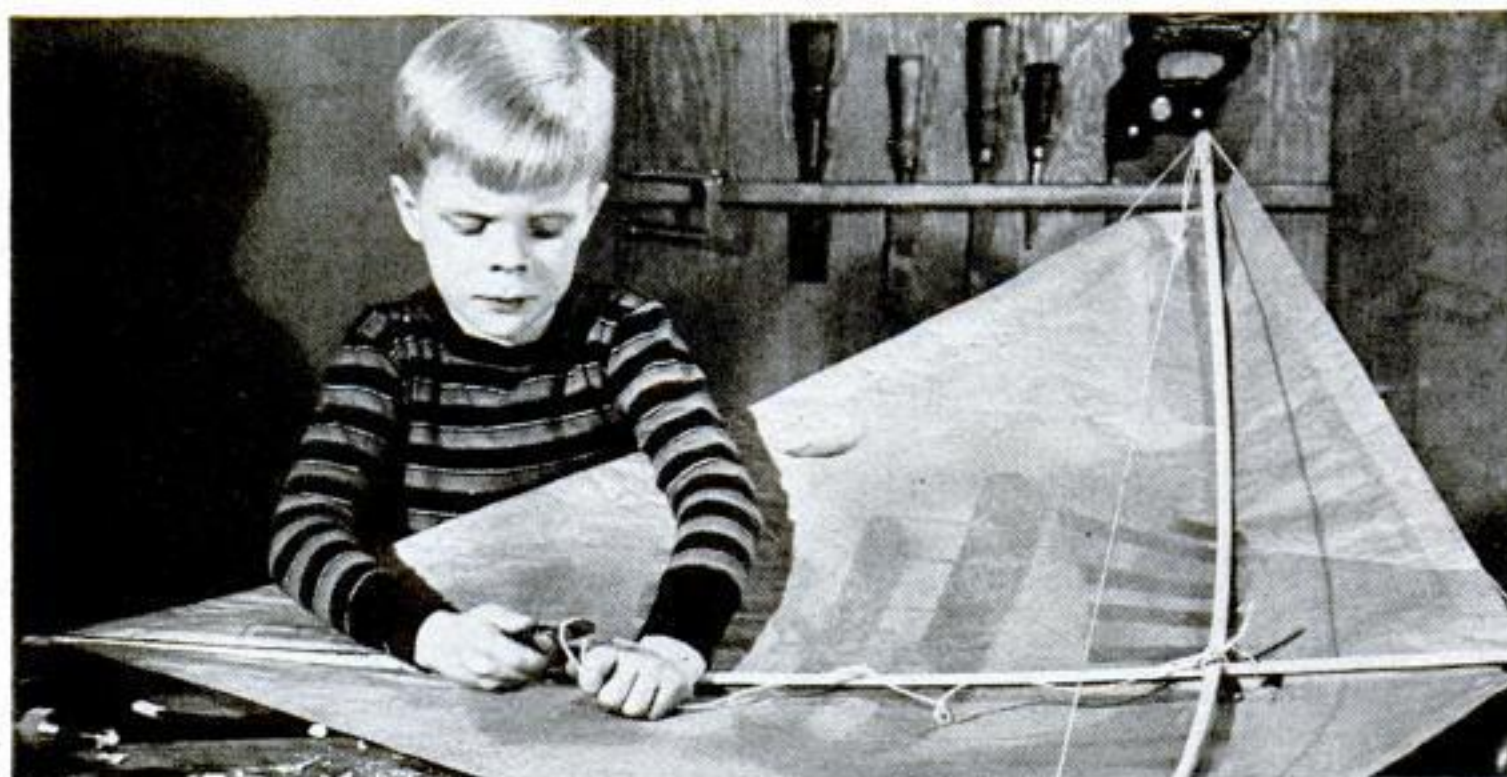
1. 200,000
2. 2,000,000,000
3. 6,000
4. **ETHYL FLUID** is used to improve the antiknock quality of every gallon of fighting gasoline used by our Army and Navy. Remember, our fighting men must have the very best.
5. **MILITARY NEEDS.** The petroleum industry is doing a magnificent job of meeting the ever-mounting requirements of our own Army and Navy and those of our Allies. But fighting the war requires such vast quantities of high quality gasoline that government agencies have had to place limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use.



ETHYL CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York City

The statements in this advertisement have been submitted to the Office of Censorship, and it has no objection to their publication.

1. When Billy cuts himself putting together a kite to race in the March wind... or



2. Little Peg's umbrella balks, catches her finger and breaks the skin... don't wait for trouble, mother!



3. Get out your old friend *BAND-AID! Treat the injury properly, then cover it with this trim adhesive bandage. It's the quick, safe way to help protect small hurts from dirt, germs, possible infection.



4. Remember—BAND-AID is made exclusively by Johnson & Johnson. So many people trust BAND-AID that it's the largest-selling adhesive bandage in the country! Comes sterile—in sealed envelopes. Costs less than a penny postage stamp! So play safe—get BAND-AID!

With plain or mercurochrome pad in 5¢, 10¢, 23¢, 39¢ sizes. Sulfa-thiazole pad in 23¢ size only.

BAND-AID

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

*Band-Aid is the Reg. Trade-mark of the adhesive bandage made exclusively by Johnson & Johnson



LISTEN TO EDWIN C. HILL in the "Human Side of the News" every Tuesday evening.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MORRIS ERNST

Sirs:

Having just finished your close-up on Morris Ernst in the Feb. 21 issue, I'd like to say that it strikes me as the shrewdest and most entertaining piece of biographical writing in many a moon.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Congratulations on the vivid and illuminating article by Fred Rodell. His treatment of the Morris Ernst saga is a masterpiece and certainly the finest in your series on famous personalities.

WILLIAM MITCHELL JENNINGS

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

The current article in LIFE strikes Morris Ernst blows which the Marquess of Queensberry rules would never permit.

HAROLD E. FEY

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

The article on Morris Ernst contained factual errors in its reference to the National Lawyers Guild. In the first place the National Lawyers Guild is not and has never been a "competitor" of the American Bar Association. The relations between the American Bar Association and the National Lawyers Guild are most cordial.

The author's characterization of the National Lawyers Guild as "leftish," is likewise incorrect. The Guild is neither "leftish," "rightish" or any other such gibberish.

The article further states that Morris Ernst "is a power in... the National Lawyers Guild." This is contrary to the fact. We consider it important to clarify this misimpression created by Mr. Rodell, for if lawyers and the people are generally deceived into thinking that Mr. Ernst is a power in the Guild, the political and professional ideas attributed to him in the article might easily become associated with the Guild program. Since certain of these ideas are diametrically opposed to the Guild's program for national unity and unity of all lawyers in support of the war effort, the readers of LIFE should be informed of the true facts.

Thus, for instance, we wish to disassociate the National Lawyers Guild from the false impression created in the article that since Morris Ernst is a power in the Guild, and since he supported ambulance chasing in a speech before the Guild, the Guild condones this practice. Of course the impression dissolves as soon as it becomes known that Ernst is not a member of the Guild. But we wish to make it clear that the Guild officially condemns ambulance chasing as a reprehensible practice.

BARTLEY C. CRUM,
Vice President

MARTIN POPPER,
Nat'l Executive Secretary

National Lawyers Guild
New York, N. Y.

● Morris Ernst was one of the original organizers of the National Lawyers Guild in 1937 and remained a member of that organization until April 1940.—ED.

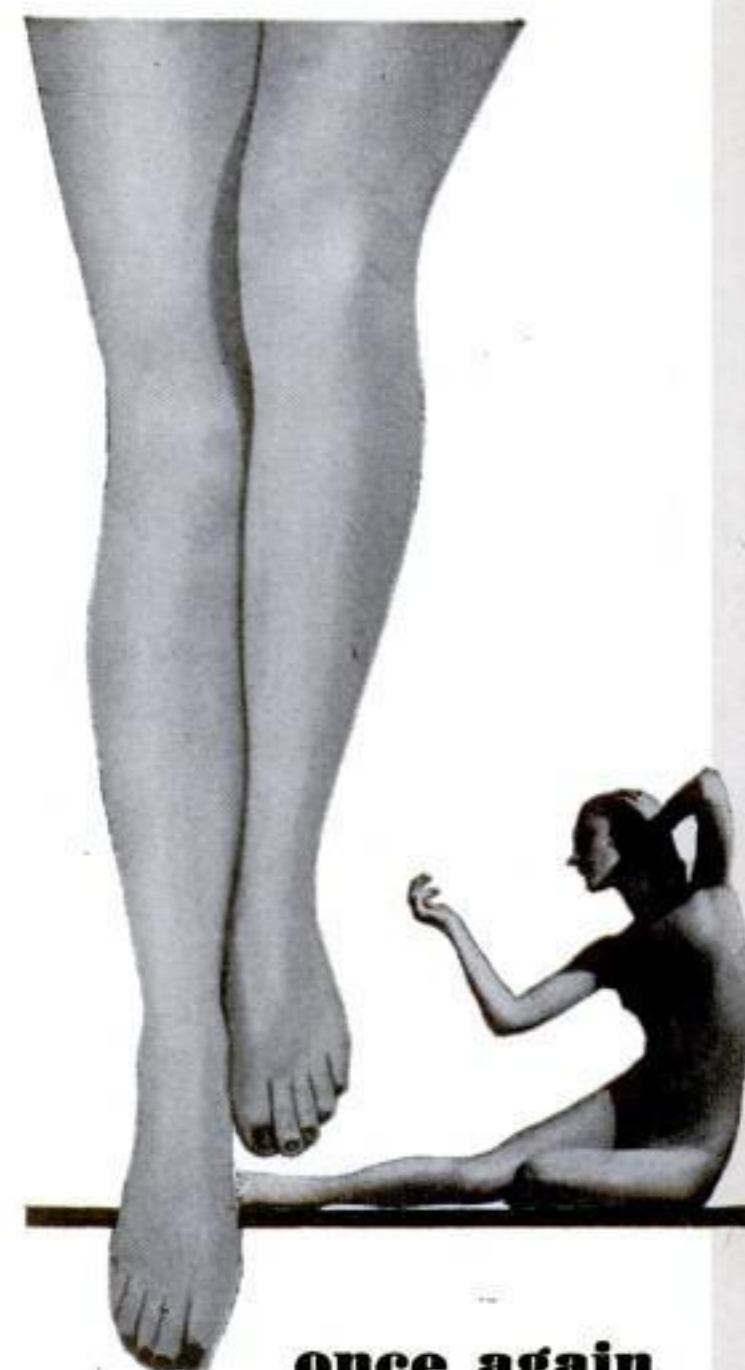
HELMERS ON HOLLYWOOD

Sirs:

As an aspect of art all too often reviled by orthodox schools, Peter Helmers' drawings (LIFE, Feb. 21) are a triumph of achievement of the true purpose of all art—the recorded expression of human emotion.

LIEUT. ABRAHAM R. KAPLAN
Drew Field, Fla.

(continued on p. 4)



once again
you can get

IMRA

the odorless, painless,
cosmetic depilatory

Once again IMRA* is available to smart women. Here is the sweet way to keep your arms, legs and underarms smooth and completely feminine—free of unwanted hair. Odorless, painless IMRA creams hair off in just a few minutes. No razor nicks, no ugly razor bristle. Just smooth it on. Later rinse it off. Get IMRA today...the exquisite cosmetic way to defuzz. Large 4½ oz. tube \$1.00 plus Federal Tax.

At fine department
and drug stores

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
U. S. Pat. Pending



\$1 plus Fed. Tax

ARTRA COSMETICS, INC.
Bloomfield, N. J.



THERE ARE STILL UNDISCOVERED CONTINENTS

COLUMBUS had a definite goal—a west-bound sea route to Asia. But what he found was a new continent—a new source of Nature's wealth.

Modern research also has its goals: it, too, discovers new resources. Starting from the knowns of science, it charts its voyages into the unknown. Behind each voyage is a theory that there is a passageway.

But research doesn't hold stubbornly to its theories. If it finds islands instead of a continent, it accepts them, for it

expects the unexpected. It studies their relation to the known lands of science. And on the basis of its increased knowledge, it makes revised plans for progress. In science there is always a continent ahead.

Just what research will disclose can never be forecast. But history has proved that from research flow discoveries of value to mankind. From Bell Telephone Laboratories there has poured a full stream of improvements in the telephone art.

Bell Laboratories has kept America leading the world in telephony. And its researches have contributed importantly to other arts of communication—to the phonograph and sound-motion pictures, to radio broadcasting and television.

Today, as ever since Pearl Harbor, its efforts in research and design are devoted to the war needs of the nation.

When peace comes, its organized teams of research scientists and engineers will continue to explore and invent and perfect for the improvement of telephony.



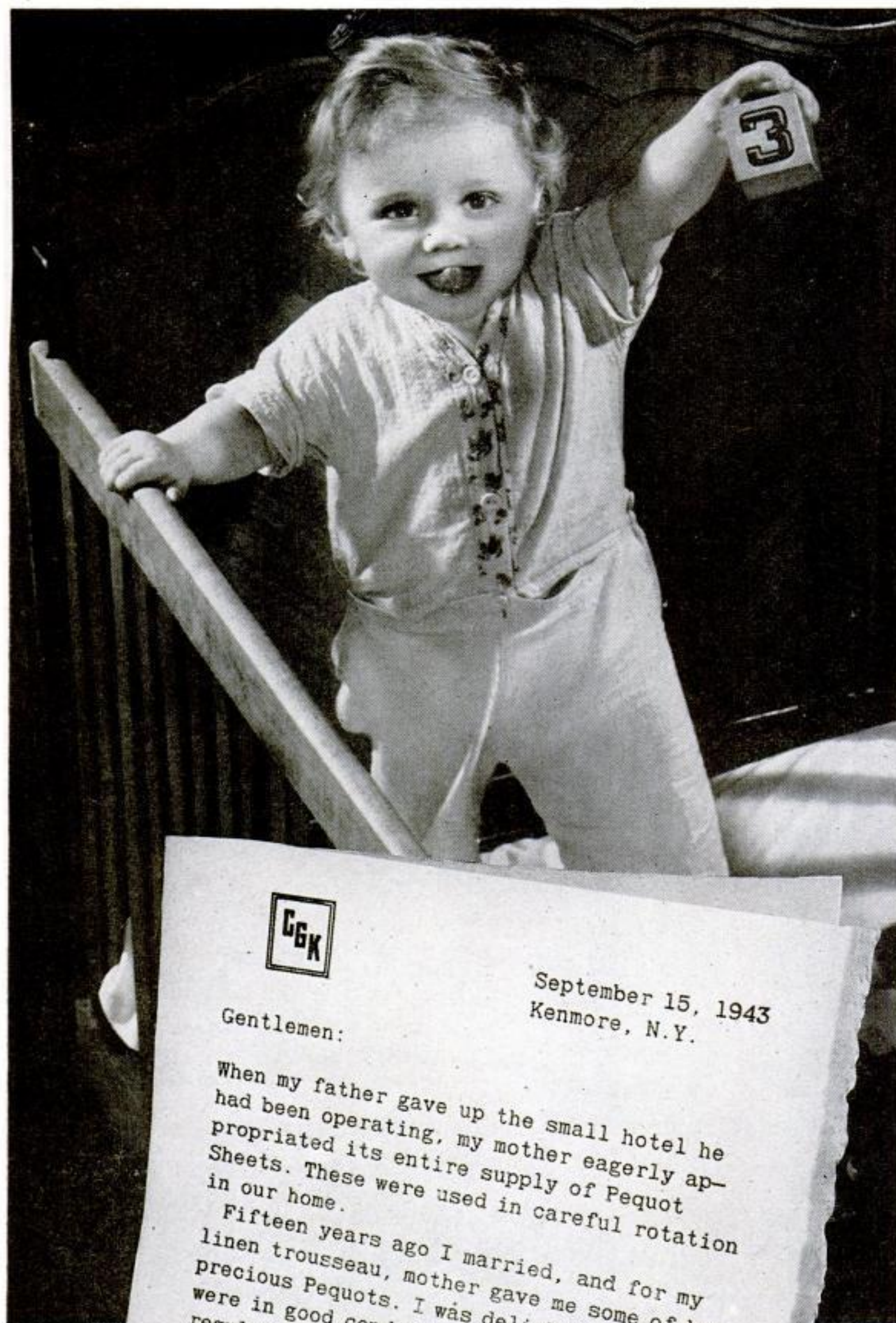
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

This One



JA5X-XHP-7G6T

NOT 1~NOT 2~ BUT 3 GENERATIONS have slept on these Pequot's!



September 15, 1943
Kenmore, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

When my father gave up the small hotel he had been operating, my mother eagerly appropriated its entire supply of Pequot Sheets. These were used in careful rotation in our home.

Fifteen years ago I married, and for my linen trousseau, mother gave me some of her precious Pequots. I was delighted, for they were in good condition and snowy white from regular washings.

Some of these sheets are still doing duty, cut down to crib-sheet size for Baby Jimmy.

Recently I tore up some to make bandages which were sent to first aid stations. Even in their very old age, Pequot Sheets serve ...and are helping to win Victory.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Cletus G. Keller

Never too old to serve... that's what thousands of women say about Pequot Sheets. They swear by Pequot quality. They also like Pequot's projecting size

tabs for quick identification, double tape selvages for extra strength. War needs come first, but some Pequots are still made for civilian use. Pequot Mills, Salem, Mass.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

PEQUOT  **SHEETS**

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

Sirs:

I guess I'm dumb but I think that they are the silliest things I have ever seen.

MRS. L. T. SPRINGER

Palestine, Texas

MIAMI SPECTACLE

Sirs:

Your article "Miami Spectacle" (LIFE, Feb. 21) was unkind to its inhabitants, both transient and permanent. Here are some facts. Check them yourself if you doubt their accuracy. Dade County's quota, Fourth War Loan Drive: \$27,000,000

Miami's bond subscriptions as of Feb. 16, \$30,010,546

Parl-mutuel betting at Hialeah Park, Miami, topped \$1,000,000 this Feb. 5

Parl-mutuel betting at Belmont Park, New York, topped \$2,000,000 last summer

Price of a good dinner at the Latin Quarter in Miami, \$3.50

Price of a good dinner at the Latin Quarter in New York or Boston (and many other top-flight night clubs anywhere in the U. S.), \$3.50

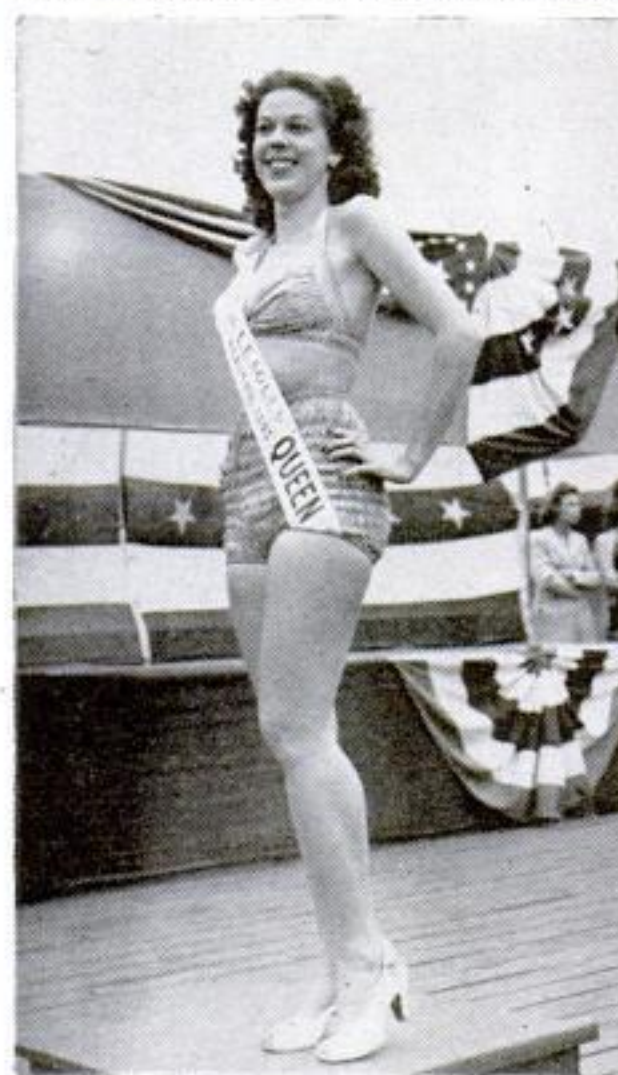
Upon questioning a group of people whom your article chose to describe as "slacker tourists" I found that seven out of the eight questioned had a husband or sons in the service.

ALBERT A. CONVISER

Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

I saw the picture of the beauty contest in the article "Miami Spectacle" and I thought you might be interested



BOND SELLER

to know that since I won it I have been able to sell \$26,000 worth of war bonds under the auspices of the Miami American Legion and the Army base at Boca Raton Army Air Field, Fla

JEAN LEMMON

Miami, Fl.

Sirs:

Your article "Miami Spectacle" was outrageous. You ought to know the facts before you print such stuff.

RUTH CURRY

Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

Soldiers are allowed furloughs, why not civilians? I am sick and tired of hearing the civilians cursed for indulging in a little well-earned pleasure. Your article is nothing short of rabble-rousing.

WALTER M. RIESE

Oteen, N. C.

*In any event
wire Flowers*



A birthday she'll never forget because you thought of wiring flowers! In fact — whether it's a special occasion or just because you're thoughtful flowers say things for you in just the right way.

In Any Event Wire Flowers.

Through pooling delivery facilities, FTD Florists are conserving manpower, gasoline and rubber. Because of this, flowers can still be delivered.



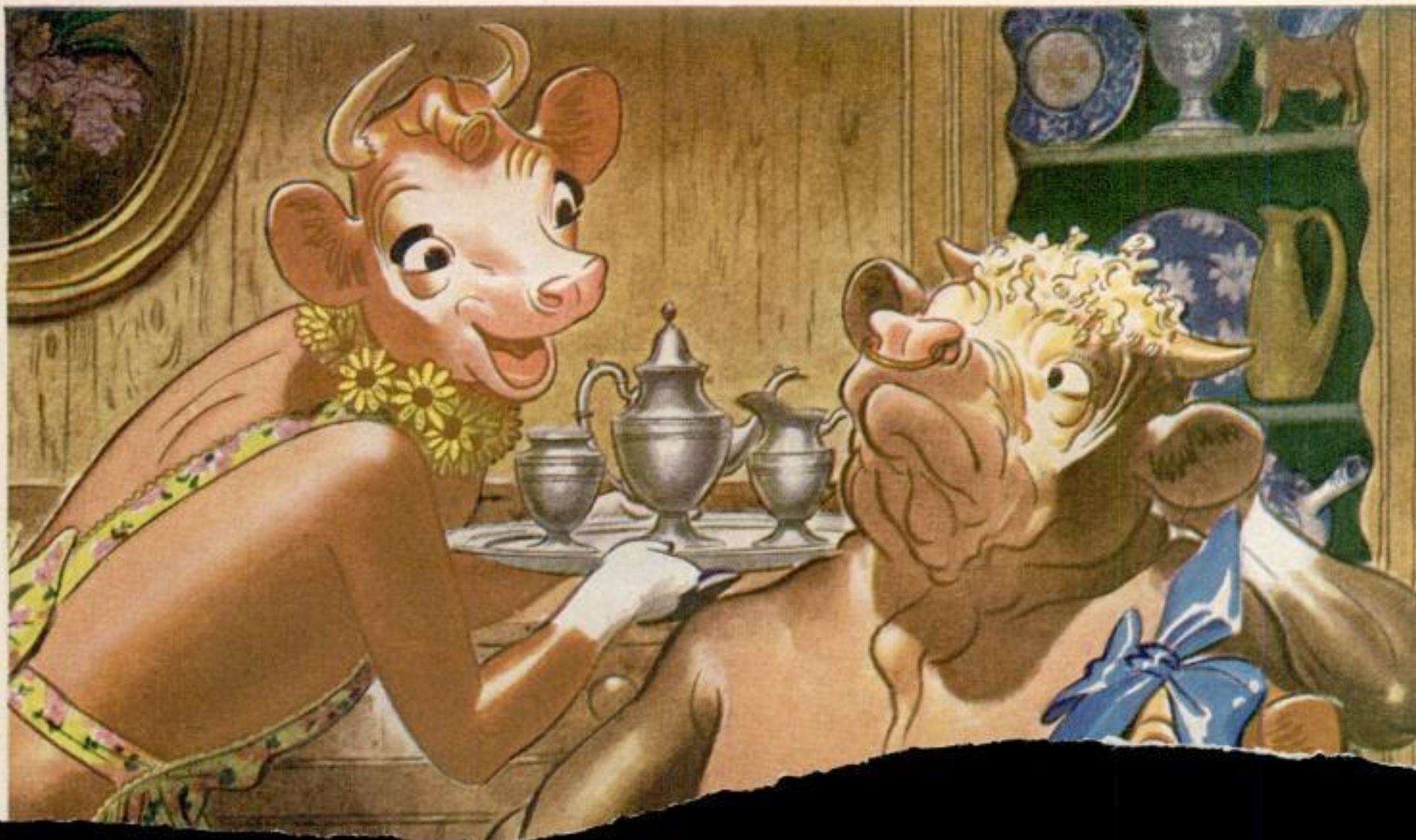
This SEAL is your Guarantee of Quality and Dependability

This FTD Seal is your assurance that when you send flowers by wire you'll get full value because all FTD members are bonded for your protection. All florists are not FTD Florists, so always look for the FTD Seal on the window. Write Direct to Headquarters.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

484 E. Grand Blvd. • Detroit, Michigan
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

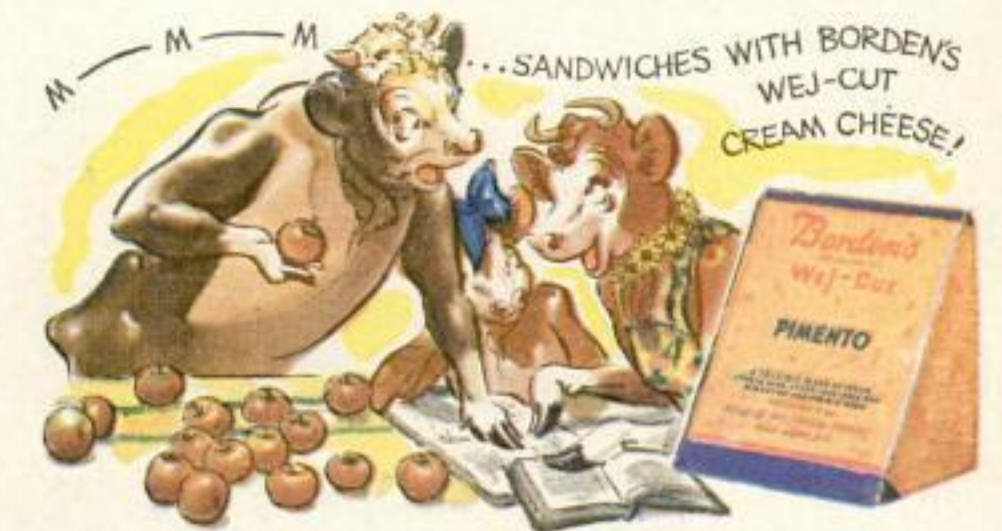
(continued on p. 7)



you up, they're treats that never let you down."

"But my problem is that I have 20 apples," sniffed Beulah, wiping away her tears. "What can I do with 20 apples?"

"Goodness, Beulah, I'm surprised at you," rebuked Elsie. "Every one of those 20 apples would be a welcome treat in anybody's lunch box. Almost as big a treat as sandwiches made with creamy, butter-rich



Borden's Wej-Cut Cream Cheese. Wej-Cut is only one member of a large family of Borden's Fine Cheeses

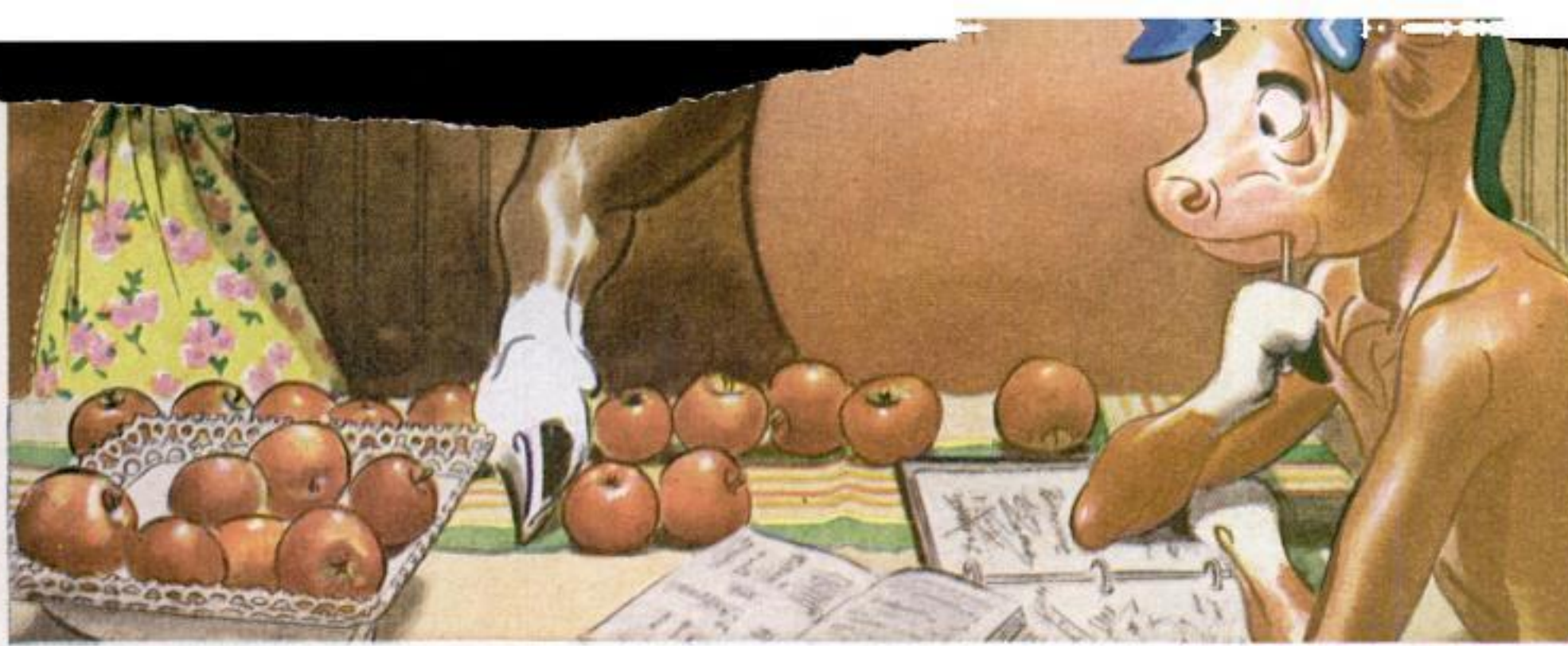
and still has 20 apples and the rest of her. Elmer sarcastically. "Read

ADVANCING TOWARD

TOMORROW'S

EFFORTLESS DRIVING





"But, Elmer—all the answers in the book can't be wrong!"

ELMER, THE BULL, glared at Beulah's arithmetic book and the world in general.

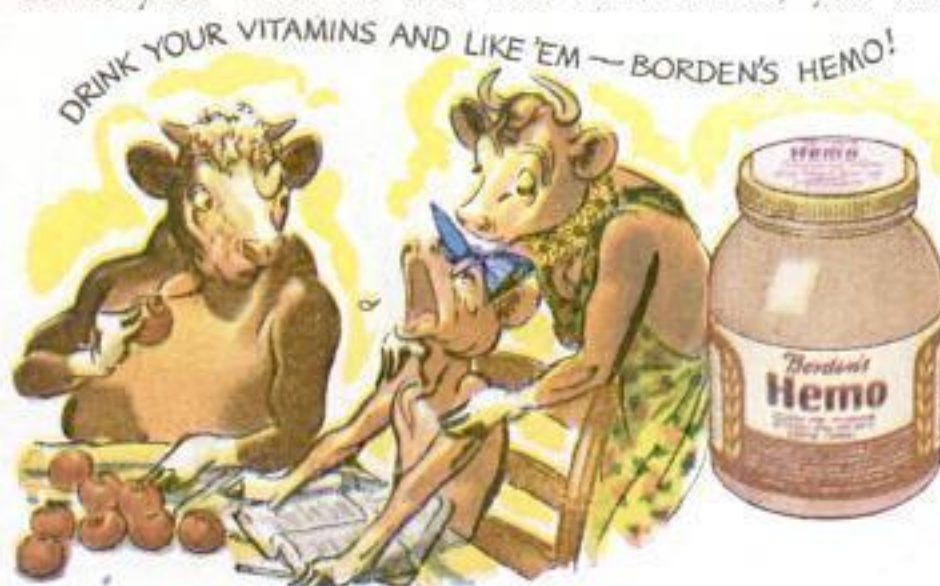
"Madam," he snapped, turning to Elsie, the Borden Cow, "you handle the house-work and I'll take care of the mathematics. The answers in the book *are* wrong and I can prove it. See—not one of them is the same as mine."

"That's just what you said the last time you helped me with my homework," whimpered little Beulah. "And the teacher gave me a zero."

"Your teacher was just being narrow-minded!" belled Elmer. "After all, there are two sides to every question."

"But there aren't always two answers," interrupted Elsie. "Take the question, 'What is the grandest milk any cow ever boasted of?' There's just one answer to

people who enjoy *Borden's Hemo*—the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. Hemo, you see,



tastes better than the best malted milk and every glass is almost a lunch in itself."

"Boohoo," sobbed Beulah, "all you do is talk about things to eat and nobody helps me with my homework!"

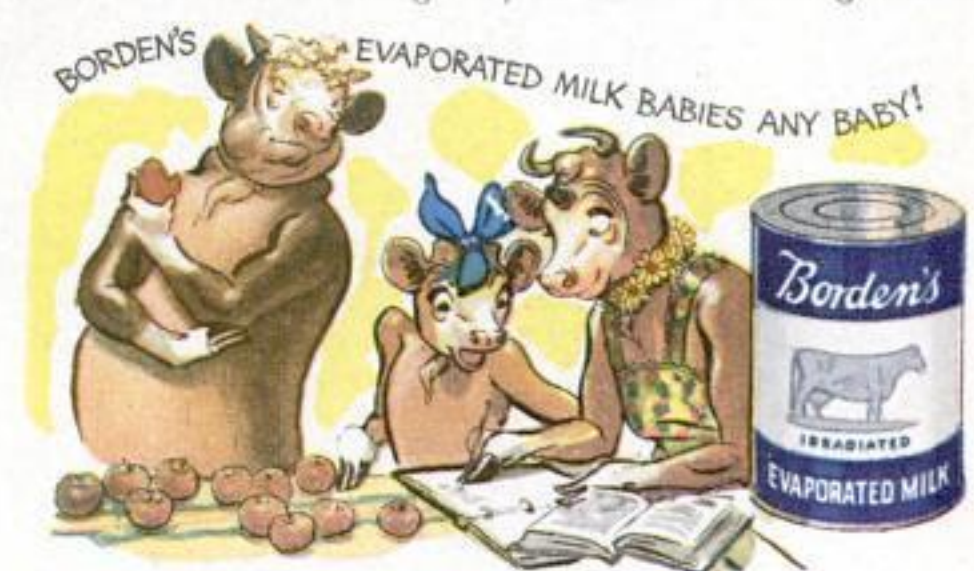
"Don't cry, dear," comforted Elsie. "Let mother see if she can help. If these problems were only on how to serve a grand dessert chock-full of milk nourish-



ment, I'd always have the right answer—*Borden's Ice Cream and Sherbets*. They're splendid foods to cheer

and
"And Beulah said
homework to do," finished Elmer. "The rest of the problem: she gives half the apples to Henry and one fourth of the apples to John. How many doctors can she keep away with the rest?"

"Why should our daughter want to keep away from doctors?" asked Elsie. "I think doctors are nice. Why, any number of doctors approve my *Borden's Evaporated Milk* for feeding tiny babies. It's so digestible

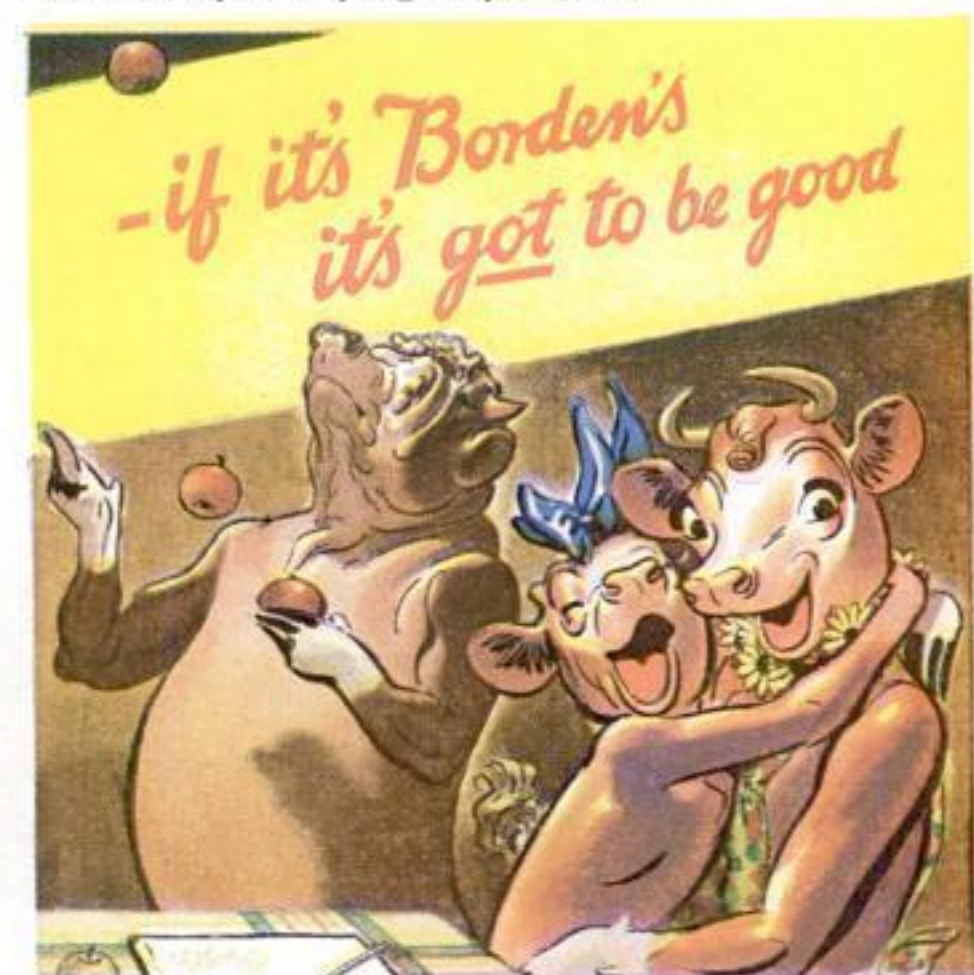


and rich in Vitamin D, you know. Of course you don't *have* to be a baby to enjoy Borden's Evaporated Milk—it makes perfectly scrumptious creamed soups and mashed potatoes for grown-ups, too."

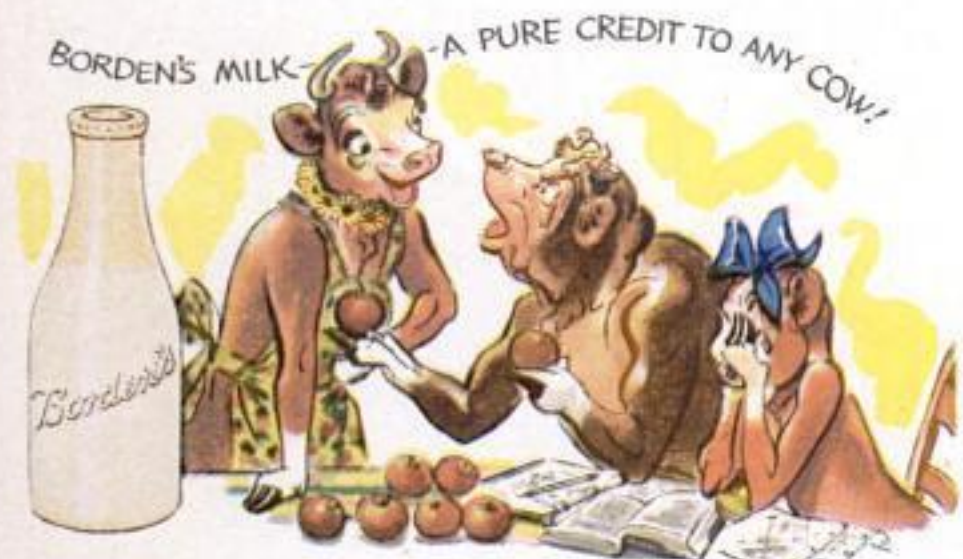
"That isn't the answer in the book, mommy," said little Beulah anxiously. "Don't you know any more about arithmetic than daddy does?"

"I don't think I could know any less," said Elsie thoughtfully. "But perhaps we'd better not go into that. Suppose you try your best to solve those problems yourself. And if you still can't get the right answer—well, you might try giving the apples to teacher!"

ELSIE SAYS: "You don't need a head for figures to figure that War Bonds are the world's best investment. Are you buying all you can?"



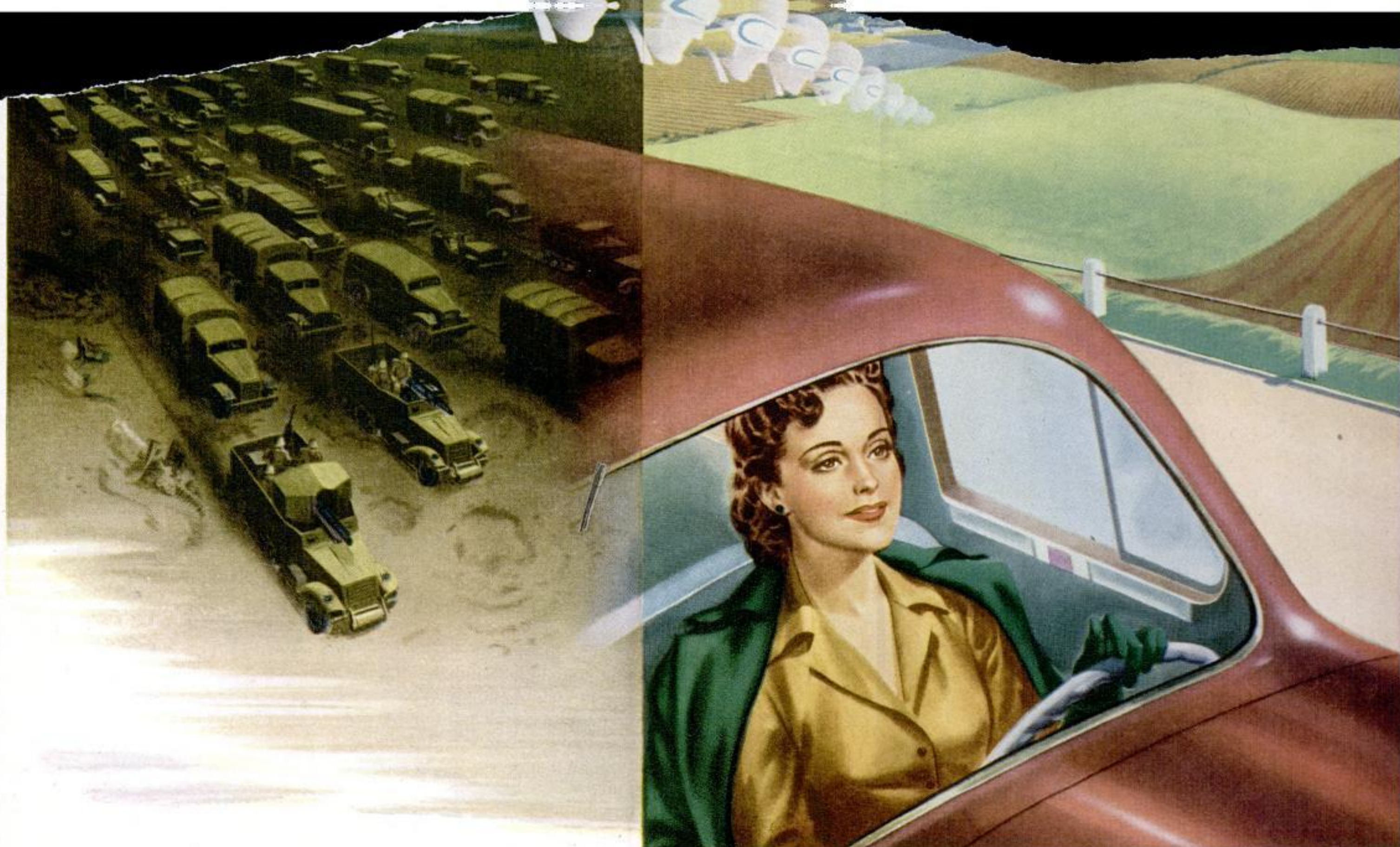
© The Borden Company



that question and the answer is *Borden's*! The way those Borden inspectors fuss over us cows, every drop just naturally has to be pure, creamy, and wholesome."

"Humpf," grunted Elmer, "I thought we were discussing figures."

"Speaking of figures," beamed Elsie, "you'd be astonished if I showed you the figures on the number of



... THE BENDIX "INVISIBLE CREW"

HAVEN'T you ever wondered why, in this automatic age, women should have to strain at a brake pedal... or grope for the starter on the car floor... or tug and struggle at the steering wheel, in parking?

There will be no excuse for that, tomorrow. You can stop your car surely, effortlessly, with sensationally improved and war-tested hydraulic or vacuum power braking... product of the same unmatched experience that has made Bendix* four-wheel brakes, with Eclipse* Brake Linings, the standard of the industry. You can, right now, have Startix*... the ultimate development of the Bendix* Drive... which starts your engine at the turn of your ignition key, and automatically restarts it in any traffic stall. Your wife can have Bendix* Hydraulic Power Steering, to swing the wheels of her parked car at the touch of a finger. And you can both enjoy vastly smoother power transmission, with Bendix-Weiss* constant velocity joints... livelier engine response, with

Stromberg* or Zenith* carburetors... and the ease of vacuum gear shifting.

Other Invisible Crewmen will come out of the skies... out of the planes which Bendix* electric and hydraulic controls have made so impressively safe and automatic. And your War Bonds... that now help send "The Invisible Crew" to every front... can be your means of buying the dream-car of tomorrow!



*Trade Marks of Bendix Aviation Corporation or subsidiaries. Automotive Divisions: Bendix Products Division, South Bend, Ind.; Zenith Carburetor Division, Detroit, Mich.; Eclipse Machine Division, Elmira, N. Y.; Marshall-Eclipse Division, Troy, N. Y. Copyright 1944, Bendix Aviation Corporation.

That's My Brand Pard



I'VE TRIED OTHER BRANDS OF TISSUES BUT I'VE FOUND YOU CAN'T BEAT **KLEENEX*** TISSUES FOR QUALITY... THANKS FOR KEEPING KLEENEX "TOPS!"

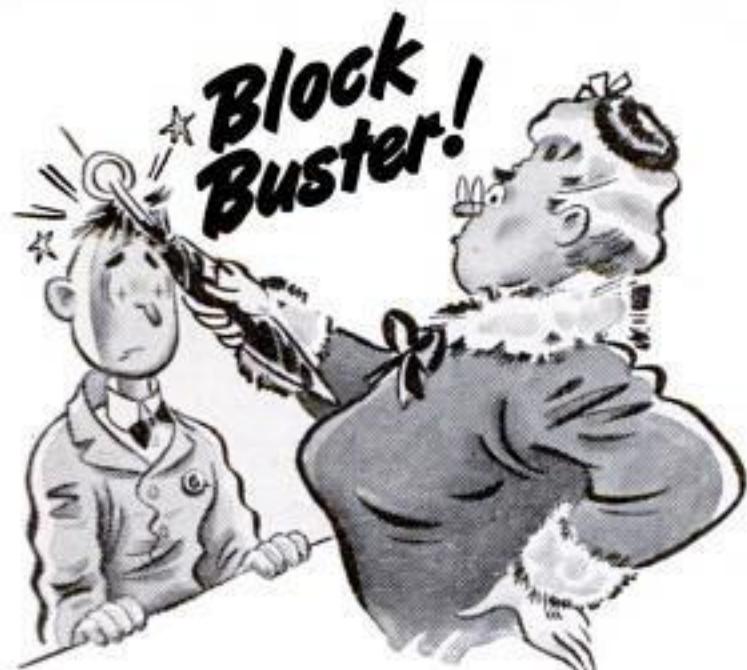
(from a letter by J. V., Gloucester, Mass.)

JACK IN THE BOX



KLEENEX POPS OUT OF ITS HANDY SERV-A-TISSUE BOX UNWRUMPLED, UNWASTED, TO THE LAST DOUBLE TISSUE! NO WASTE MEANS MORE "JACK" FOR WAR STAMPS!

(from a letter by G. B. B., Richmond, Va.)



It isn't your dealer's fault there's not enough Kleenex to go around! We're making our full quota every day but it seems like everybody wants it!

Regardless of what others do, we are determined to maintain Kleenex Quality in every particular, consistent with government regulations.

There's only ONE KLEENEX

Tissues bearing any other name are not Kleenex

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

LIFE's story "Miami Spectacle" was good but it was not nearly strong enough.

This being "the season" here, rental for a room with bath runs about \$100 per month. Rates for servicemen are the same as for tourists. The serviceman is being made an industry here, just as the tourist is—he is squeezed just as hard.

Adding insult to this, many a tourist is voicing the opinion (with the obvious intention of being overheard) that if service wives would stay at home, transportation facilities would be better.

In due time the war will be won, but a little consideration on the part of the civilians would go a long way toward making this business of killing and being killed a lot more pleasant. We shall, of course, do the job without that consideration, if necessary.

LIEUT. COMMANDER FRANKLIN D. BUCKLEY, USN
Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

We, the Army, were resented from the first moment we set foot in Miami. Our arrival meant a loss of income from the tourists. From the start Miamians were determined to take it out on us. The prices we were charged for everything from souvenirs and ice-cream sodas to alcoholic drinks were outrageous. They protested our singing in ranks as we marched along the streets in the morning—it woke them up. Hotels retained by civilians put up signs "Restricted to Military Personnel"—we annoyed the guests. The happiest day of our lives was the day our orders came to leave for sunny California.

PVT. RICHARD J. CORBETT
PFC. HOWARD NAGEL
PFC. ROBERT POOLER
PFC. MORRIS SIEGEL
PVT. WILLIAM CAHILL
Santa Monica, Calif.

Sirs:

In the last two years thousands of servicemen have passed through Miami. Each one was a potential winter visitor in years to come. But Miami missed the boat. They will never come back.

LIEUT. FREDERICK L. PORTER, USCGR
Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

The Wacs salute you! Our prayers have been answered. You have published the truth about Miami playboys.

PVT. NATALIE A. McFEE
Miami Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

... "Miami Catastrophe!"
PFC. HANS BENJAMIN
Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

... "Miami Disgrace!"
RALPH A. McGAVERN
Erie, Pa.

Time, LIFE, Fortune and the Architectural Forum have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1944 these four publications of the Time group are budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.

"THANKS FOR THE USE OF THE PEN, TEX. MINE'S GONE SLAP-HAPPY AGAIN."

"ARE YOU TRYING TO SPOIL A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP? FILL YOUR PEN WITH PARKER QUINK AND KEEP IT ON THE BEAM. THAT SOLV-X REALLY WORKS!"



TOP QUALITY PENS RUNNING SHORT!

Quink with solv-x protects pens... Keeps them writing!

"First-choice" fountain pens have been curtailed in production by Government order. Repair parts, too, are scarce.

If your pen fails now, it may not be repaired or replaced for the duration. Take this measure to give your pen the protection it deserves: flush and fill it with Parker Quink containing solv-x, an exclusive Parker discovery.

Solv-x safeguards your pen in these 5 important ways:

1. Ends all gumming and clogging. 2. Prevents metal corrosion and deterioration of rubber always caused by highly acid inks. 3. Dissolves sediment left by inferior inks. 4. Cleans your pen as it writes. 5. Assures quick starting and even flow.

Get a bottle of Parker Quink today. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis., and Toronto, Canada.

FOR V...—MAIL "Micro-film Black"—Parker Quink in "Micro-film Black" photographs perfectly—is ideal for every use. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size, 25¢. Other sizes, 15¢ and up.

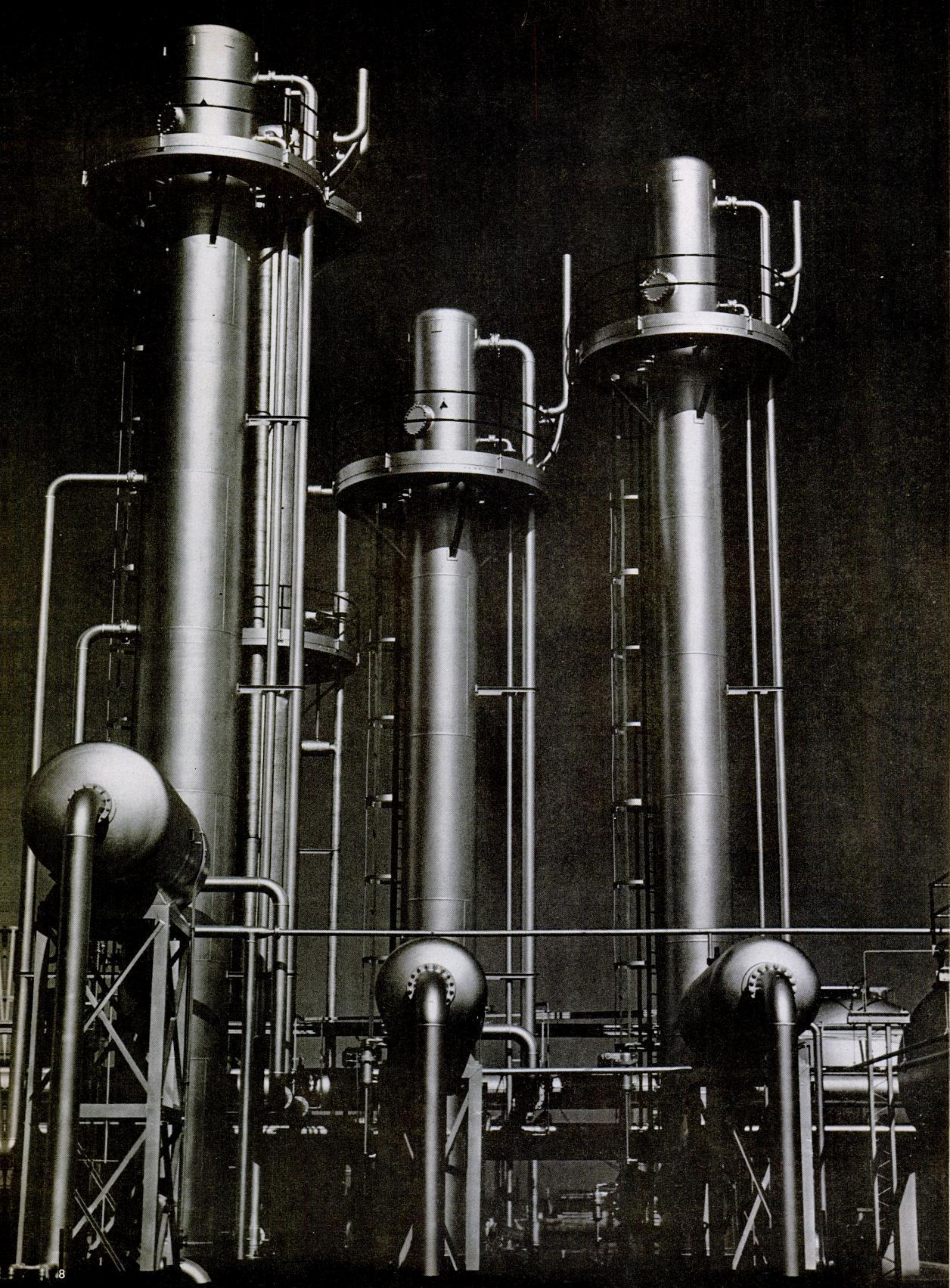


Copr. 1944 by The Parker Pen Company

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!



PARKER Quink
THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

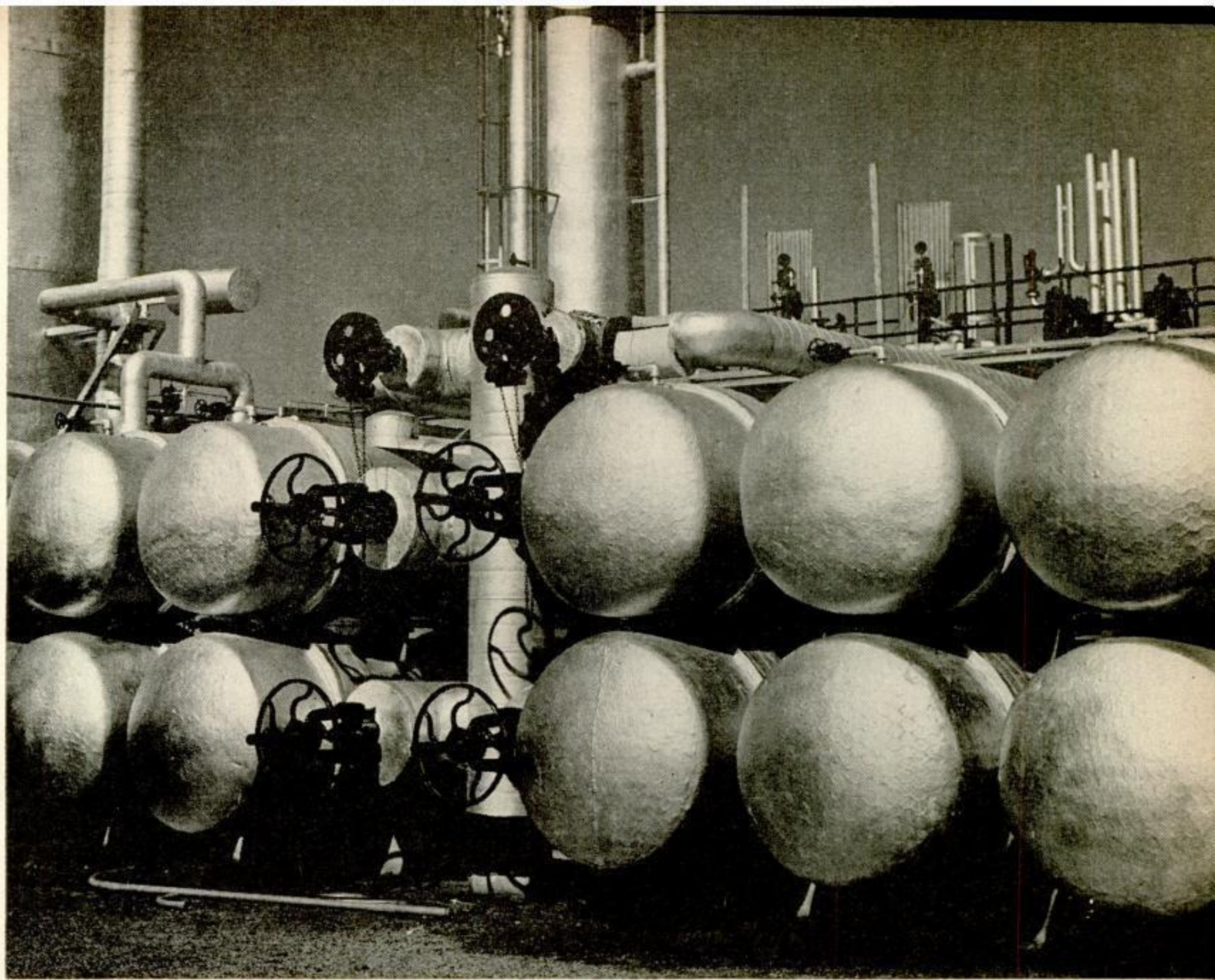


SPEAKING OF PICTURES

... REFINERY SHAPES NEW TEXAS SKYLINE

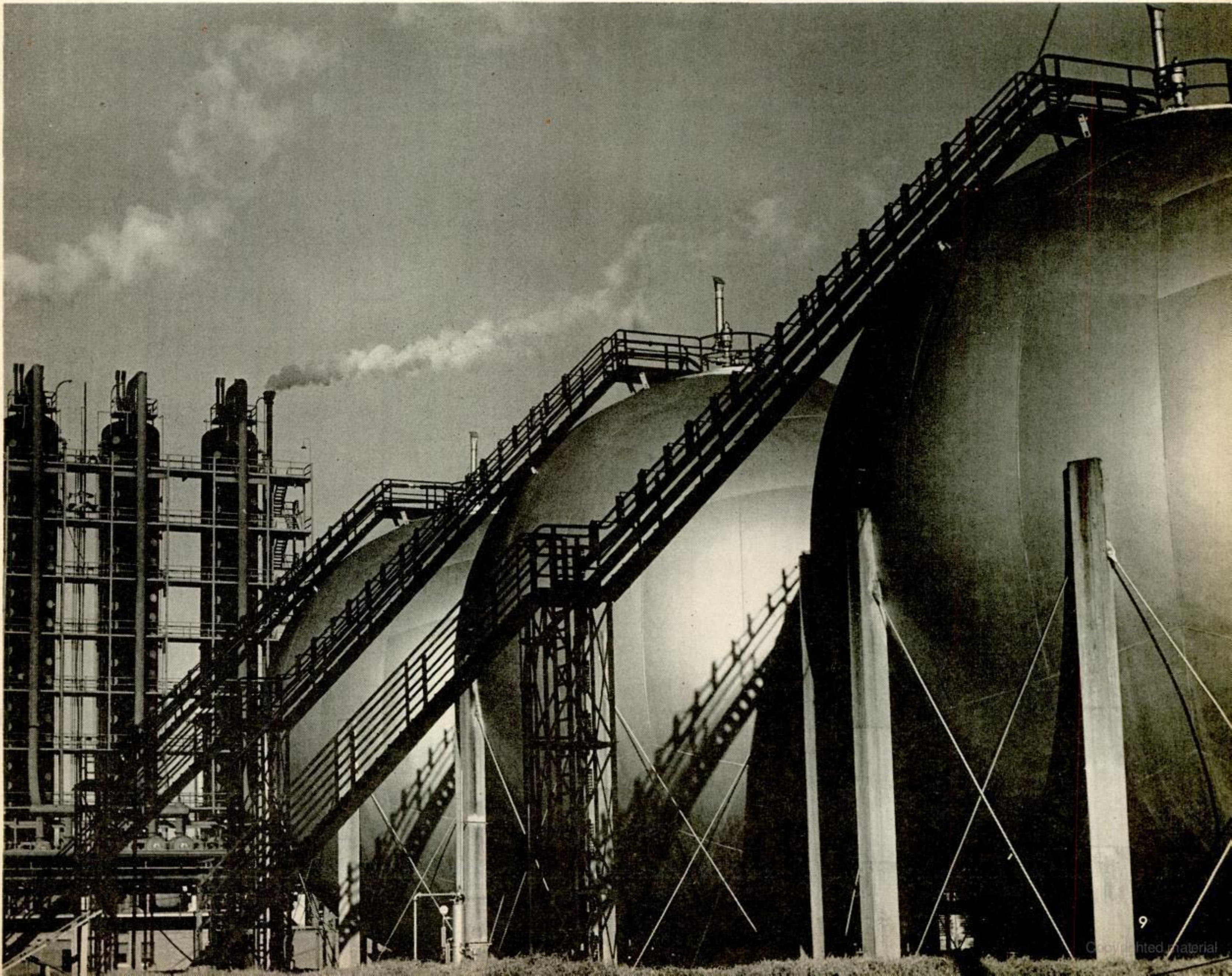
Of all the plants which U.S. industry has built for war, none makes better pictures than the great high-octane refineries of Texas. This is chiefly because a refinery is too big to put under a roof and all apparatus is left to stand in geometric design against the sky.

These photographs, among the best that have been taken of the southwest's new industrial skyline, were made by Harry Pennington Jr. of San Antonio, Texas. To get them he waited for a sunny day when the wind was blowing hard. With the air bright and clear he drove out to the big plants at Katy and Baytown. There he fitted a red filter over his lens to hold back the sky's blue light and heighten contrast between sky and distilling columns (*opposite page*). When the pictures were developed he found his technique had made both plants gleam against a gray-black background.



GAS AND OIL FROM WELLS PASS THROUGH THESE TANKS WHERE MOLECULES ARE BROKEN DOWN BY HEAT AND PRESSURE

PATENTED HORTON SPHEROIDS HOLD CRUDE-OIL FRACTIONS UNDER PRESSURE. FROM THE LIQUIDS AND GASES IN THESE TANKS REFINERY CAN MAKE EITHER GASOLINE OR RUBBER



PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS

**Guarantees* You a Clean,
Comfortable Shave with
NO RAZOR BURN!**

*PALMOLIVE BRUSHLESS
SHAVE CREAM, MADE WITH REAL
OLIVE OIL, IS EASY TO SPREAD
AND GUARANTEES* YOU SMOOTH,
COOL, PAINLESS SHAVES
EVERY TIME! OR YOUR
MONEY BACK!*



1 Palmolive Brushless
welts whiskers in a flash.
They come off quick
and clean. Leaves your
face cool, comfortable,
younger looking.



2 Palmolive Brushless
lubricates your skin with
real olive oil. Your razor
simply glides along with
no scraping, no irrita-
tion, No Razor Burn.



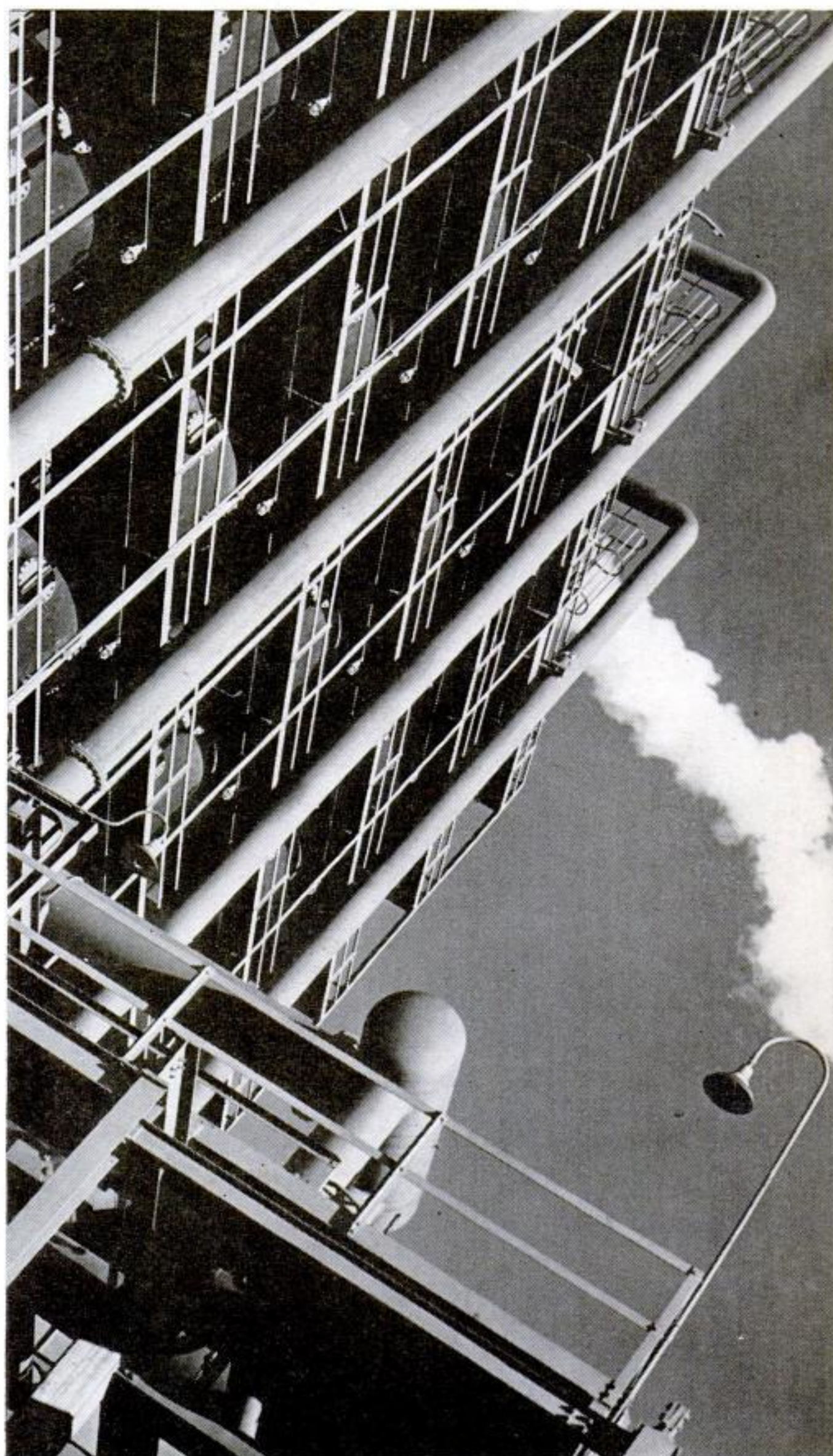
3 Throw away your
shaving brush and get
Palmolive Brushless in
the big, money-saving
jar. It guarantees you the
cleanest, most comfort-
able shave you ever had.



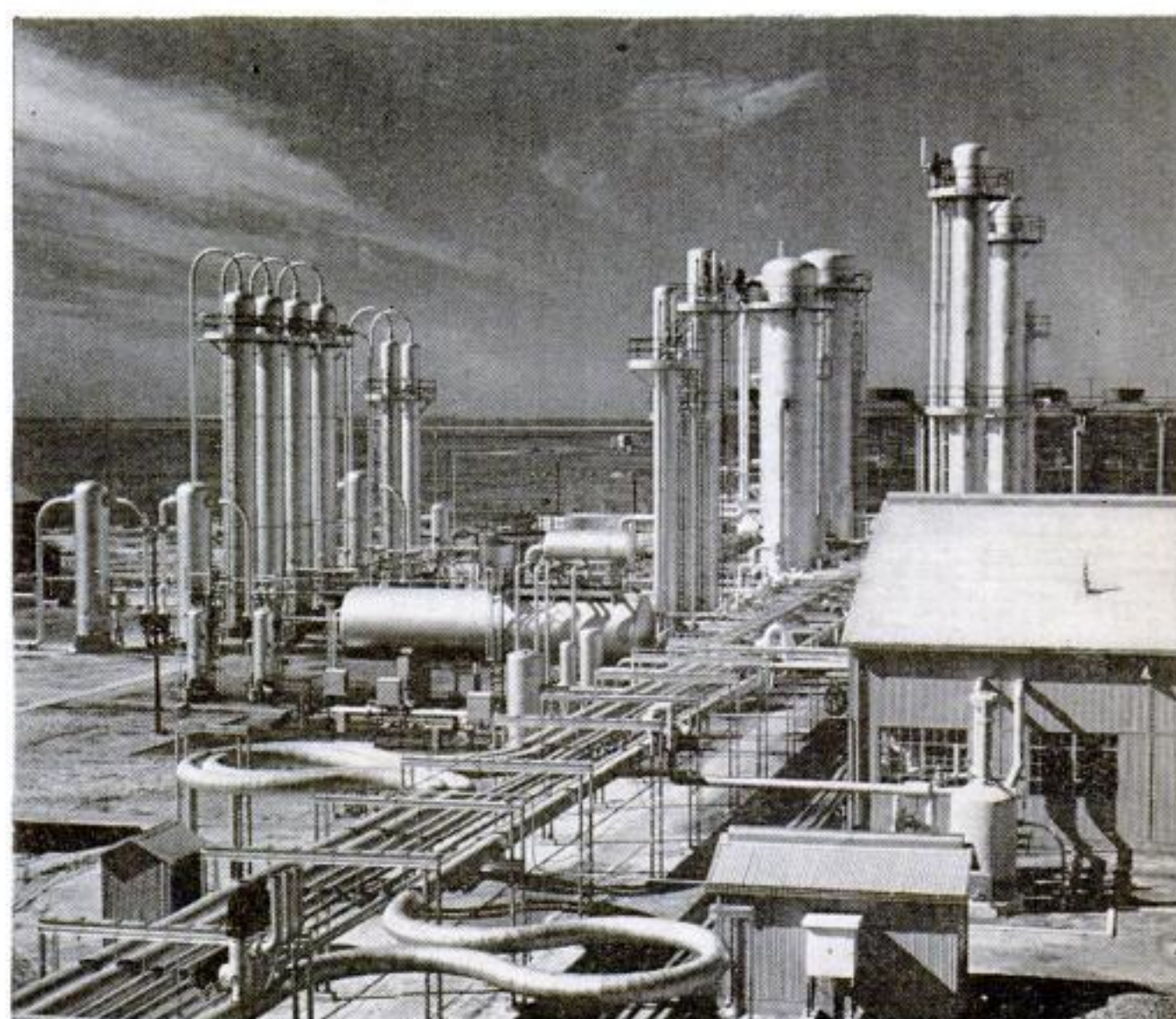
*** YOUR GUARANTEE
OF NO RAZOR BURN**
Buy Palmolive Brushless.
Use it day after day. If you
don't agree it gives you the
cleanest, most comfortable
shave you ever had—with No
Razor Burn—mail the carton
top to Palmolive, Jersey City
2, N. J., and we will imme-
diately refund your money!

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

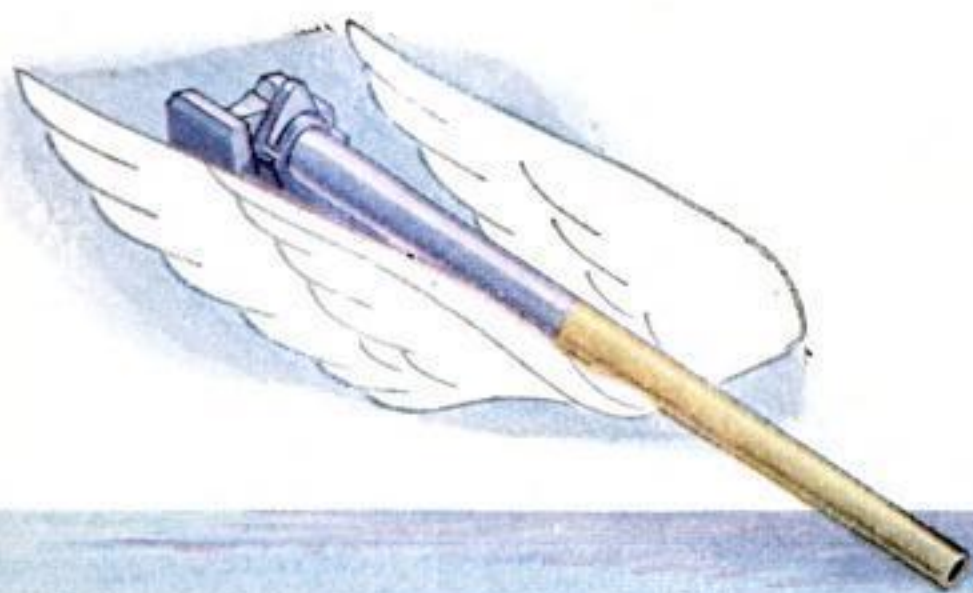
(continued)



High angle shot shows cracking towers surrounded by catwalks. Big pipes plus catwalks make the whole apparatus look like a modernistic apartment house. Smoke plume is blowing in the breeze which cleared the air for Photographer Pennington.



Over-all view of refinery shows it high-lighted against black sky produced by using a red filter. Elevated avenue of pipes carries components of gasoline to and from distilling towers. Big loops in foreground allow for expansion under hot Texas sun.








"The Flying 75"



VICTIMS

OF THIS NEWEST, HEAVIEST
FORM OF AERIAL ARTILLERY

- 1  DESTROYERS
- 2  ENEMY TANKS
- 3  AIR TRANSPORTS
- 4  LAND INSTALLATIONS
- 5  SUBMARINES

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BUY WAR BONDS

and Help Fire a "Flying 75"

Imagine firing a 14-pound, high-explosive projectile from a fast-flying Army plane! You can help—your War Bond dollars will buy more shell to Keep 'Em Firing!

Through a tiny country village, far behind the lines, an Axis armored column rumbles toward the front. It's safe here for Nazi tanks, out of Allied range . . . Or is it? For suddenly, a formation of planes comes streaking into sight. They're bombers . . . but not here to bomb. These are "Flying 75's," bringing heavy artillery into action miles behind the front. Now, they're over the armored column, their huge cannon blazing . . . FIRE! . . . and turn . . . and FIRE again! . . . until the road is strewn with wreckage . . .

Yes, the heavy artillery has taken to the air! The same size of cannon that gained fame as "French 75's"—the same type Oldsmobile has been building for General Sherman tanks—now are being mounted in planes! And since the day when the

first cannon-firing B-25 Mitchell bomber surprised an enemy destroyer and left it sinking, the "Flying 75's" have taken a heavy toll. We at Oldsmobile salute the men who made this development possible—the men of Army Ordnance, and the Air Forces, and North American Aviation, Inc. Until Victory, Fire-Power Is Our Business. In addition to 75's for tanks, we also build another size cannon for tank destroyers, and automatic cannon for fighter planes, plus shell for both Army and Navy, including the size and type used by the "Flying 75's."



FIRE-POWER
is Our Business!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**
KEEP 'EM FIRING



See Betty Grable in
"PIN-UP GIRL"

a 20th Century-Fox Technicolor Production

*"M-m-m-m-
 Tastes Best!"*
says

BETTY GRABLE



Holding a beachhead with luscious Betty Grable is no trick at all! Not if you bring her a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola! "I found that Royal Crown Cola tastes best," says she.



"X" appealed to Betty when she took the famous cola taste-test in cups marked X,Y,Z. And "X" turned out to be Royal Crown Cola! Try it! Two full glasses in each bottle, 5c!

"HOW DO YOU RATE ON THIS TEST?" asks BETTY



"Ask yourself, 'Am I buying all the War Bonds I possibly can?' Then buy *more* Bonds. For America, for victory, for yourself —please buy and buy and buy!"

Betty Grable

TAKE TIME OUT FOR A "QUICK-UP" WITH

**ROYAL CROWN
 COLA**

BEST BY TASTE-TEST



LIFE'S REPORTS

DOCKSIDE DIVA

by JOHN BARKHAM

Fifty-two-year-old Perla Siedle is South Africa's No. 1 dockside morale-builder. Yanks call her "Kate Smith" and "Ma"; Poles have named her the "South African Nightingale"; and to Britishers she is the "Soldiers' Sweetheart" and the "Lady in White."

The Lady in White has sung in and out of Durban Harbor more than 5,000 troopships carrying an estimated quarter of a million servicemen of all the Allied nations. Standing on the quay in Durban, South Africa's busiest wartime port, always wearing an immaculate white dress and a red hat, this onetime Wagnerian dramatic soprano sings request songs by the dozen through a ship's megaphone in a powerful, vibrant voice which carries far across the waters of Durban Harbor. Her megaphone comes from a torpedoed liner and is a gift from grateful Tommies who salvaged it for her.

The fame of Perla Siedle has spread across the world in soldier talk. When troops spy her stocky figure, calls pour in from the crowded rails for favorites like *Home, Sweet Home*, *When the Lights Go On Again*, *The White Cliffs of Dover*, *Annie Laurie* and Gounod's *Ave Maria*. Captains usually stand on the bridge and salute her as the ship glides by. Czechs and Poles aboard ship click their heels and stand at rigid attention.

Perla kicks off with a few mellifluous cooecs, to which the soldiers reply with thunderous echoes. Then comes the first song and it is inevitably the same—*Land of Hope and Glory*.

Perla welcomes Yanks with *God Bless America*, *The Star-Spangled Banner*, Negro spirituals and new song hits. Sometimes their requests stump her; for example, she didn't know *The Marines' Hymn*, "From the Halls of Montezuma. . . ." But Perla makes a point of learning any song new to her before it is requested again.

The Yanks never ask for hymns although the British sometimes do. Australians always want *Waltzing Matilda*. South Africans like their own Afrikaans folksongs like *Sarie Marais*. Czechs, Poles, Greeks and other Continentals prefer opera, so for them she does arias from Wagner, Verdi, Puccini. For hospital ships, Perla gives extra long performances.

The No. 1 British favorite is *There'll Always Be an England*. Says Perla Siedle: "I adore British Tommies. They make you sing and sing and never let you stop. I once sang six hours at a stretch for them." She never sings *God Save the King* because it is too formal and the men would have to stand at attention.

A wealthy, benevolent socialite, Perla Siedle is energetic, bright-eyed, big-bosomed and good-natured and has a pudgy, plump figure. She likes laughing and singing, and looks like a streamlined Kate Smith. Because of her matronly appearance, sentimental British troops invariably ask her to sing *Mother o' Mine*. She is married to

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



PERLA SIEDLE COOECES A TUNEFUL WELCOME TO ARRIVING ALLIED TROOPSHIPS



*"When I looked
at my hands
I felt as old as
an OLD
PARROT!"*

"Here I was running a lathe 'for victory'
—but fighting a losing battle over my
poor hands! Rough, scratchy, red,
old-looking. When I looked at them, I felt
older than granny's ancient parrot."



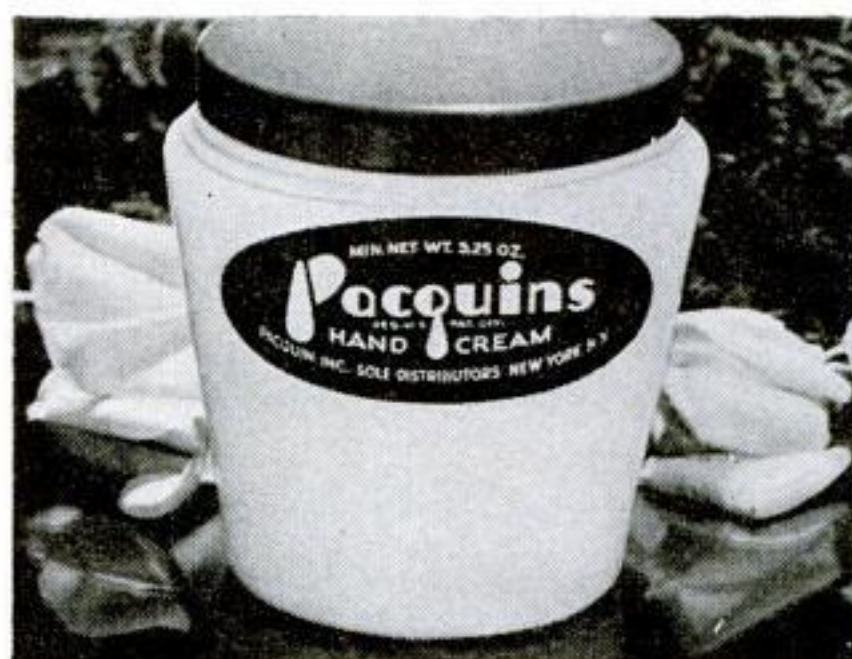
"That old saying stuck in my
mind—'A woman's age shows in
her hands.' I hated to think anyone
would judge my age by the looks
of my hands! How did other girls
keep their hands smooth and
soft? I wondered if my best beau
ever wondered about that, too?"



"At last I found out! From a
friend who's a nurse—and swears
by *Pacquins*. No wonder—when
it keeps her hard-working hands so
nice! Mine, too, now! Their
smooth whiteness is back again!
When I look at them, I feel young
as my years once more—happy.
P.S. My beau's delighted, too!"



ARE YOU PUTTING UP WITH "OLD-LOOKING" HANDS?



If grimy, "old-looking" hands
are your problem, then Pacquins
is "your" hand cream! Just see
if this non-greasy, fragrant white
cream doesn't make your hands
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for doctors and nurses, whose
hands are in water 30 to 40 times
a day. Try it!

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

Air Sergeant Jack Gibson, last stationed at Foggia, Italy, and has two sons and one daughter in the South African Army. All four have heard her sing them goodbye. Durban-born, Berlin-trained, the daughter of a rich South African shipowner, Perla Siedle in her youth sang in London for Granville Bantock and Henry Wood, and once gave a recital in New York.

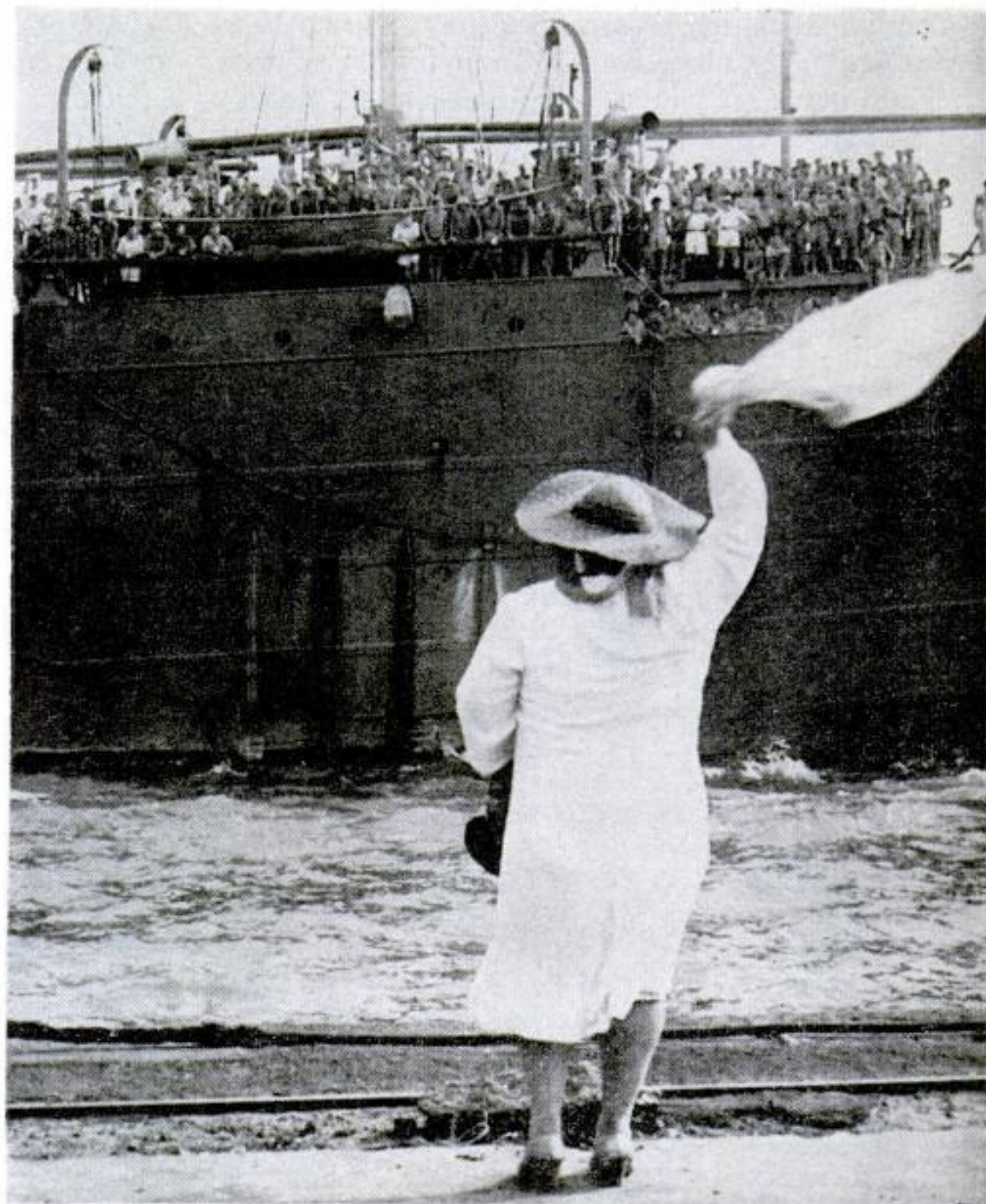
What she calls her "wharfside work" began on April 16, 1940, when she was bidding farewell to a young Irish seaman her family had entertained the day before. Across the water he yelled, "Please sing something Irish," and through cupped hands she obliged with *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*. That started her on her dockside career and she has sung to every troopship that has come in or out of Durban Harbor since.

In London, New York, Bombay, Sydney and Cairo servicemen talk about her, write her fan letters and send her souvenirs. The first U. S. troops to arrive in Durban threw to the quay packets of precious chewing gum, which Perla promptly sent to her sons in the Middle East.

For security reasons the British Navy won't tell her of ship movements, but from the broad porch of her tiny Dutch-gabled villa on Berea Hill ("my crow's nest") Perla can see when convoys are in or readying to go. When that happens, she speeds to the docks in her Buick sedan with a special entertainment pass issued her by the Navy, who rate her morale-building value high. Usually it is near dawn or dusk, and the men are either glad to come or sad to go. She sings till the ships are docked or beyond the range of her voice and never turns her back on a departing vessel.

At first, when the ship is untied, the men join in so heartily that when an onshore breeze is blowing the song fest can be heard in central Durban a mile away. But by the time the ship is out over the bar, Perla is singing alone. Farewells are always charged with heavy, misty-eyed emotion on both sides. One particularly touching Durban farewell was thus described by a magazine published on board a British troopship en route to India: "A deeper feeling gripped all of us soldiers, a strange contracting of the throat. A chorus started, wavered, fell away into poignant silence. Gradually the troopship drew away and at the end of the jetty that white-clad figure started *Auld Lang Syne*. As the gap grew, just snatches of the words came to us, and finally, just a picture of that solitary figure in white waving to us, and we swear she was still singing. We may forget many things of this war, but never the songs of Durban's Lady in White."

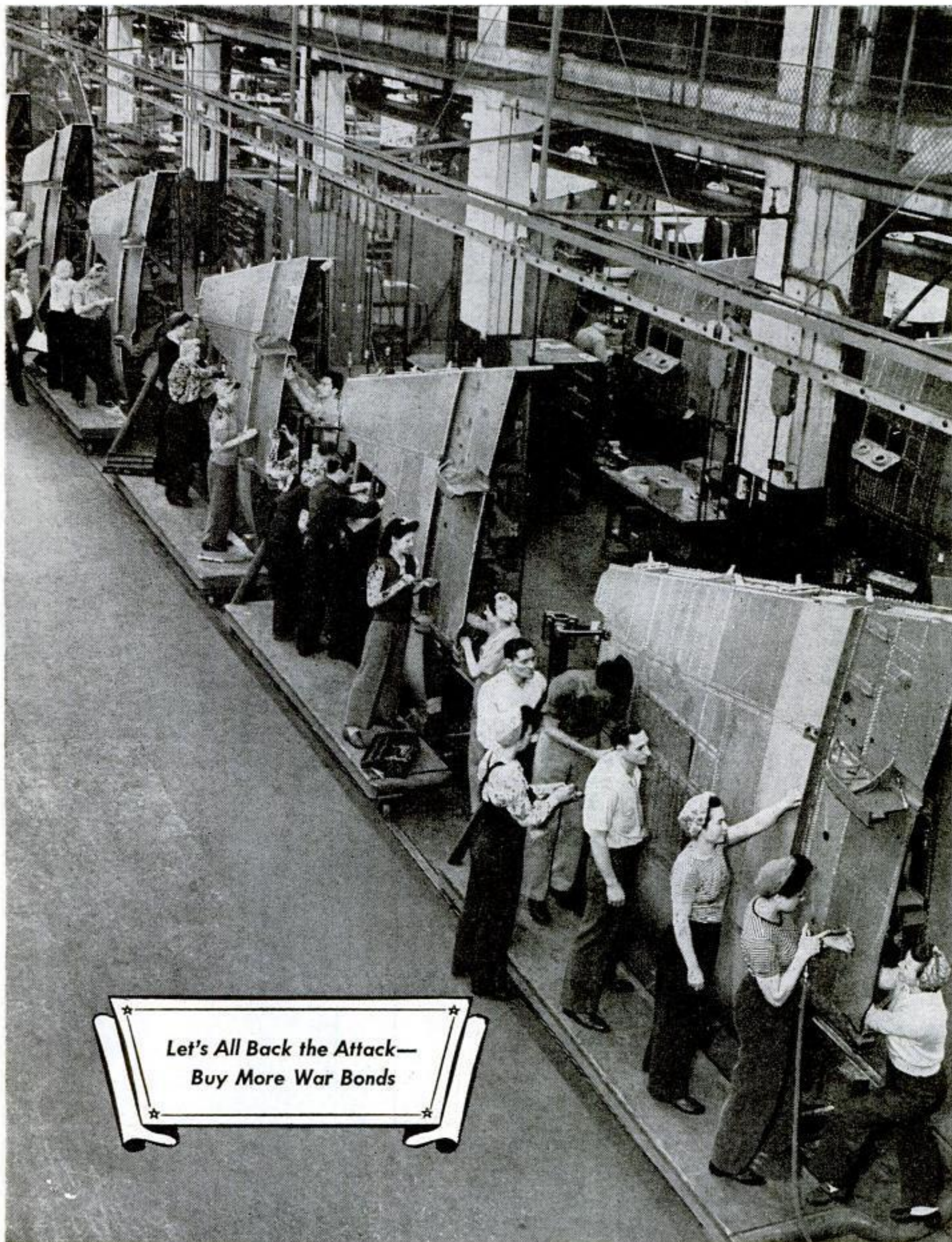
Says the Lady in White: "I'll go right on singing as long as ships keep sailing, and when our boys come back after victory I'll be here to sing them welcome home again."



ALONE ON THE QUAY AT DURBAN, THE LADY IN WHITE SINGS THE BOYS GOODBY

URGENT! Said the Navy

... SO HERE THEY ARE



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LIFE'S COVER: The boy and girl who are pictured in the dreamy pose on LIFE's cover were host and guest, respectively, at formal dance given by boys of Woodberry Forest School in Virginia. They are Ted Barnes, a fourth former, and Grace Lee Butler, who came from her home in Norfolk, Va. to attend the party. For more pictures of "Junior Dance" by LIFE's Alfred Eisenstaedt, see page 114 et seq.

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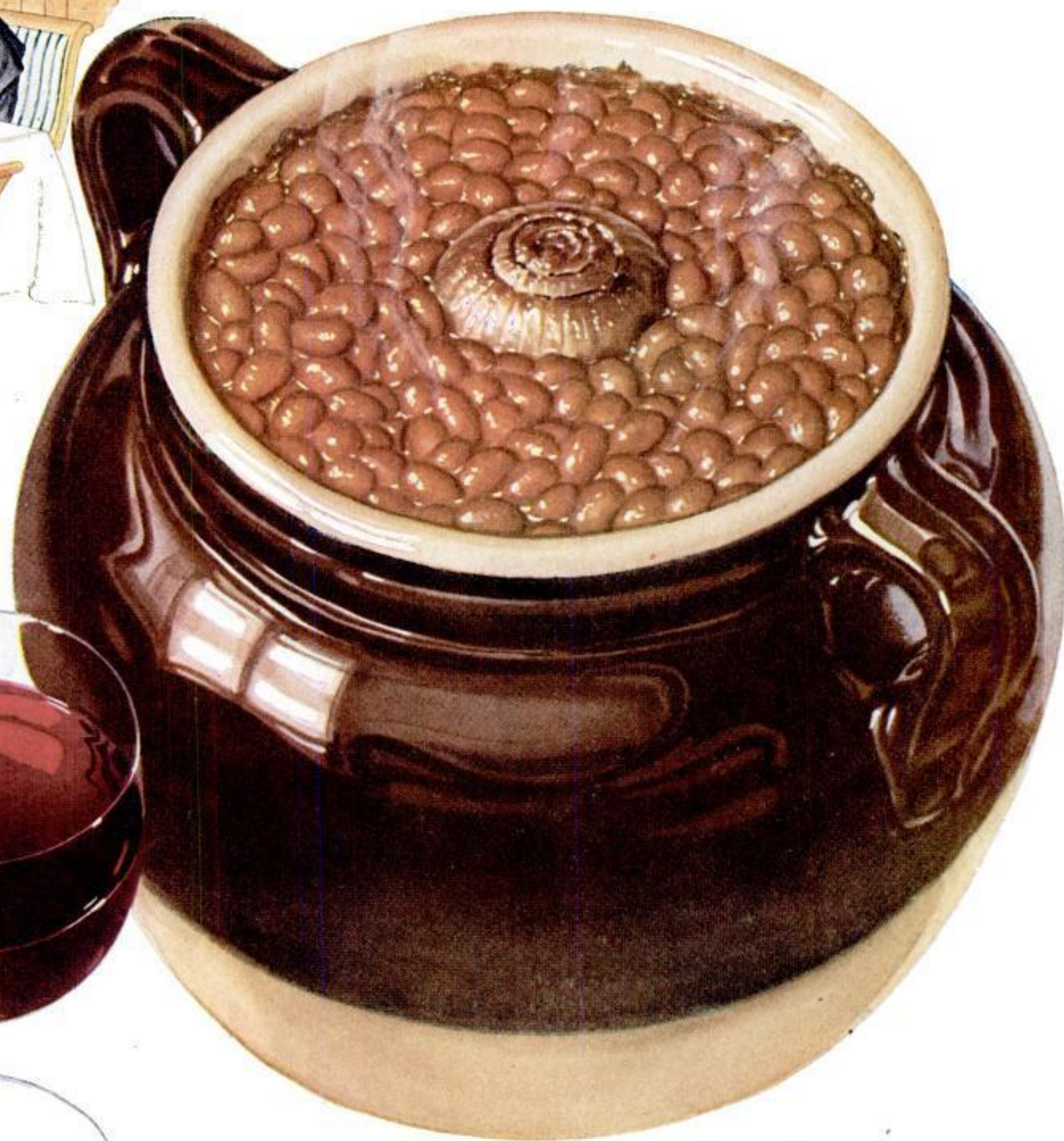
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Have friends over often these war days. Serve them low-ration-point dishes like these, and moderate glasses of good wine. Such simple foods become "company fare" when made and served with wine



Wine Fish Chowder, main dish for a hearty meal. Cook 1½ lbs. fresh or frozen fish in 2 cups water until tender (about 10 min.). Flake fish, removing bones and skin. Strain liquid. Slice large onion and saute with 1 cup coarsely chopped celery 5 minutes in 3 tbsps. bacon drippings or butter in heavy kettle. Add fish liquid, 4 cups coarsely diced raw potatoes, 2 tps. salt, and just enough boiling water to cover. Boil until potatoes are nearly done, then add flaked fish and 2 cups hot milk. Season to taste with more salt and pepper, and cook until potatoes are very tender. Add ½ cup California Rhine Wine, heat again. Serve sprinkled with croutons and chopped parsley. Makes 2 quarts (2 big bowlfuls apiece for 4 or 5 persons!). Serve with glasses of chilled California Rhine Wine



Before all else — BUY BONDS

Burgundy Beans make lips smack! For each 4 or 5 servings, wash 1 lb. (2 cups) small white beans, soak several hours, drain, cover with fresh water, simmer until skins break. For each lb. of beans, add 2½ tps. salt, ½ tsp. dry mustard, ¼ tsp. pepper, ⅓ to ½ cup molasses, and 1 cup Burgundy wine. Pour into bean pot, stirring in ¼ lb. fat salt pork, cubed. Add a peeled whole onion, and boiling water to cover beans; cover pot. Bake in very slow oven (250°) about 8 hours without stirring. Add hot water as needed. Uncover last half hour to brown. Serve with moderate glasses of California Burgundy

WINE adds savor to the simple foods of war

THE COMPANY OF FRIENDS around your own dinner table grows even more welcome as the war goes on. There's relaxation in it, and good morale.

What's more, there's still tasty food to be had for precious few ration points. Give a careful look, for example, to the main dishes on this page. Simple —yet real "praise the cook" eating! Try them.

Note that for extra flavor these war dishes are made with a little wine. Then at table the same good wine is served, in moderate glasses all around.

You'll find that wine *in* the main dish and *with* it is a happy discovery—steps up food flavor, and food enjoyment, to the full.

To bring more of these tempting wine-made dishes into your life, the wine growers have prepared a booklet full of low-ration-point menus and recipes. For your *Free* copy, write today to Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco 5, California.

• There's a welcome in the moderate glass of Sherry that's served before the meal begins. Sherry, like the Table Wines, and the after-dinner-glass of Port or Muscatel, is a natural companion of food

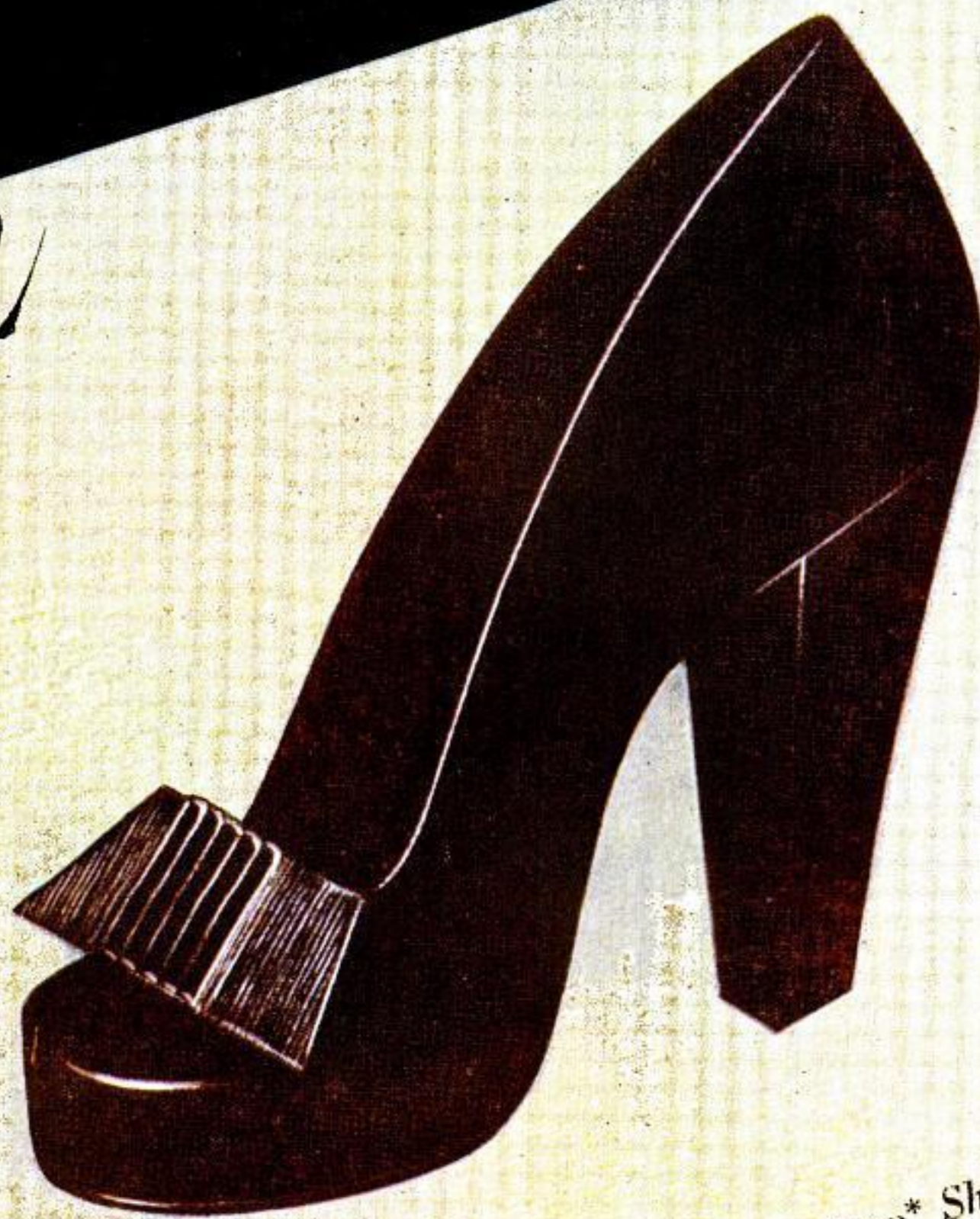


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LIFE'S PICTURES

Philippe Halsman built a considerable reputation in Europe with his portraits of important, famous and beautiful people. His gallery of master musicians which appears on pp. 43-50 is the first comprehensive series of portraits Halsman has done since he arrived in the U. S. in 1940. To get his pictures, he started his subjects to playing or singing, shot them as they became absorbed in their music. He used a Rolleiflex at 1/250th of a second with multiple-flash lighting.

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with
head held high
to match your happy heart!
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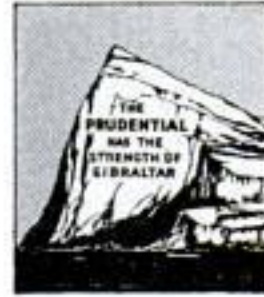
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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT



ON THE CORAL BEACH OF ENIWETOK'S ENGEBI ISLAND, A MARINE DRAGS A DEAD COMRADE OUT OF THE SURF. MEN DUCK FIRE FROM JAPANESE PILLBOX OFF TO THE LEFT

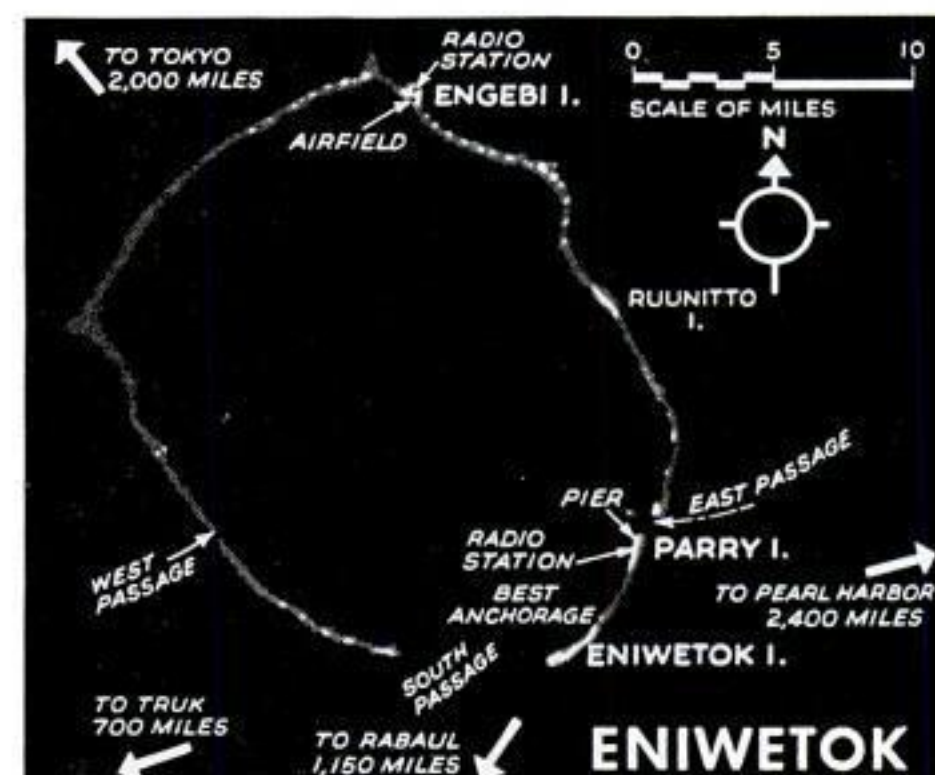
THE BATTLE FOR ENIWETOK ATOLL

The dynamic pattern of the battle for Kwajalein was repeated in the taking of Eniwetok last month. After raids by carrier-based planes had neutralized Japanese airpower, the ships moved in to grind the land defenses fine with naval artillery. But no matter how devastating the bombardment, it remained for Army and Marine assault troops to go in and pry the enemy out of the smoking ruins by hand.

Engebi Island, with its airstrip and radio station, was the main Japanese position at Eniwetok. It was also first to fall. On the morning of Feb. 17, a massive task force poured a paralyzing weight of more than 1,000 tons of shells and bombs into Engebi's low-lying sandy triangle. After the barrage had lifted from the beaches, the troops went ashore and quickly broke into stunned enemy defenses. In six hours and five minutes organized Jap resistance had ended.

With the American troops who landed on Engebi were LIFE Photographer George Strock and LIFE Correspondent Richard Wilcox. Although the opposition on the beaches had been light, Strock and Wilcox landed directly in front of a Japanese pillbox which had been overlooked by earlier assault waves. For a shaky half-hour the fire of the pillbox pinned them down in the surf. On this and the following pages, Strock's pictures and Wilcox's eyewitness account tell the story of their hazardous landing.

After Engebi, the task force struck at Eniwetok Island, 21 miles across the lagoon of Eniwetok Atoll (see map at right). Eniwetok proved to be tougher going than Engebi, because of its thick palm groves and a rabbit warren of underground fortifications. Parry, the third and last of the atoll's bigger islands, fell on Feb. 22. Eniwetok Atoll had fallen in six days.



ENIWETOK IS AN ATOLL CHAIN OF 38 MINUTE ISLANDS



Crouching in the surf, marines of Landing Boat 13 move about partially protected from pillbox fire by jeep at left and rise in beach. LIFE's George Strock made this picture while holding his camera just a few inches out of the water.



Marines hug sharp coral off beach, with pillbox only 12 yards in front of them. Strock, still lying in the water, has poked camera just over low pile of coral. Men finally edged back into the surf and moved cautiously down beach to flank pillbox. Marine in the background at upper left shows dangerous curiosity.



Crawling over fallen palm log, a marine advances up slope of beach to throw grenade into pillbox. Littered equipment was left by men who ran up the beach at first, were then

forced to crawl backward into the surf to escape raking fire from pillbox. Palm trees in background have been shorn of leaves by bombardment. Marine carries a Winchester car-

bine, light semiautomatic weapon which is preferred to the regular Garand rifle for operations like these. He illustrates how so many men are wounded in buttocks in modern war.

LANDING ON ENGEBI

LIFE STAFF MEN SHARE A MOMENT OF DANGER WITH ASSAULT TROOPS AT ENIWETOK'S MAIN BASE

by RICHARD WILCOX

We waited for Landing Boat No. 13 under a dying moon off Engebi Island. There were nine of us on the deck of the combat transport. The other seven in our party made up an air-ground radio liaison team. They were headed by a pleasant-faced Army lieutenant named Johnny Windsor.

Engebi lay under clouds of smoke. It was impossible to imagine war at that distance. As Landing Boat No. 13 moved away from the transport across the rough water we braced ourselves against the boat's bulwarks, drenched and speechless under the sheets of salt spray. Lieut. Windsor's crew crouched by their jeep, covering the precious radio with canvas.

Now as we drew close to the beach the high whine of bullets told us that at least some of the enemy awaited our coming. The men of Boat 13 ducked their heads down lower and waited. The boat grated against the coral shore, shook and stopped, and with a sharp whirl of the winch chains the hinged door fell a few yards off the

beach. We sprinted low through the milky surf and dropped flat on the hard coral sand. The rendezvous was complete. Boat 13 had delivered her men.

As the men of Boat 13 lay in the coral they looked around and saw other men lying beside them, their green battle dress soaked black and the gritty sand streaking their bodies. One of these men rose to his knees for an instant, spun and then dropped on his back; the blood welled out of his chest and soaked his jacket. Those who had just disembarked from Boat 13 began to sweat hard in the grip of the primary emotions of fear and anger. Looking cautiously out under the brim of his helmet, his face rubbing against the wet, hard sand, Lieut. Windsor stared straight into the face of the enemy. Boat 13 had come ashore squarely in front of a Jap pillbox which the first assault waves had overrun and left as dead. Now it had suddenly come back to life, with machine guns and rifles raking the shoreline at point-blank range.

Slowly, painfully, the crew of Boat 13 inched back into the surf. To move up or down that beach was to court violent death. The only escape was to take cover in the water, behind a hump in the beach, and crab your way to one flank or the other. Elsewhere along the beach the rest of the 22nd Marines had landed and headed inshore, but on this 50 yards of coral, only a pinpoint of delay on the maps of the operation, assault for the moment was impossible.

Not all of the men of Boat 13 reached the slight safety of the water. A big, white-faced farm lad stopped crawling as a bullet went through his head. Those who reached the water lay flat under the waves, only their green helmets and faces above the froth. The surf boiled through their clothes, crashing down on their backs laden with heavy fieldpacks, spools of telephone wire, gas masks, carbines and rifles. Lieut. Windsor's driver had driven his jeep out of Boat 13 and left it at the edge of the beach. Now behind the jeep men clung like strange

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Wounded marines are treated by Navy and Coast Guard hospital corpsmen before evacuation to ships standing offshore. Plasma bottles are strung above stretchers for gravity flow.

ity flow. Medical posts like this one were frequently under fire of snipers which retreating Japs left behind to harass American rear. Main body of troops in Eniwetok landings

was 22nd Marines, but 106th Army Regiment also participated. Entire operation was commanded by Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner, who also was in command at Kwajalein.

barnacles using its tires and body as a shield against incessant small-arms fire. Their chests and legs were cut as the force of the water rowed them across the coral. Salt water stung the wounds, and on the heads of coral protruding above the waves .25- and .30-cal. bullets spat and sang.

A yard to the right of us a man swore a round Marine oath as a bullet dropped him completely beneath the waves to be still for eternity. One of his comrades hooked a hand under his collar and laboriously dragged him across a coral head, above the surface where he could at least have the last decency of the air and the sun. To the left of us another man jerked piteously halfway between sand and sea before death stilled his suffering. The men of Boat 13 lay behind the jeep, helpless and scared, watching the marines die about us for half an hour. That which would be reported to the regimental commander as a temporary delay at Point X due to unexpected enemy opposition was to the men of Boat 13 the core and fibre of the whole engagement. None of them said much as they lay in the water. The weight of water-soaked packs, the vomiting that came from swallowing sea water, the burning coral gashes along arms and legs, the pummeling of the surf, were minor strains in the gigantic pattern of animal existence. Only the enemy guns and the dead in the water were real.

But now, while some of their fellows distracted the Japs in the pillbox by shots from the surf, men from behind the jeep began to trickle ashore to the right and left of the pillbox. Once ashore they ran in swift zigzags, dropping to protect themselves from the fire of snipers, then rising to move in behind the pillbox. Their faces were set with anger and their hands made fists around the hard yellow steel of grenades. As they moved in they could see the men they had left still lying in the surf, crouched behind the jeep. Their work was short and their aim excellent. Sullen puffs of smoke spread up and out from the emplacement and a fine shower of concrete rained into the water. The men of Boat 13 proceeded with their landing on Engebi Island.

CAPTAIN GOLDBERG

Leon Goldberg is the captain of a company of the 22nd Marines. For 18 months he trained his men in Samoa, always promising them combat, always hoping it would come and always being disappointed. He watched many of his men sicken with the dread *moomoo* or filariasis, the first stages of elephantiasis. He placated irate and wily Samoans who thought that his marines were infringing on their rights. And all the time he waited for combat.

I met Captain Goldberg in the hot cabin of a troopship moving out to Eniwetok Atoll. He was not in his best form. Travel across the water always made him extremely seasick. But behind the pallor he grinned, for the 18 months of waiting were over. His company was about to go ashore on a Jap island and kill some of the enemy. He was pleased by this final turn of events and placidly endured the crude humor of his fellow officers as they jeered at his weak stomach. So pleased was Captain Goldberg that grenades rattling in the steel drawer of his desk made the only

music pleasant enough for him to fall asleep to.

Going down the cargo net to his landing boat Leon Goldberg was a ball of venomous fury, his pockets stuffed with precious grenades and a wild light gleaming in his eyes. When he hit the beach at Engebi Island he, in the words of his commanding officer, took off with his company like a pack of striped jackasses and made for the other side of the island. His was not a reckless charge, but rather one based on the tactics of an irate and methodical rhinoceros. Engebi had been bombarded from the sea until its surface was pitted and cragged like a sponge. Goldberg's company went over this terrain with deadly efficiency. They cracked the beach defenses, moved through the broken groves of palm trees, swarmed over the long airstrip, knocked out strong points along its edge, then dashed on to the other shore. Here terrified Japs fled out along a coral reef, their brown shorts flapping in the breeze. As they ran they plunged into the sea with the marines at their heels, and then turned to wave a Rising Sun flag desperately before they were picked off by rifle fire.

Back at the command post the battalion executive officer traced the progress of Captain Goldberg's company across his map with wonder and awe. He had hoped to take the island in a day, and five hours after the landing the company was reporting over its field phone that nothing was left but the last mopping up.

"Goddamn it," said the battalion "exec." "Goldberg's trying to win the whole Pacific War with one company."

NATIVES

The landing boat from Eniwetok pulled up against the gray side of the ship and came to a churning stop. Staff officers leaned over the rail in the sun and looked down into the boat, bobbing erratically by the gangway. All day landing boats had been pulling away from and drawing up to the flagship. They carried away men, ammunition, guns, tanks, water and food. They brought back the wounded on stretchers, and sometimes they brought back the dead. But the load in this landing boat was different from any the officers had seen that day.

Huddled in the bottom of the boat was a group of natives that had been sent out to the ship for safety. They had been found in bushes and holes where they had hidden to escape the thundering fury of the bombardment. They were dirty and scared. Their long black hair was matted with leaves; their brown skin was streaked with dirt

and sweat, and the pitiful rags they wore as clothes hung limply about their bodies. There were men and women in the boat and a baby was crying. As the boat was raised in her davits to the level of the bridge deck, the natives looked at the ship and her men with the apathetic stare of animals lost in a storm.

When the boat had been secured at the bridge-deck level, an interpreter stepped forward and called for someone with authority to come out of the group of natives. Two men answered his call, an old native with graying hair, in a dirty white canvas coat and patched shorts, and a younger man with a scraggly black beard. They stepped from the boat to the ship with the simple dignity of primitive people and shook hands with the interpreter, bowing formally as their hands clasped. Then the interpreter led them aft to a deck where the officers were waiting. The officers looked curiously at their guests, and the natives gazed back with a franker curiosity, unalloyed by fear. The older one of the two stepped forward and for the first time the officers noticed that he clutched two black books in his brown hands. They were stained with spray but he held them regally, as though they were the scepters of a kingdom. The books were Bibles, and with a quick gesture the old man held them forward to show that he was a man of God. Then the questions started. The old man said his name was Anej and he spelled it out carefully on a sheet of notepaper in a careful script for all the officers to read. The younger man was shier, but when questioned he was just as self-possessed. His name was Johannes and he was the chief of Eniwetok village. He answered all the questions the interpreter asked him, simply but with a great deal of thought. The Japanese had come and prohibited them from fishing and had made them go to work in the coconut groves. They had been forced to move from their huts and live in the bush away from the places where the Japs were setting up guns.

Then the planes had come one day, and then the ships, and life became a thing of hiding in holes trying to evade death. They had been found by the invading troops, dazed and bewildered, and now waited the decision of the white men. The officers huddled together and debated the fate of Johannes, Anej and the boatload of sodden native humanity of which they were a part. Finally they decided to send the natives, with water and plenty of supplies, to another island where there were no Japs and where, consequently, there would be no fighting. The interpreter conveyed this information to the two

natives who bowed toward the officers and walked back to their boat. Before stepping into it they turned and shook hands ceremoniously with the interpreter. Then Johannes climbed into the boat and Anej followed him. Under the brown arm of Johannes was a carton of candy bars and in one hand was a cheese sandwich. Anej carried a new pair of khaki pants and an oatmeal cookie. They smiled at the interpreter as the boat was lowered and called something up to him as they left.

"What did they say?" asked an officer. The interpreter puzzled over the words for a minute, then explained carefully.

"They say, 'Thank you and they like you and sometimes war is a very good thing'."



MARINES ADVANCE CAUTIOUSLY AFTER JAP IS KILLED IN HOLE (CLOSE-UP ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE)



JAPANESE SOLDIER BURNS FROM SQUIRT OF FLAME THROWER AFTER TRYING TO THROW GRENADE FROM AMBUSH

"MORE BODIES!"

WHERE WILL OUR ARMY GET REPLACEMENTS? THE DRAFT—BACKED BY MORE CIVILIAN EFFORT

In Italy, the constant message from the front line to the rear is "More bodies!" That, correspondents report, is a fighting officer's grim lingo for "Send up more men." Even in Italy there always seems to be a shortage of troops. When the real invasion starts, this shortage will so swell that the cry "More bodies!" will be heard in the U. S. The General Staff, which must think of everything in advance, can hear it already.

The U. S. armed services are short of men. They want 11,300,000 men in uniform by next July, and they are now more than 200,000 men behind schedule for this goal. And once it is achieved, they will need at least 100,000 new men every month for replacements. If invasion casualties are worse than expected, they may need more than that.

Where will the men come from? Out of 22,000,000 potential soldiers (18 to 38) registered in the draft, about 10,000,000 are already in the armed forces, or on their way in. Of 3,350,000 4Fs, not more than 6% or 8% could possibly make soldiers. Moreover, of the 100,000 or so new registrants who become 18 every month, no less than 25% are found unfit, some for physical but more for psychological reasons. They grew up in the depression.

That leaves 4,700,000 deferred for dependency and 3,800,000 2As, 2Bs and farmers deferred for occupational reasons. From these sources about 1,000,000 men must be inducted between now and July to meet the armed services' needs.

President Roosevelt has now ordered a general review of all cases of occupational deferment. "We have been overly lenient," he said, "particularly in regard to the younger men." Last week, in draft boards throughout the country, this resifting was going on.

Detroit, For Instance. . . .

Draft Board No. 49, in the northwest section of Detroit, is no tougher than the average draft board. Its jurisdiction extends over about 12,500 registrants (18 to 65), of whom some 2,350 are already in uniform. Its three-man board works at draft business about 20 hours a week—for nothing. Every Tuesday evening they meet on Grand River Avenue (see opposite page) to discuss the status and problems of potential draftees. On the Tuesday evening before the President's "overly lenient" message, 21 "clients" walked into Board 49 for personal sessions. Among them were:

A freight-forwarder for Ford, who will be 38 in August, has been building a small house for his wife, baby son, father and invalid mother. By May it will be livable, and his father can look after things. The board referred his case to the local Legal Aid Bureau for investigation. A man that close to 38 deserves a break.

An egg-grader, 35, and a parts man, 36, in a Ford agency, both fathers, were each described as essential by their bosses. One was deferred, but the other's wife is a school-teacher. He was left in 1A.

A barber, 36, with a wife and two children,

wasn't after a deferment, just advice. They told him to look for a part-time war job and let them know the results in two weeks.

A lawyer, 32, had been deferred to look after his paralyzed mother. She died the week before and her son came to ask to be put in 1A. He was.

Such is the Tuesday run. The chairman of Board 49 recalls only three clients in three years whose selfishness made him lose his temper.

Are these "real hardship" cases? They wouldn't seem so to a Russian, a Chinese or an Englishman. But from now on draft boards will have to get tougher and their thousands of small human judgments will be megaphoned into a low, ugly, national roar. The individual is a quiet patriot; but the special-interest groups, who need or want manpower too, will now begin to howl.

"Such Stock-jobbing"

Every survey of manpower leads to one conclusion: the gap between the Army way and the civilian way is the gap between two worlds. The Army knows what it wants and goes after it. But nobody has ever figured out the real minimum needs of the civilian economy; it still runs in grooves of raffish, desperate luxury, with room for mink farmers, bartenders, dog and cat hospitals, florists and even a million-odd unemployed.

Up in Lowell, Mass., a Remington ammunition contract was canceled, creating a labor surplus, which a busy war plant in Bristol, Conn., 150 miles away, at once tried to recruit. The Lowell Chamber of Commerce adopted dog-in-the-manger tactics and most of the surplus is remaining in Lowell. When the War Manpower Commission accused Lowell of labor hoarding, the Lowell *Sun* screamed, "Nuts to McNutt!"

Why pile up examples? Everyone knows a few. They are not new in America. In 1775 George Washington exclaimed, "Such a dearth of public spirit, and want of virtue, such stock-jobbing, and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages. . . . Such a dirty mercenary spirit pervades the whole that I should not be surprised at any disaster. . . ."

National Service Act?

Such were the things that induced the President, two months ago, to ask Congress for a National Service Act, a universal draft. He had just come back from Teheran and had talked to a lot of soldiers on the way, and their feelings about the home front—especially strikes—made his ears burn. Congress has let the President's message die. But as the Army's manpower problem gets more acute, and the draft boards get tougher, and the shortage of labor in railroading, farming, coal and timber gets worse, and the screams of the pressure groups get louder, then the dramatic gap between military needs and the civilian economy, will make the National Service Act an issue again.

The moral case for the National Service

Act is irrefutable. If a soldier can't strike, why can a civilian? Walter Lippmann warned us that this "double standard of morality" might create an unbridgeable chasm between soldiers and civilians, so that they may never understand each other again.

The trouble with this moral argument is that it was just as irrefutable two years ago as it is today. The people might have welcomed a National Service Act in the aftermath of Pearl Harbor. But for two years we have been fighting this war on quite different assumptions. We have not been fighting a hair-shirt war, nor a total war, nor a crusade; but simply a pragmatic war, to win. We are not fighting for democracy abroad; why start a revolution at home? The soldiers are not the first Americans whom Americans have discriminated against, nor will they be the last.

Moreover, there is a moral argument against the conscription of civilians, too. Besides equality, America stands for freedom, which makes the individual responsible for his own choice. When two principles like freedom and equality seem to be in conflict, the American who cherishes both will apply a strictly practical test. That is what Congress, subconsciously, is reflecting now. The moral case for national service is overwhelming; the practical case, as yet, is not.

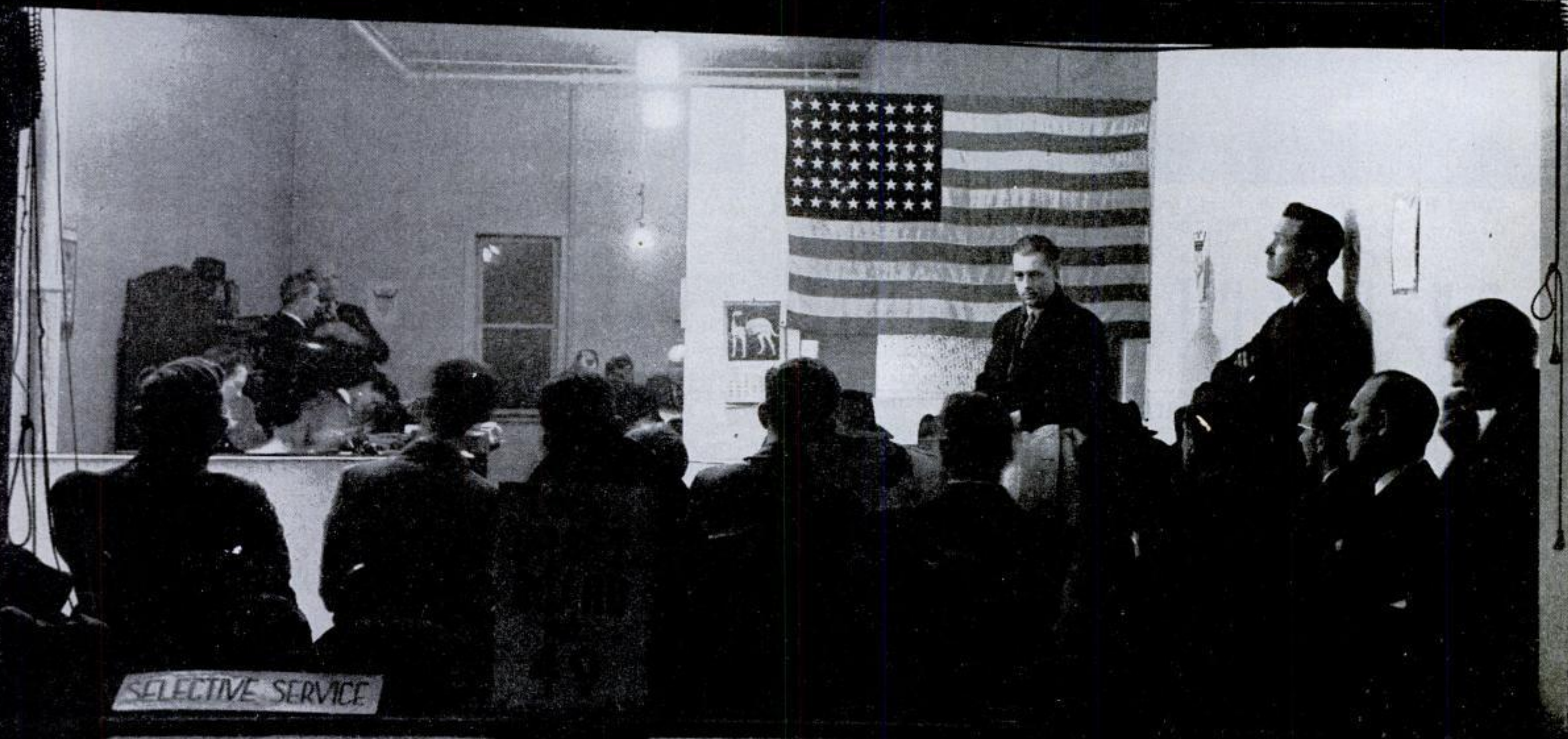
Techniques vs. Powers

When the War Manpower Commission got started, it seemed to be all thumbs. Yet gradually the manpower bottlenecks got broken, and production soared to the sky. WMC learned to throw its big problems back on the people. They have been solved voluntarily by labor-management committees, interplant councils, U. S. Employment Service offices, union leaders, chambers of commerce and ordinary citizens who are proud of their home towns and who also want to win the war. A National Service Act (which has not stopped strikes in Britain) might or might not suppress the Lowells and the Lewises; it would probably not get the real work of the country done much more efficiently than it is being done now. As McNutt has learned, techniques of cooperation are more useful than coercive power.

True, the Army can't be run that way. And if casualties mount, and the war lasts longer than we think, then it may become total war for America too. Then a National Service Act would be needed on practical grounds—its final justification.

Meanwhile, the Army need not worry about getting its men. When you get down to Board 49 and its individual clients, the draft has the kind of tacit popular acceptance that a National Service Act would take months or years to achieve. The chasm between civilians ("more money!") and the military ("more bodies!") is deep indeed, and God willing always will be in America. But thousands of young men cross over it every day. So long as the guardians of that bridge treat them as responsible individuals, they will know in their hearts there is a way back.

18270



"Clients" of Detroit's Draft Board 49 await its judgment on Army's call for more and more men



Charles White resigned from the Labor Party in order to run as Independent, in violation of the Government's election truce. He had been executive food officer for Matlock at \$40 a week.



In **Wickworth market place** Hartington supporters arrived for a scheduled meeting to find the Independents already going full blast. Hartington (*light coat, left*) and his pork-pie-hatted

BY-ELECTION

The ducal Cavendishes are beaten once again, by the son of a cobbler

Non-voters at Yeaveley school listen to White (*right*). All of Britain has not voted since 1935, so all under 26 are voteless.

Winston Churchill and his whole government tried last month to elect a man to Parliament, and failed. The Prime Minister had said, "It is hard enough to understand the politics of one's own country. It is almost impossible to understand those of foreign countries," but the by-election in West Derbyshire was not as mysterious as that.

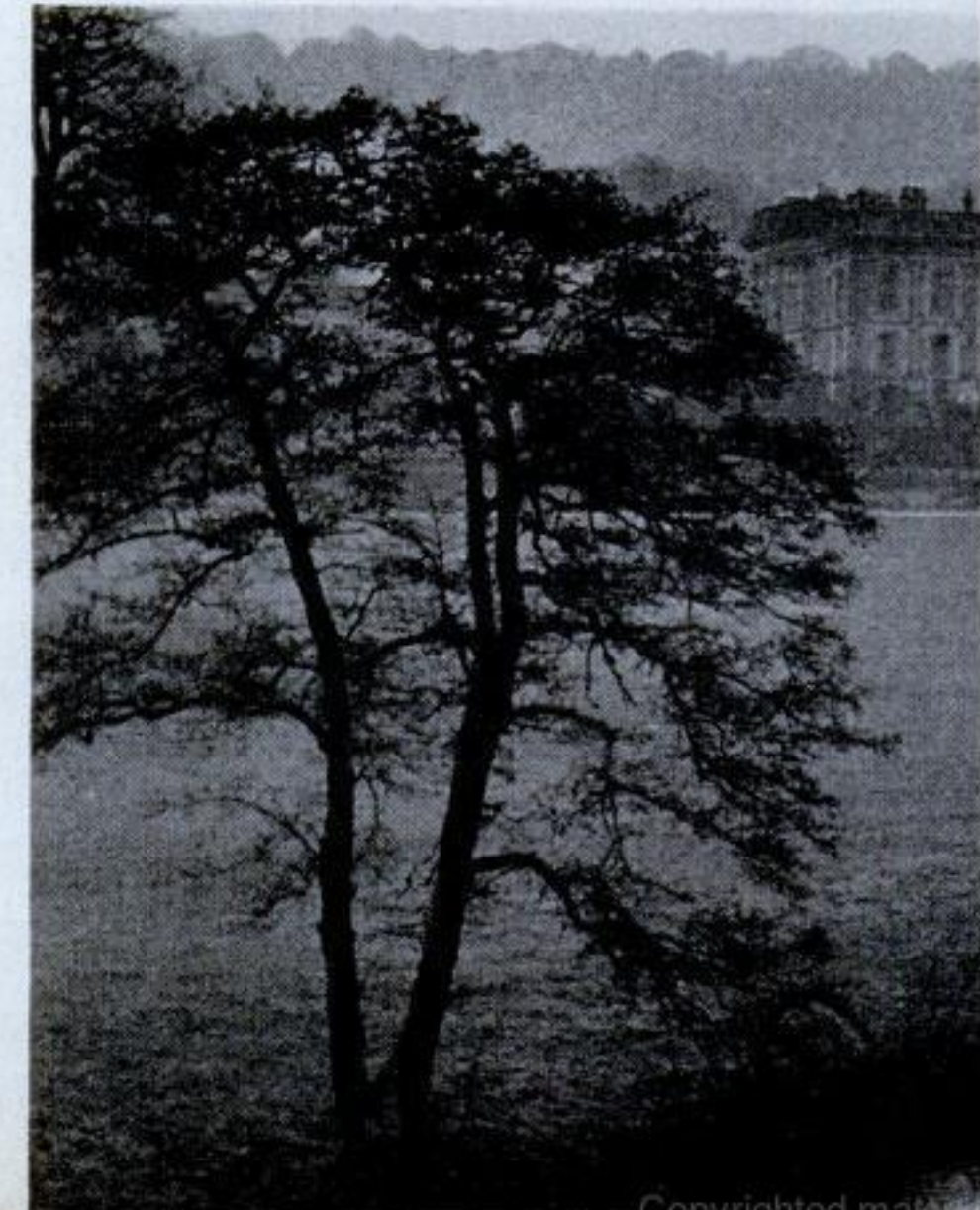
The government candidate, supposed not to be opposed, because of the present party truce, was 26-year-

old William John Robert Cavendish, Marquess of Hartington. When his father dies, he will become Duke of Devonshire. Cavendish family has represented West Derbyshire in Parliament for the past two centuries, less five years when a cobbler named White defeated a Cavendish. This by-election had been brought about by the resignation of a Cavendish-by-marriage member of parliament who wanted to fight the war.

Opposition candidate was the cobbler's son, "Char-

Duchess of Devonshire, Hartington's energetic mother, (*center*) campaigned for him, insisting he had opinions on pensions, etc.

Hartington's home is the great palace of Chatsworth. It is surrounded by one of best deer parks in England.





followers watched and jeered for a while. Hartington's companion, a tape manufacturer, shouted "Rubbish!" now and then at the speakers. Then Hartington got his own meeting under way.



Marquess of Hartington, 26, a product of Eton and Cambridge and a duke's son to his fingertips, makes his last speech. He really felt that West Derbyshire let him down in the election.

lie" White, 52, who ran as an Independent. Muck-raking promptly entered the campaign on the propositions that White had once been a member of Fascist Mosley's party, that Hartington's grandfather had evaded taxes, that Hartington could not milk a cow, and whether Hartington or White could rake muck (manure) the faster. White made much of a Churchill campaign speech of 20 years ago in which he said, "It isn't right that the . . . (district) should be passed from

hand to hand as is the case with a piece of furniture being handed on from father to son, or from uncle to nephew." Churchill tried to counter this with a letter to Hartington reviewing 300 years of Cavendish rule in West Derbyshire with pride. Big-shot politicians came down from London to speak for both candidates, gave national significance to the campaign.

But the election was decided on a very practical basis. Hartington, a lieutenant in the Guards, announced

that he would fight the war, not sit in Commons. His campaign cry was "Don't let the old side down" and to one question, he complained, "But I thought the coal mines were nationalized." (They are not.)

On Feb. 18, 28,000 voters from West Derbyshire's 27 towns and 100 hamlets went to the polls. The result: White, 16,336; Hartington, 11,775. The Cavendishes retired for the second time in history to their stately mansions and "Charlie" White strutted like a bantam.

Mary of Scotland was held prisoner on site. Devonshire has four other estates, a town house in London.

"The old side," according to Lord Hartington, was himself and his 18-year-old sister Elizabeth, here wearing blue Tory rosettes.

Ale and cheese is taken by Hartington and campaign manager with landlord of High Peak Harriers pub, and a gaffer.





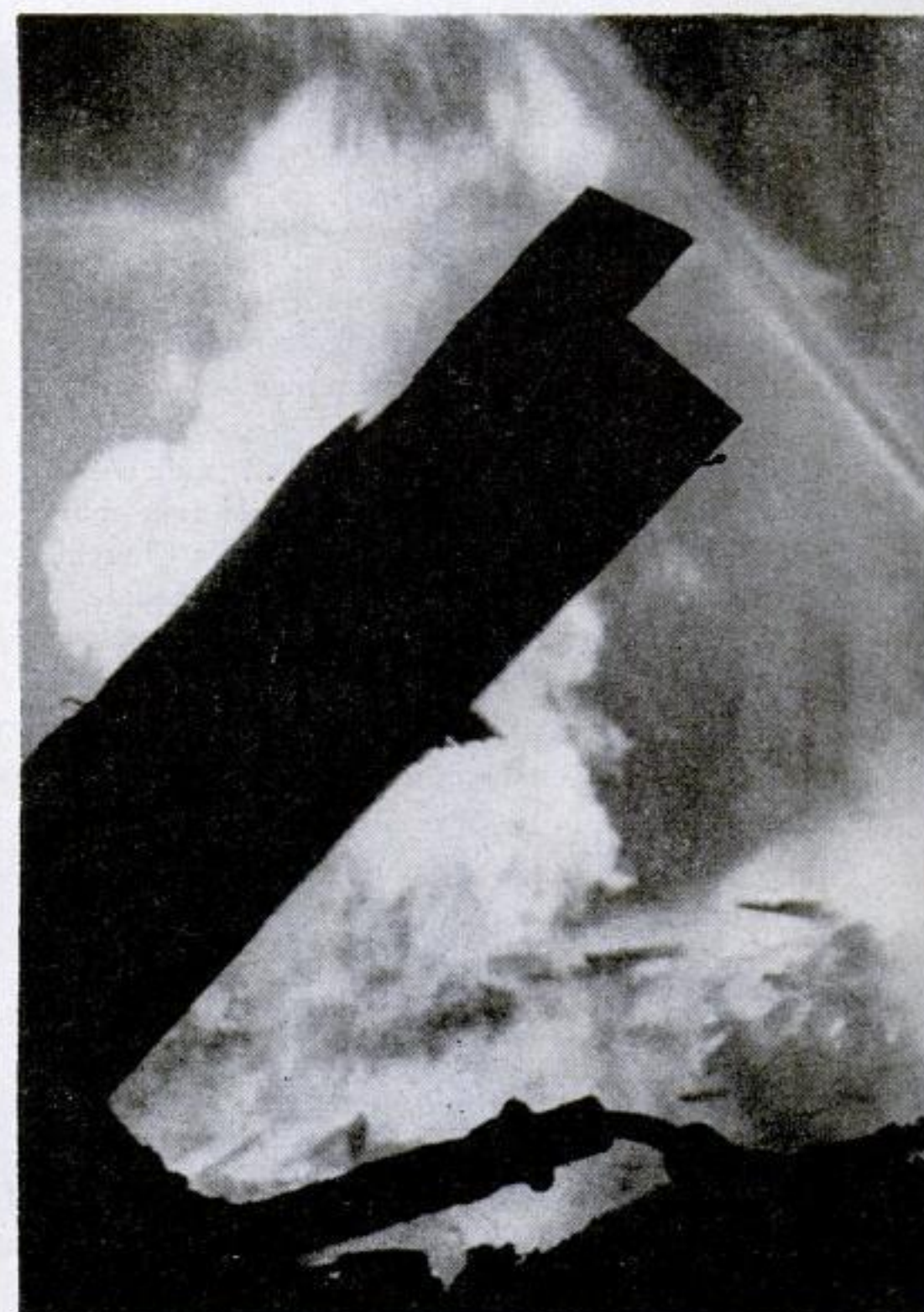
OLD FAMILIAR RUBBLE OF BLITZ COVERS STREET WHILE POLICE BAR PUBLIC UNTIL SHAKY WALLS ARE TORN DOWN



THE REMAINS OF AN OLD LADY ARE TAKEN FROM HOUSE



NATIONAL FIRE SERVICE MEMBERS SPRAY SURROUNDING BUILDINGS TO PREVENT SPREAD OF FIRE FROM GAS MAIN



A BURNING GAS MAIN IS A SMALL "SEA OF FLAME" BUT

LONDON RE-BLITZ

Bombs kill 50,324 in four years

There was silence over London for 17 months after the blitz of 1940-41; then a sputter of bombing last winter; a summer pause; a renewal in October. Last month German bombing became decisively more than a nuisance. Night after night up to 100 planes raided London. Total for February was estimated at about

700. The planes were fast fighter-bombers with few big explosives, many incendiaries of phosphorus, magnesium or oil. The nights were suddenly awful again with chandelier flares, the orange pinpoints of exploding ack-ack, the big red balls of the new British Z-gun rockets whistling like fiends from hell and the steady,



IN A SACK BY ARP MEN. HER SMALL GRANDSON FOLLOWED



DISASTER IN BLOCKS OF FLATS SHOWS UNBROKEN MIRRORS (TOP LEFT), CORNER WHERE GRANDMOTHER DIED (RIGHT)



BERLIN REPORTED ALL LONDON WAS IN THAT CONDITION



THE FIREMEN SUCCEED IN KEEPING GAS-MAIN FIRE FROM SPREADING BUT TAKE HOUR AND A HALF TO EXTINGUISH IT

stunning roar of London's anti-aircraft defenses. People were killed. Houses were demolished and burned. And one stick of six bombs straddled a "house" which, the British censor revealed, was being put to rights again as fast as all the King's men could manage.

The damage pictured here by LIFE photographers

takes the mind back to 1940 London, without nostalgia. It is actually on a scale with some of the milder nights of the great blitz. But by contrast it may convey some notion of what Germany is getting today, with 1,000 big loads of bombs a night, instead of 700 small loads a month. The long-range mortality of bombing as in-

-dicated by British figures last week for the whole war: 50,324 killed; 163,075 wounded. (Deaths from cancer in one prewar British year: 76,000.)

On Feb. 25, 250 Marauders raided the German attackers' French airfields and a mist settled over western Europe. For whatever reason, raids on London stopped.

HILLBILLY SINGER ELECTED GOVERNOR

Jimmie Davis wins Louisiana primary

A man of rare talents, Jimmie Davis of Shreveport, La., has been a composer of juke-box tunes, a hillbilly bandleader, a crooner, a college professor, and a cowboy actor. Last week, by winning the Democratic primary, he became the next governor of Louisiana.

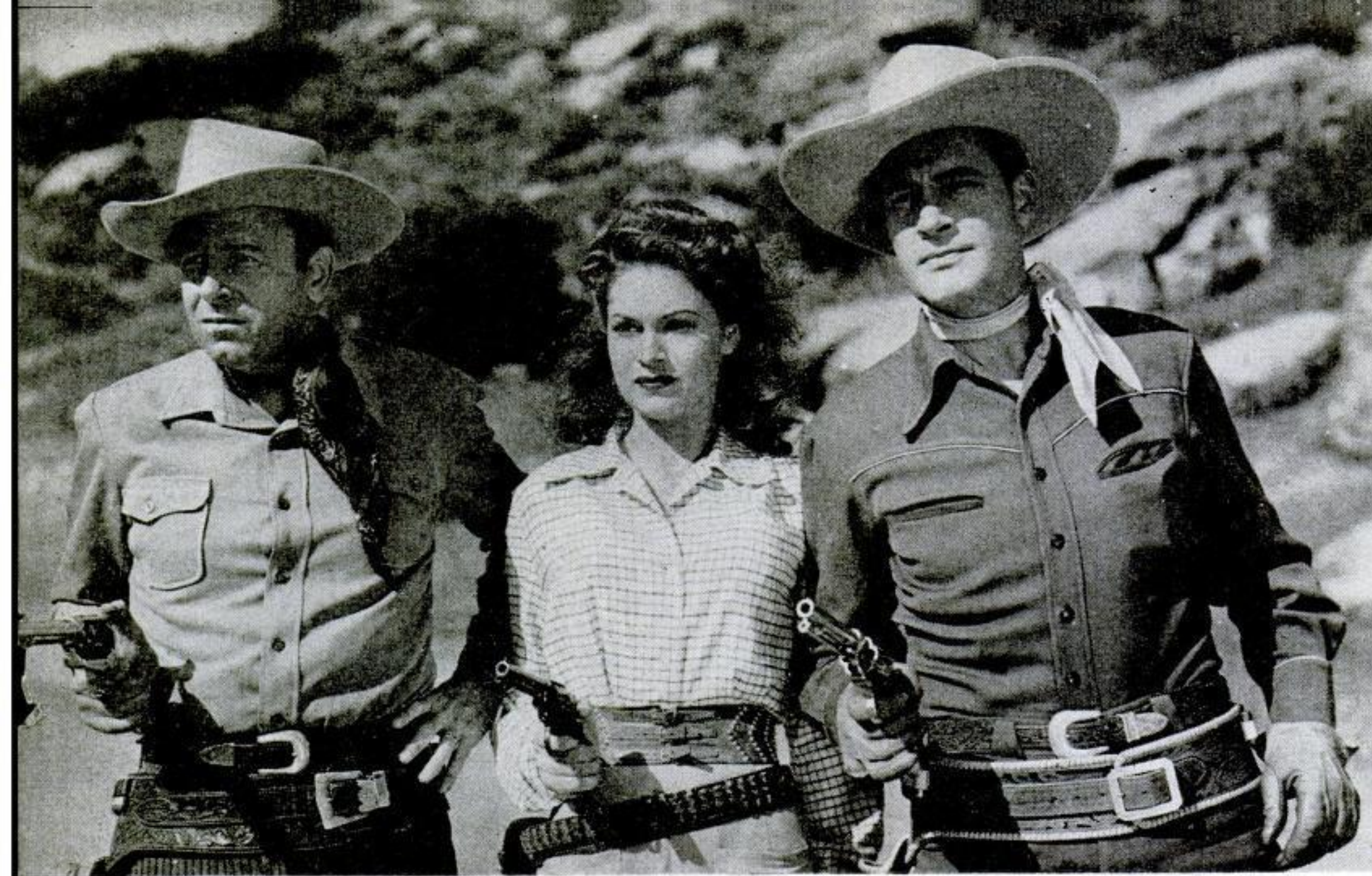
There will be an election in April, of course, but it is unimportant. In Louisiana the Democratic candidate always wins. The real fight takes place in the primary. There Jimmie Davis was supported by the reform government of Governor Sam Houston Jones. He was opposed by what is left of the Huey Long-Robert Maestri machine. With tabulations practically completed he received 33,000 more votes than his opponent, fumbling 67-year-old Lewis L. Morgan. Even his running mate, a political unknown named Emile Verret, beat Earl K. Long, Huey's brother, for lieutenant governor.

Shrewd Jimmie Davis knows what Louisianians want. He also knows what he himself likes to do. Says he, "I love music and always will and I'm not going to let politics stop me. Life's too short." In his stump speeches he did not do much talking. He just told his audiences he was in favor of a fair deal for everybody. Then he sang. Accompanied by a cowboy band recruited partly from the Shreveport police force, he gave out with a few of the songs he himself has written—*It Makes No Difference Now*, *Nobody's Darlin' But Mine*, *Sweethearts or Strangers*, *When It's Round-up Time in Heaven* and, last on the program, *You Are My Sunshine*. Never sung in the campaign was his low-brow ditty *Bed Bug Blues*, which his opponents called "depraved vulgarity."

Particularly impressed with Jimmie's singing and acting was Earl Long, who once said, "Don't elect him. We'll never know whether he is here or in Hollywood."



Jimmie eats shrimp at Hammond, La. Long and lean, he likes to be called a hillbilly. He can neither read nor write music.



As a shootin' movie cowboy, Jimmie Davis (left) appeared in a thriller *Riding the Nevada* with Shirley Davis and Charlie

Starret. Now 42, Davis was born in poverty in a log cabin. By singing on street corners he worked way through college.



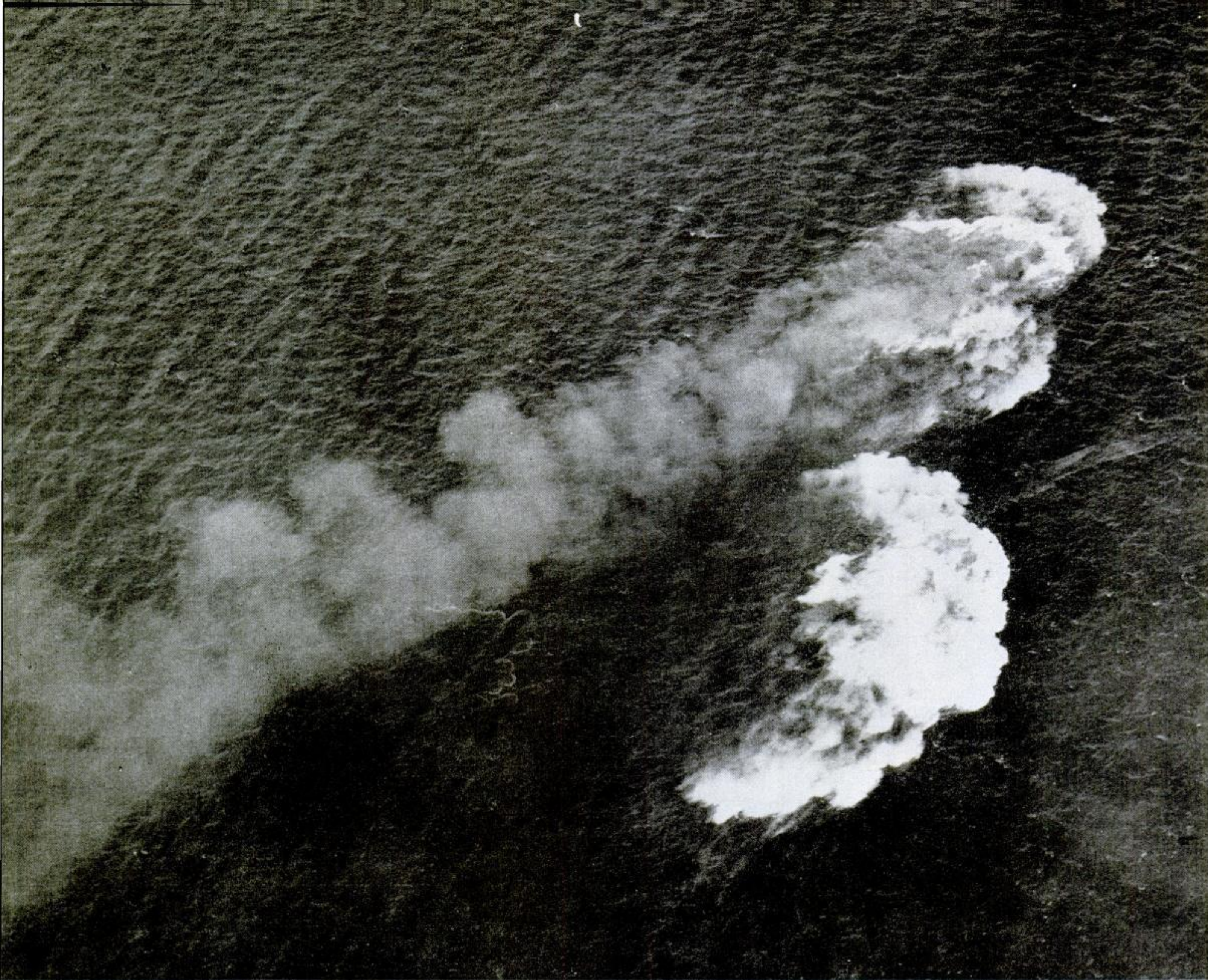
He sings his own hillbilly songs on the radio (above) or on his campaign tours (below). Before singing Jimmie talks pol-

itics briefly, speaking in a low and confidential voice. Absent is all vituperation, usually expected of Louisiana politicians.





BETWEEN SONGS, JIMMIE DAVIS
DRINKS QUART OF GOAT'S MILK



PILLARS OF SMOKE AND FLAME RISE FROM FUNERAL PYRE OF RAYMOND CLAPPER AND CREWS OF TWO TORPEDO PLANES WHICH COLLIDED AND CRASHED IN PACIFIC LAGOON

RAYMOND CLAPPER

Aerial picture shows end of plane crash in which columnist met death

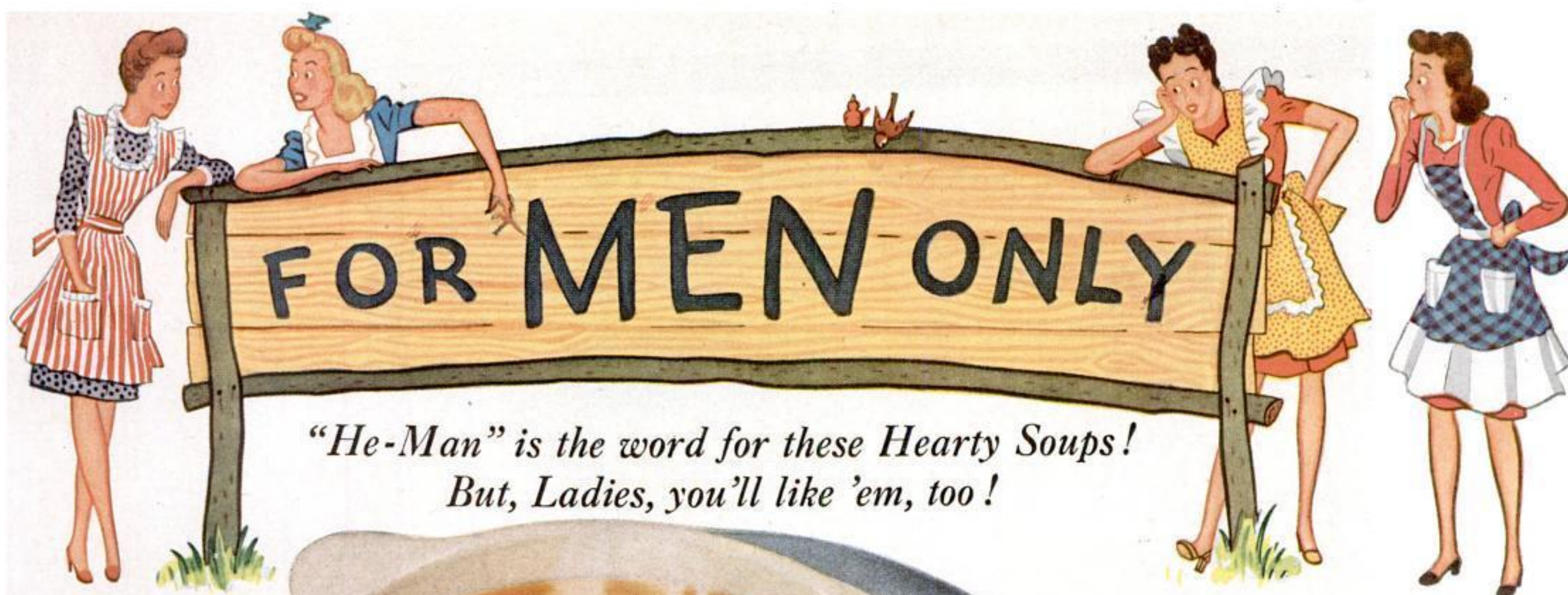
One day last month the Navy issued a terse communique announcing that "a plane in which Raymond Clapper was a passenger, engaged in covering the Marshall invasions, collided with another plane while forming up. . . . There were no survivors." Last week this brief report was augmented by a picture of smoke columns rising from the calm surface of a Pacific lagoon. It was thus that one of America's ablest and most-respected journalists met his end.

A newspaperman for more than 25 years, Kansas-born Clapper achieved the eminence of a syndicated columnist's by-line only seven years ago. Free from prejudice, he commanded 10,000,000 readers through the 187 newspapers in which his column appeared. In a poll of 127 Washington newsmen, he received top vote in answer to the question "Whose daily column do you consider the most significant, fair and reliable?" Newspapermen and others agreed that U. S. journalism would be poorer for the loss of Ray Clapper's sincerity, sanity and integrity of mind.



The late Raymond Clapper is shown here shortly before his death writing his column from the Pacific. His trip to Mar-

shalls was his fourth expedition to war theaters. He was 16th U. S. newsman to meet death as a war correspondent.



*"He-Man" is the word for these Hearty Soups!
But, Ladies, you'll like 'em, too!*



BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!

BEEF is Big News everywhere today! So if you really want beef, here's the soup for you: a grand, deep-flavored beef stock, with hefty pieces of tender beef in it, and thick too with fine vegetables. You'll enjoy it—lots!

Campbell's BEEF SOUP



EVERYBODY LIKES CHICKEN!

And you can be sure the whole family will like this soup! Just try this homey chicken noodle soup and you'll know why it's such a favorite of young and old. A rich, slowly simmered chicken stock, plenty of pieces of tender chicken, and good egg noodles all combine to make it downright irresistible. Sit down soon to a supper that includes...

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP



ANOTHER GRAND MEAT-STOCK SOUP!

Again, in this hearty soup, the accent's on... Meat! After all, who better than Campbell's could take a soup as Scotch as the Highlands and, with a knowing touch or two, turn it so perfectly to our American taste? You'll relish its sturdy mutton broth, brimming with fine vegetables and with generous pieces of tender mutton. Seasoned, too, to the king's... and queen's... liking. Have it soon!

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH

KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus • Bean with bacon • Beef • Black Bean • Bouillon • Chicken • Chicken Gumbo • Chicken Noodle • Clam Chowder • Consommé • Green Pea • Mock Turtle • Cream of Mushroom • Ox Tail • Pepper Pot • Scotch Broth • Tomato • Vegetable • Vegetarian Vegetable • Vegetable-Beef.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Now it's Spring, my heart doth sing
A song 'bout "June" and "Moon"—
And one 'bout "Love" to rhyme with "Dove",
And one that says "Let's Spoon"!



(PLUS two new ways to extend 'em)

THIS FARM-FRESH "just-picked" goodness doesn't just happen. For Birds Eye grows only special kinds of peas . . . famed for tenderness and extra-sweet flavor!

We pick 'em when they're dewy-fresh, Quick-Freeze 'em within 4 hours! That's why they have the extra-delicious goodness which makes fami-

lies say, "MORE, please!"

And they're work-free—no shelling or washing, no wasteful pods. Just 12 heaping ounces of luscious peas to enjoy. (You'd have to shell 2 whole pounds of market peas to get as much as one box of Birds Eye contains.) Normally, one box serves 4. But these marvelous new recipes serve 6 to 8, helping to extend and conserve food, as your Government wants!



Birds Eye Stuffed Onions and Green Peas

Arrange Baked Stuffed Onions on large serving platter. Pour hot cooked Birds Eye Green Peas around onions and serve.

For Baked Stuffed Onions, cook 6 large yellow or Bermuda onions until almost tender. Remove centers and chop finely; measure $\frac{1}{4}$ cup and sauté in $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons bacon or other fat. Add 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each salt and vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each pepper, poultry seasoning, and sage, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups coarse bread crumbs. Mix lightly, then fill onions. Place in baking dish and sprinkle tops with $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon fat, melted. Add water to just cover bottom of dish and bake in moderate oven (375°F .) 20 minutes, or until crumbs are browned. Makes 6 servings.

Note: Chopped left-over cooked meat may be added to stuffing mixture.



Birds Eye Peas and Noodles en Casserole

1 box Birds Eye Green Peas
 $2\frac{3}{4}$ cups seasoned thin white sauce
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion, sautéed
1 cup cooked noodles
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery seed
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon vinegar
4 hard-cooked eggs, cut in half lengthwise

Cook peas as directed on package. Make white sauce and add onion; reserve 2 tablespoons sauce. To remaining sauce, add peas, noodles, and seasonings; mix well. Turn into shallow greased casserole. Remove yolks from eggs. Mash and add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard, reserved sauce, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each vinegar and Worcestershire sauce; add salt and pepper to taste. Refill egg whites. Then arrange on casserole, pressing slightly into sauce. Bake in moderate oven (350°F .) 15 to 20 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Note: If desired, omit eggs and sprinkle grated American cheese over top before baking.



Product of General Foods

★ HEAR THE NEW
DINAH SHORE SHOW!
Tiptop! Star-studded!
Every Thursday night

NOTE! We have worked, night and day, to pack every possible pound of Birds Eye Foods. And in spite of the ever-increasing demand, we have scrupulously maintained the Birds Eye quality standard. So, if you can't get all the Birds Eye Foods you want (remember: huge quantities go to the armed forces), you can be sure that

any you do get is top-quality. And if you don't find the one food you want—try another Birds Eye product! They're ALL delicious.

WARNING! Look for the Birds Eye on the package. BE SURE you get it!





THE SMOKE OF 100 SACRED FIRES AND THE MURMUR OF 1,000 PRAYING BRAHMANS ISSUE FROM GREAT PANDAL OUTSIDE DELHI BESIDE SACRED RIVER JUMNA (REAR) FEB. 12

HINDUS SAY 10,000,000 PRAYERS FOR PEACE

Last month in Delhi, India, the end of World War II was prayed for on a mass scale unmatched in modern history. Over 10,000,000 verses of praise to the sun god were recited by 1,000 Brahmans (Hindu priests) around 100 sacred fires for 10 days, six hours a day. This meant 60,000 priestly man-hours, an easy rate of three verses a minute per Brahman. The occasion was the first mahayajna (great sacrifice) under British rule since the time when the Brahmans prayed for the end of the slaughters and Moslem baptisms of the tyrant Aurangzeb, one of the last and greatest Mogul emperors. This time the Hindus had decided the time had come to put a stop to the war and dis-

tress of the world. Above is the great thatch and bamboo pandal, with the smoke from the sacred fires issuing from the roof and the faithful gathered around among the living tents of the notables.

The master verse or Mantra from the 3,000-year-old Veda was: "The sun is the center of the entire universe; all intelligence, all energy and health are derived from the sun." The fires were made of *peepal*, banyan, *goolhar* and dhak, and fed with ghee (clarified butter), wheat, copra, rice, barley, til and *sarson*. The cost of the mahayajna: \$500,000. Head man: His Holiness Shri Jagadguru, Shri Shankaracharya Swami, Shri Yogeshwaranand Teerthaji Meharej,

Shri Govardhan of the math (monastery) of Puri.

The essence of the tolerant, hold-all religion of Hinduism is that what a man does in life determines how he will be reborn and what will happen to him in his next life. The great sacrifice, therefore, was to atone for the past evil behavior of mankind. To die, the Hindus believe, is merely to begin living again; to be born is a disaster; both are small expressions of the One Absolute, Infinite, Impersonal, Self-Existent, Inexpressible "It" that can be worshipped as one red, four-headed God, Brahma, or as many gods. There are thousands of varieties of Hinduism, but Hindus worship at the shrine nearest to them, whatever it is.



"... and I looked him straight in the eye and said, 'NO!'"

MARY: Boss or no boss, I just won't do it! Imagine him expecting a girl to use one piece of carbon paper 60 times!

PEGGY: Hold on, Mary! If you weren't new here, you'd know he's not expecting too much. You see, we use nothing but Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper, and one sheet can be used not just 20 times, but up to 60 times, cleanly and clearly. Look, here's proof...

This is the first copy made with a fresh sheet of Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper. See how sharp, clear, and distinct it is. You'll find succeeding copies will also be clean, crisp, and easy to read.

Laboratory test No. 86502, issued July 13, 1943, by United States Testing Co., Inc.

Now, look at this 60th copy -- made by the same girl, on the same typewriter, with the same sheet of Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper ... used 59 times before! See how legible this 60th copy is!

MARY: Glory be! How is it possible?

PEGGY: Well, Roytype Park Avenue is made by the Royal Typewriter Company. They have special machines that soak the ink right down into the paper fiber—deep-inking, they call it. Plus that, Park Avenue's extension edge lets you reverse each sheet, top to bottom, so that all areas of the paper can be used.

MARY: Isn't it hard to get, these days?

PEGGY: Not at all! It's as easy as picking up your phone and calling your local Royal Typewriter Representative or Roytype dealer... Hey, where are you going?

MARY: I'm going in and see that smart boss of mine. And, lady, I'm going to eat crow!

Carbon Papers and Ribbons

Ask your Roytype Representative *now* about the many different carbon papers in the complete Roytype* line—one of which will exactly fit your needs.

Ask him, too, about Roytype ribbons. They're made from a formula which enables the ink actually to flow through the fabric into the used parts—thus constantly renewing life.

ROYTYPE
Carbon Papers and Ribbons
made by the
ROYAL
TYPEWRITER COMPANY

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10,000,000 Hindu Prayers (continued)



Pontoon bridge across the holy Jumna carries the faithful toward Brahmins' pandal (rear). Where clear blue Jumna joins yellow Ganges is a famous place of pilgrimage. About 150,000 pilgrims a day passed the stone platform of the holy fires.



Leather shoes from hides of animals that might, according to Hinduism, have been the reincarnations of relatives, are left outside the pandal in this shoe "checkroom." Among the slippers are a few scuffed Western shoes. Check box, right foreground.



Brahmins pray around one of 100 fires, started by rubbing sticks together. Devotees of Vishnu wear vertical white and red stripes on the forehead (right). Devotees of the more popular Shiva wear horizontal stripes of gray or yellow earth (center).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40



that men may LIVE to build a better world

Safe...because modern science...in this case rubber science...found a way to close bullet holes in gas tanks.

Thousands of planes have returned to their bases literally riddled with bullets that a few years ago would have crashed or burst into flames in mid-air.

Thousands of boys have lived to fly again.

The development of the self-sealing fuel cell (gas tank) has saved practically as many lives as any single safety device. Yes, research and experiment have reduced even the hazards of combat flying.

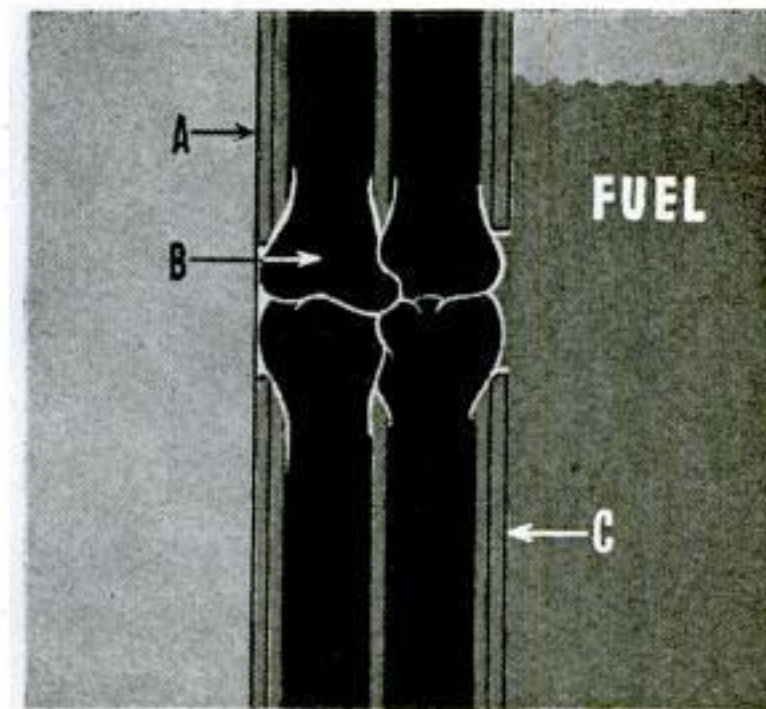
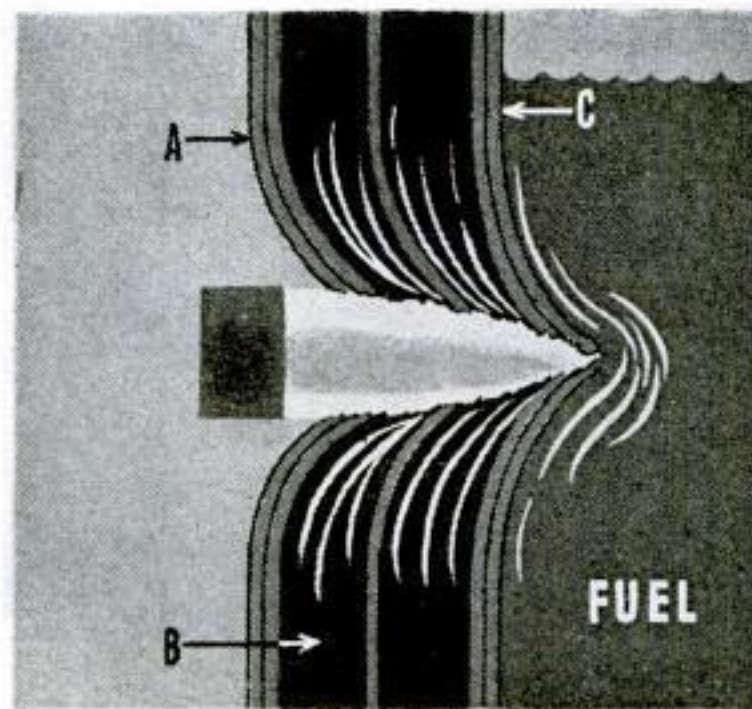
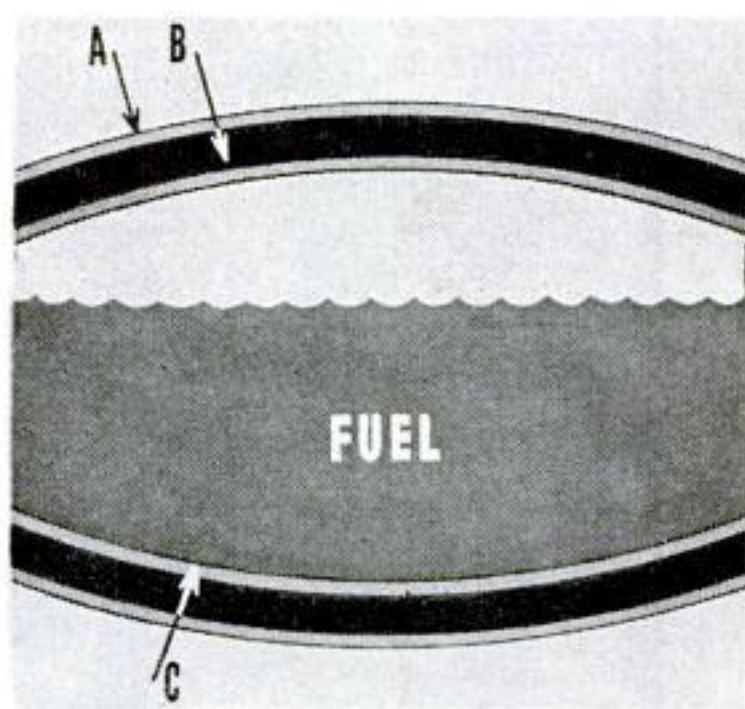
We have come a long way since United States Rubber Company submitted its first self-sealing fuel cell to the leaders of our armed forces, prior to the war. Synthetics have taken the place of natural rubber. Many other laboratory developments have perfected the equipment which we still cannot talk about.

This fuel cell development and its production have been part of our share in the war effort.

Let us give you another picture. If it had not been for the encouragement and enthusiasm of the leaders of our armed forces, their insistence that items to save men's lives be given preference in material and production, these things could not have been done. Industry, with the Army and Navy working hand-in-hand, overcoming every discouragement, has given our boys the finest equipment today and will continue to give them such equipment tomorrow.

SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE

SAVING LIVES WITH BULLET-SEALING FUEL CELLS



RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES... but safe because the bullet-sealing fuel cells, made of synthetic rubber and fabric, seal up the holes automatically the instant they are made, protecting the precious fuel supply. See how these life-saving, bullet-sealing fuel cells work.

THIS IS A FUEL CELL... built to fit inside the wing or fuselage. (A) is a strong, outside wall of synthetic rubber and fabric. (B) is the sticky sealing material. (C) is the inner lining of specially compounded, gasoline-resisting, synthetic rubber.

A BULLET PIERCES THE FUEL CELL... When the bullet penetrates the outside wall of the fuel cell (A), the layer of sticky, elastic sealing material (B) surrounds the bullet. The sealant springs together quickly and closes the hole as the bullet passes through.

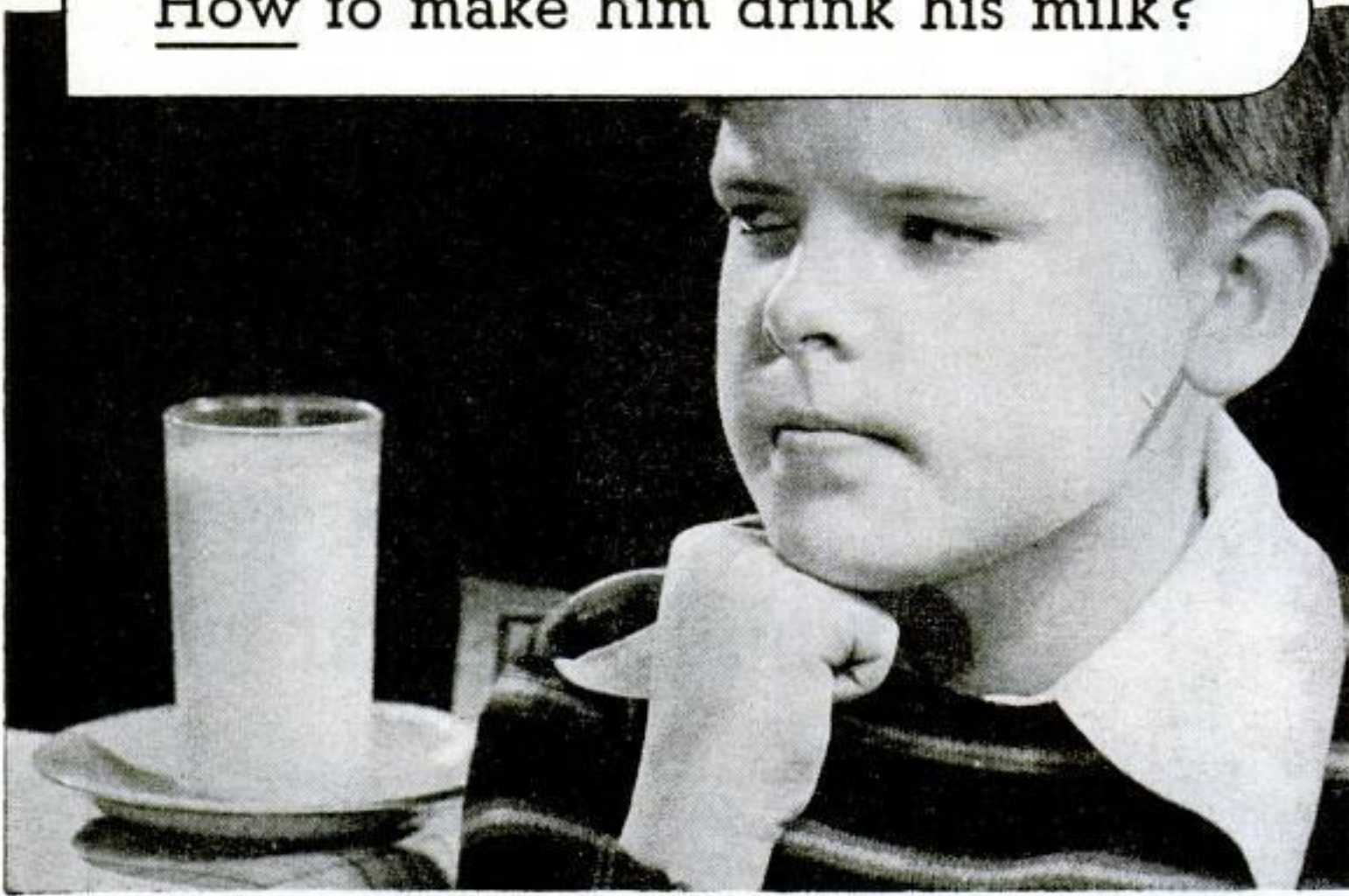
THE HOLE SEALS UP... Some of the fuel touches the sealant (B) and makes it swell, completing the seal. Science has used the natural stickiness of rubber and the basic conflict of rubber and gasoline to seal the bullet holes, to save lives and speed the victory.

Listen to the Philharmonic-Symphony program over the CBS network Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E.W.T. Carl Van Doren and a guest star present an interlude of historical significance.

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Happy thought...



It goes down with gusto!



Everyone...young and old...loves RITZ
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Army-Navy Award
to Nabisco New
York Bakeries for excel-
lence in production of
biscuit, crackers and
emergency ration biscuit
for the Armed Forces.



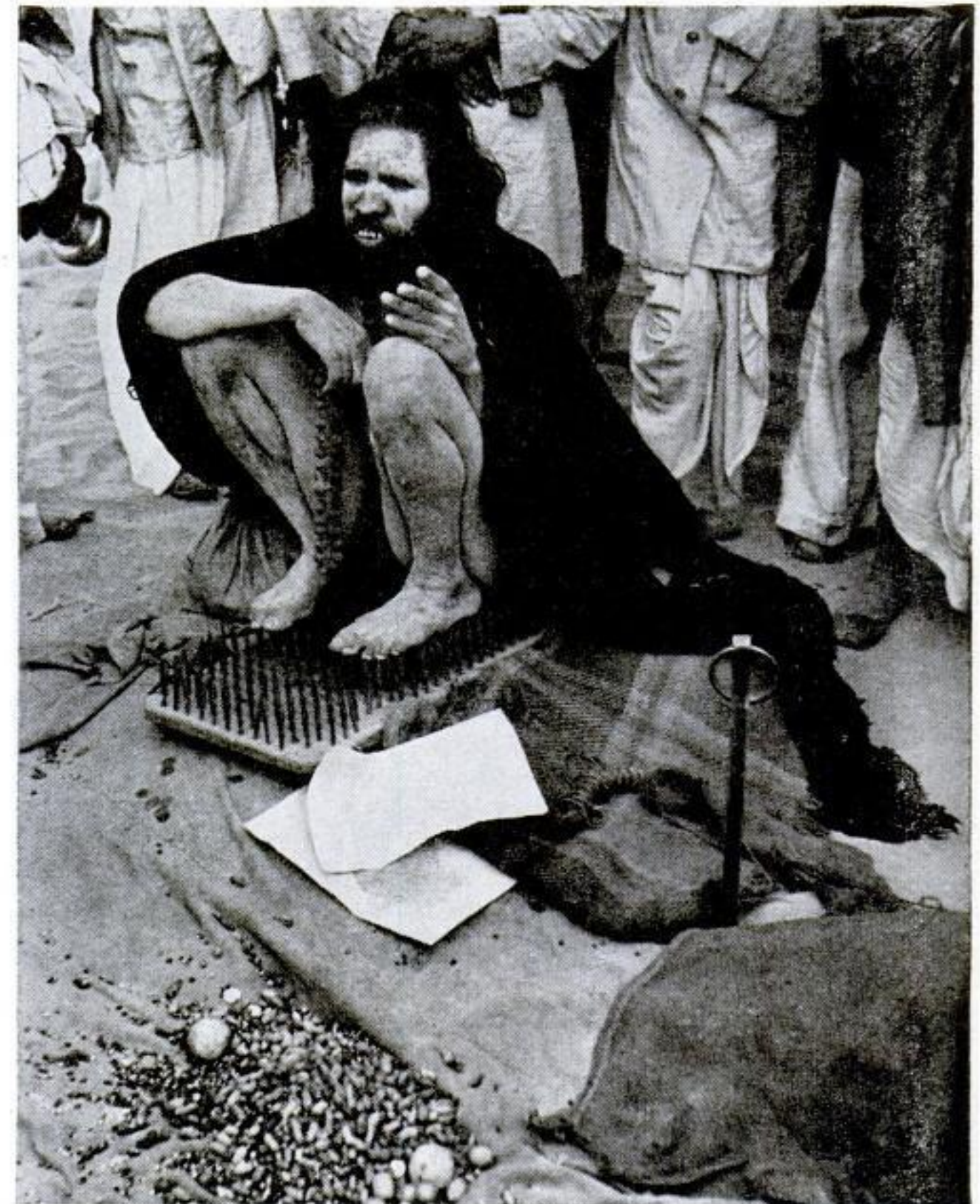
USE THE DELICIOUS NUT-LIKE FLAVOR and wonder-
ful crunchiness of Ritz to make other foods
more tempting. Plan to serve Ritz often. And
for the same high quality in other crackers and
cookies look for the red Nabisco seal on the
package when you buy.

BAKED BY NABISCO • NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

10,000,000 Hindu Prayers (continued)



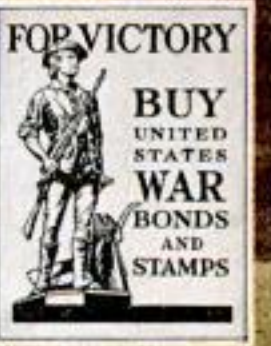
A Sadhu or religious beggar ostensibly lies on uncomfortable thorn bed while counting over prayer beads. Food contributions from faithful are piled in foreground. By mortifying flesh, he is killing in himself Hinduism's source of evil: human desire.



Sitting on spikes, another Sadhu at mahayajna attracts gifts of edible alms (fore-
ground). Sadhus think that the next best thing to being a Sadhu is to feed a Sadhu.
The mahayajna attracted various sideshows, including menagerie and cooch dancers.



Health Department (see sign at upper left) displays at mahayajna posters of Junior
Red Cross, including at right those labeled "I Take Bath Regularly" and "We play
in open every day." They make little impression on the ingrained squalor of India.



"I'VE GOT A CROP FINE FOR **LUCKY STRIKE**"

Fine for LUCKIES

**so round — so firm — so fully packed
— so free and easy
on the draw**

L.S./M.F.T.





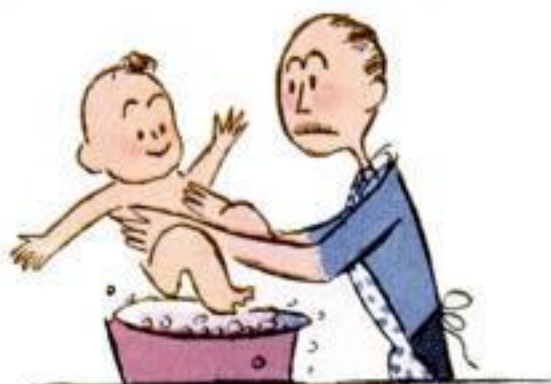
How to be a good wife though married

BY GRACIE (4-IN-1) ALLEN

GIVE HIM A LITTLE PRIVACY

- Husbands don't want a woman around *all* the time.

When he's bathing the baby, don't sit next to him and read aloud from your mystery story. Just make sure baby's bathed with Swan Soap. It's pure as fine castles, mild as May.



DON'T MAKE HIM FEEL CHEAP

- Every man likes to feel he can afford the best. So, when hubby's washing dishes—see that he gets Swan.

It whips up creamy suds like sixty, *won't* make his hands rough.

He'll take pride in his work, too, when he sees how Swan makes dishes sparkle!



BE INTERESTED IN HIS WORK

- Don't just talk about *your* interests. When he's washing your undies or his, compliment him for using Swan Soap.

Tell him how its baby-gentle suds help keep precious things like new.

That'll make him happy 'cause he won't have to keep buying you new things.



MAKE HIM RELAX

- Insist on his taking it easy once in a while.

Just before you turn off the bed lamp, hand him a cake of Swan. Then make him take a nice, relaxing bath.

When he sees how swell Swan lathers up—even in the hardest water—he'll send you posies every day.



SEE WHAT HAPPENS

- See how Swanderful being married *can* be? So make friends with Swan Soap.

Then you'll be 4 times merrier—'cause Swan's *four swell soaps in one!* Swan the baby, Swan yourself, Swan the dishes, Swan your duds.

And you'll Swan happily ever after!



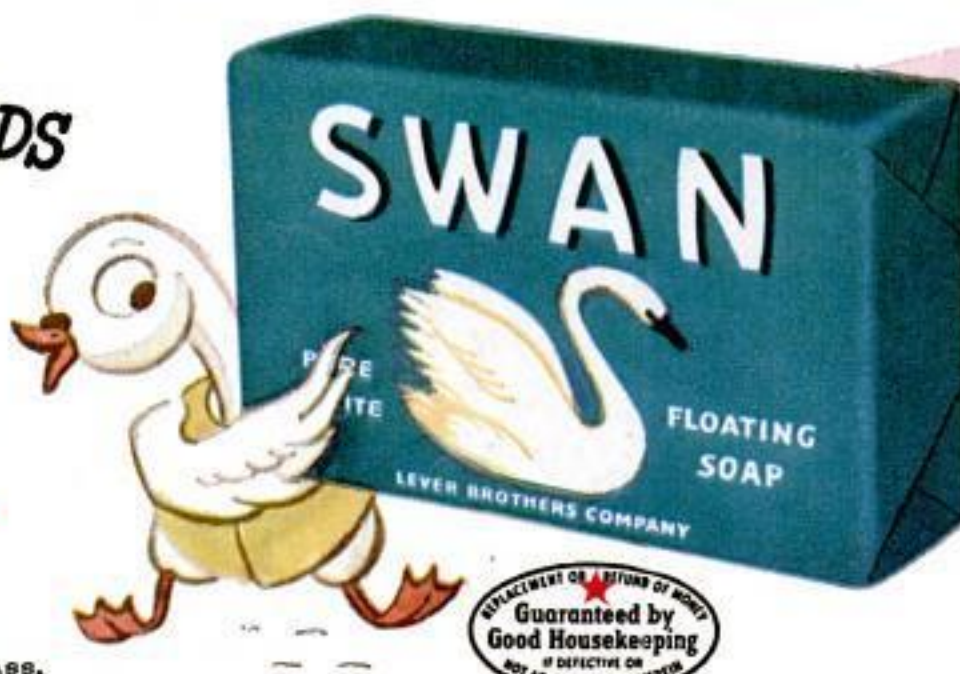
FOR BABY, BATH, DISHES, DUDS

SWAN

IS **4** SWELL SOAPS IN ONE

Two convenient sizes—Large and regular

MADE BY LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



UNCLE SAM SAYS: DON'T WASTE SOAP!

1. Don't leave soap in water. Don't make more lather than you need.
2. Beware of a wet soap dish! Keep it dry.
3. Wipe off grease. Rinse all dishes *before* washing.
4. Save soap slivers; dissolve in boiling water to make soap jelly, for dishes, shampoo, etc.

Georgie and I are Swanning the nation...
Each Tuesday night on your CBS station!
TUNE IN—George Burns and Gracie Allen





Menuhin Yehudi Menuhin was the greatest of America's child prodigies when he made his debut in 1923 at the age of 6, playing the Mendelssohn violin concerto to 9,000 open-mouthed San Franciscans. Today, at the age of 27, he is the best of the country's native violinists. A big broad-shouldered young man with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, Menuhin has wide, strong hands that handle the violin with tender delicacy.

He was born in New York City, the first of a Hebrew teacher's three children, all of them possessed of considerable musical talent. He was playing the violin when he was 3, and took lessons from Louis Persinger and later from Georges Enesco. In 1936, he took two years off from music to catch up on himself. When he got back to work he was a mature and finished musician. He has an Australian wife, two children and a home in the hills of California.

Master Musicians U. S. is full of them

The war has brought to the U. S. a concentration of musical greatness that no modern country has ever known. Practically all of the world's finest virtuosos are now living and working in this country. Most of those who are not natives or already naturalized are becoming U. S. citizens. There are only three musicians outside the U. S. who would be given a place in the gallery printed in these pages of great contemporary virtuosos—Soprano Flagstad, who is in Norway, Pianist Gieseking, who is in Germany, and Cellist Casals, who is probably interned in Spain or France.

The musicians are here at a time when the country

is hungrier than ever for good music and is better able than ever to pay for the privilege of listening to fine artists perform. Despite the discomfort and difficulties of travel, soloists are making long tours, reaching new audiences and making side jaunts to Army camps where they manage to compete fairly well with the gags and good looks of radio and movie stars.

These photographs, all (except that of Horowitz) by Philippe Halsman, are a superb collection of musical portraits. It is at best difficult for a camera to translate music into pictures. Halsman has conveyed the spirit of these musicians, brought them to life by catching them in moments of musical absorption.



Pinza The big male box-office attractions in opera used to be the oversized Italian tenors who sang both high and sweet. Today the big male operatic attraction is a basso, Ezio Pinza, who sings low and sweet. For a bass, Pinza's voice is remarkably agile. For an opera star, his acting is remarkably convincing. Because operas are written that way, Pinza's roles are heavily villainous. He has a ghastly stage record of murder, sorceries, boilings in

oil. But no matter how small or unpleasant his role, Pinza's entrance on the stage always fills it with sudden new life just as his voice fills the opera house with great resonant sound. Born in Italy in 1892, Pinza, on the advice of a friend who heard him sing *O Sole Mio*, gave up an unpromising career as a bicycle rider to become a singer. He has been involved in breach-of-promise and alienation-of-affection suits—which were ultimately dropped—totaling \$450,000.



Traubel Helen Traubel was born about 40 years ago in St. Louis, where her father owned a drugstore. In 1939 she was engaged by the Metropolitan Opera which up to then had been reluctant to hire her to sing in Wagner's operas. Today she is the Met's Wagnerian mainstay. A huge and amiable woman, Traubel never diets and never tries to make herself seem the romantic-heroine type. Her soprano voice is one of the biggest in the business and she uses it with unerring grace.

Anderson Marian Anderson was born in Philadelphia in 1908, daughter of a coal-and-ice dealer. Neighbors and church friends chipped in to buy singing lessons. A scholarship took her to Europe where her success finally brought her back to a hitherto indifferent U. S. Today Anderson's rich contralto voice and sensitive musical mind have made her the most successful of all Negro artists. Earnest and dignified, she last year married Orpheus Fisher, an architect.



Lehmann Lotte Lehmann was born in Germany in 1885, turned Austrian when Nazis took Germany, turned American when they took Austria. Once almost without a peer as an operatic soprano, she has no equal today as a singer of German *lieder*, loveliest of lyrical songs. A warm, sentimental woman, she has written a novel and an autobiography, is teaching the spirit of her art to young singers.

Melchior Lauritz Melchior, born in Denmark in 1890, was an operatic baritone before a vocal expert persuaded him to lift his voice and become a *heldentenor*, a heroic tenor with a voice big enough for Wagner. His Metropolitan debut in 1926 was inauspicious but today he is getting—and deserving—top Met pay: \$880 a performance. A huge man, Melchior is an avid huntsman and a tireless clown.



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Reliance



On a thousand jobs... **BIG YANK work shirts and pants**

Practical as the wartime job you're doing! Smart as a fighting uniform! On a thousand home front duties, you can Rely on Reliance Big Yank Work Suits. Rugged washable fabrics—coverts, poplins and twills. Matching shirts

and pants in shades of blue, tan and gray. Sold at better stores everywhere. If your dealer is temporarily out of Big Yanks, try again. Reliance production is enlisted principally in serving the armed forces.

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+ YOUR RED CROSS
IS AT HIS SIDE



Rubinstein Artur Rubinstein of Łódź, Poland, started playing the piano publicly when he was 4, professionally when he was 11. Today he is 58. After half a century, he still plays with fire, devotion and a furious energy which at the British court once caused him to break a piano that had belonged to Queen Victoria. An impressive-looking man who has been described as having "an ageless, grotesquely ugly

face at the prow of a beautiful head," Rubinstein is literate and witty. He once contracted to write his autobiography but has never completed it because, he says, "My life is too naughty." Rubinstein, no kin to the great Anton Rubinstein, played in the U. S. as a prodigy in 1906. When he came to the U. S. in 1937, after a 10-year absence, he was a legend to many Americans, who soon rediscovered that he was in a class with the best of all pianists.



Drugs alone can't cure the flu— nor glasses alone correct faulty vision



From The AMERICAN Plan for Better Vision

*These professional services are worth infinitely more than the cost of the material in the glasses themselves.

EXAMINATION: Professional examination for possible pathological eye conditions.

REFRACTION: Scientific measure of your ability to see.

PRESCRIPTION: Carefully prepared professional conclusions and the proper instructions necessary to correct your vision.

INTERPRETATION: Careful technical and scientific compounding of the exact materials of your prescription.

FITTING: Scientific, minute adjustment of your prescription to your eyes.

RE-EVALUATING: Verification of the refraction and the prescription.

SERVICING: Assurance that the requirements of your prescription are being constantly maintained.

What's wrong with this picture? Just this. Everyone knows that doctors don't base their fees on the drugs they prescribe.

When the flu picks you for a victim you depend upon the professional training, experience and skill of your doctor to pull you through.

You know that drugs are important but only incidental to the professional knowledge of the doctor who diagnoses your illness and prescribes for it.

But are you as wise about your eyes?

When eye troubles threaten, do you say: "Guess I'd better buy a pair of glasses"? That's illogical. When the flu got you down, you didn't rush out to buy drugs. You phoned for your doctor. You followed his professional advice.

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Why think only of glasses, then, when you need eye care? Glasses alone can never correct faulty vision. Their value to you depends entirely upon the professional skill with which your eyes are examined and refracted—your glasses prescribed, fitted and serviced.*

So don't confuse the price of glasses with the cost of eye comfort. Glasses alone without professional eye care are never a bargain at any price.

Go to your Ophthalmologist,

Optometrist, Ophthalmic Dispenser for professional skill and technical services. Give your eyes the benefit of the professional skill and service that your priceless sight demands.

Invest in eye care—not glasses at a price.

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FOUNDED IN 1833—THE WORLD'S LARGEST SUPPLIERS TO THE OPHTHALMIC PROFESSIONS

Master Musicians

(continued)



Szigeti Joseph Szigeti (pronounced zi-get-tee), who was born in Hungary in 1892, long suffered reputation of being the violinist's violinist, a musician whose art was best appreciated by experts. This came because Szigeti never tried to knock the gallery for a musical loop. On the stage, hunched over his violin as if he were crowded into a telephone booth, he played honestly, exactly, beautifully. Today virtue's reward comes to him in critical acclaim and filled concert halls.

Horowitz Vladimir Horowitz has the fastest, strongest, surest fingers among living pianists. His fantastic virtuosity earns him fatter fees (\$3,000 and more per performance) than any other pianist. Bored with being considered a mere technician, he takes increasing pains with interpretation, took pride this winter in giving first U. S. performance of the newest Prokofieff sonata. A temperamental Russian, now 39 years old, he is married to Toscanini's daughter.



Piatigorsky Husky, handsome Gregor Piatigorsky was born in Russia in 1903, escaped after the Revolution (according to legend) by floating across Dnepr River on his cello. While studying in Germany, he earned a living playing the cello in movies and cafes. He made a spectacular U.S. debut in 1929. One critic has called him a "poet and prestidigitator." His wife is a Rothschild heiress.

Serkin Rudolf Serkin is no keyboard ball-of-fire. Shy, unimpressive, he sits at the piano looking like a scholar and playing like an angel. He was born in Bohemia in 1903. His parents were so poor that for a while they lived with eight children in a one-room apartment. Rudolf started to play piano music at sight at age of 4. Taken under the wing of Violinist Adolf Busch, Serkin married Busch's daughter.





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LADY PEPPERELL * Countess * Duchess * Abbotsford

Master Musicians (continued)

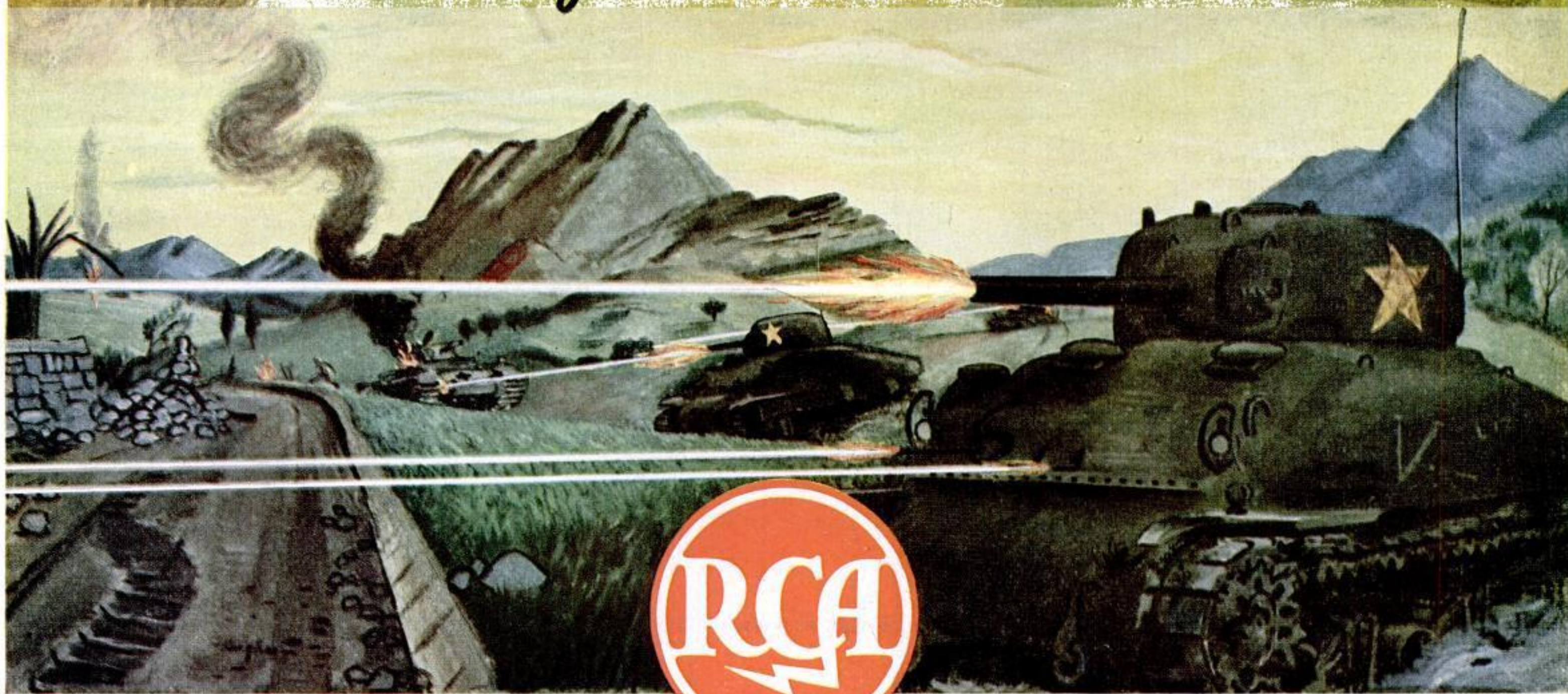


Garbousova Most women cellists look awkward handling their big instruments. But pretty Raya Garbousova plays with such flamboyance that audiences are entranced almost as much by her good looks as by her good playing. She was born in Russia in 1909, daughter of a trumpet player. When a child, she used to pull her fingers to stretch them, make her a better cellist.

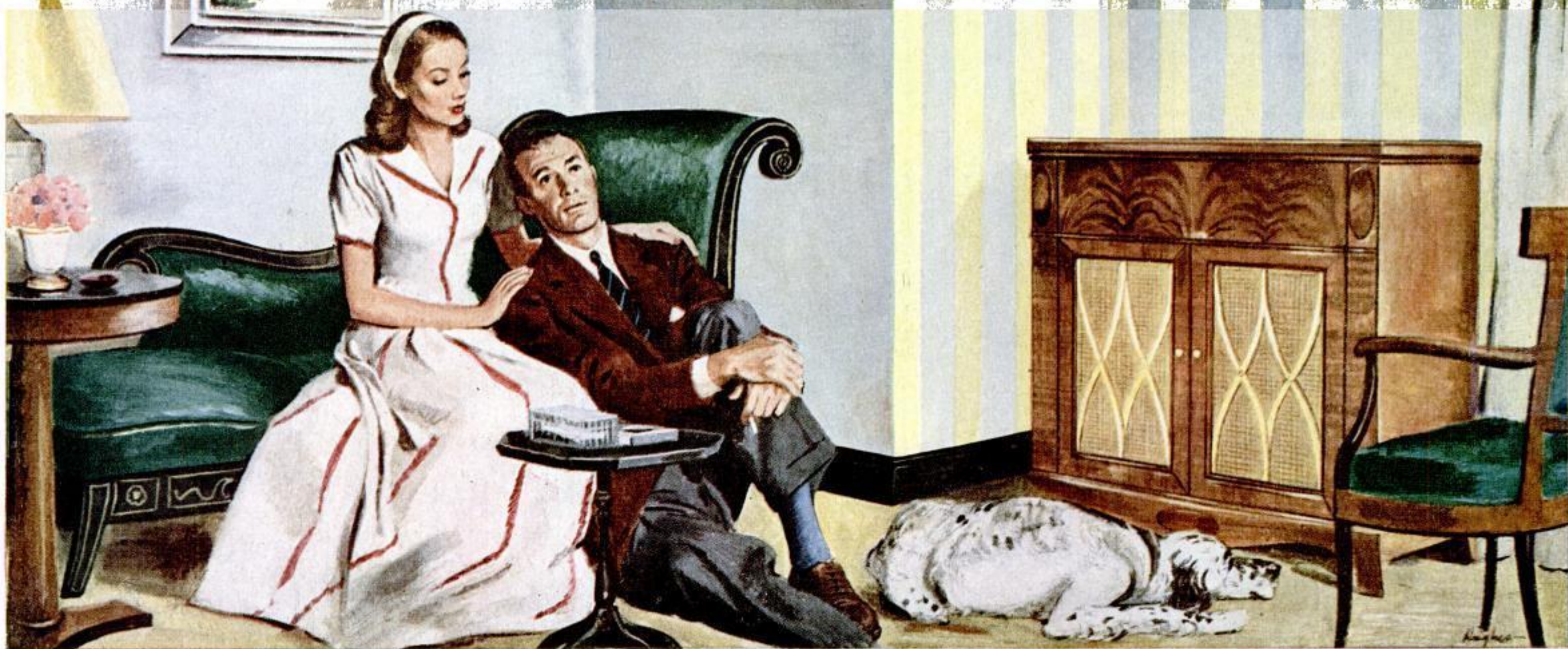


Landowska Wanda Landowska is an anachronism. She plays harpsichord, an instrument which the piano made obsolete more than a century ago. On it she plays works of old masters with the knowledge and artistry that have made her one of most revered of all living musicians. Born in Poland in 1877, Landowska worked in France, came to New York when France fell.

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IN ACTION or at rest, the body uses energy continuously. Strenuous exercise demands tremendous energy; in sleep very little is required. Actual expenditures of energy can be measured scientifically with the "Dextrose Energy Meter". This device determines the amount of dextrose sugar needed to replenish body "fuel" oxidized during any form of activity. Science considers dextrose the basic unit of body

energy—the sugar the body uses directly for energy. One evening a scientist took his Dextrose Energy Meter to "Stars on Ice", the popular skating revue at the Center Theatre, Radio City in New York. There he measured the energy expended by some of the skating stars. He found, for example, that Carol Lynne used the equivalent of $4\frac{3}{4}$ ounces of dextrose per hour in fast skating.



LIKE ANY HARD WORK, ballet skating quickly reduces the body's fuel reserve, causing craving for quick-energy foods. During intermission, the girls enjoy replenishing their body energy with such "pick-ups" as ice cream, fruit juices, soft drinks, candy bars—rich in dextrose sugar.

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DOING HER HOUSEWORK, Carol used up energy at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of dextrose sugar per hour. Although housework took less than half as much energy as skating, it still indicated moderately heavy work.



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dextrose *is the sugar your body uses directly for energy*



"VERDICT OF THE PEOPLE" by George Caleb Bingham (1811–1879) shows exciting moment in a Missouri town of the 1850's. It is Election Day: the votes have just been

counted and the result is now being announced from courthouse steps. Majority of the crowd looks happy; a few losers are wrapped in gloom. This kind of climax, repeated thou-

sands of times in different times and places, is what makes or breaks political parties in the U. S. They must keep up with what the people want, or give way to parties that do.

Our American form of government, how it came to be, how it works, and what, in essence, it is.—A conversation from "The Republic"

EDITOR'S NOTE: In his new book, *The Republic* (Viking, \$3), Charles A. Beard, the great American historian and thinker, outlines the basic facts about our American form of government in a series of informal Friday-evening conversations in his home. LIFE is publishing one conversation from *The Republic* each week in condensed form. This week's conversation deals with the role of political parties in U. S. life.

The three people participating in the conversation are:

BEARD himself, who was born in Indiana in 1874, taught poli-

tics at Columbia University for 10 years, and wrote *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* in 1913.

DR. ROBERT SMYTH (the name is fictitious), a neighboring physician who is in charge of health work for a large local factory. "Dr. Smyth" was born in South Carolina around 1870 and is a staunch "Cleveland Democrat."

MRS. SMYTH, a Vassar graduate who cares for a household and four children and is active in community affairs. She has long been interested in the equal rights for women movement.



BEARD

POLITICAL PARTIES AS AGENCIES AND MOTORS

by CHARLES A. BEARD

It was fortunate, Dr. Smyth opened our exchange of greetings, that last Friday evening you gave us the high-sounding title for our discussion tonight. We did not exactly grasp its meaning at the time, but we smelt something unearthly in the air. Otherwise we should have brought up with us Joe Smedge, our town boss, who is supposed to know party politics from A to Z. Joe is a smart man. For all important purposes he runs both parties, allowing small liberties to his vassals in matters that amount to nothing. He keeps all the varieties of racial tribesmen in both parties in such good humor that they never kick over the traces at election time.

He owns, I am told, the majority stock in both of our dailies, attends directors' meetings, and takes an interest in seeing that the right slant is given to the news and in the editorials. The editors of one of the papers told me, however, that while Joe did not worry much about the news stories in themselves, or the editorials, he watched headlines like a hawk, on the theory that most of his precinct captains read only the headlines, if anything. As soon as women got the vote, Joe beat the Democratic boss to the draw by installing two captains in each precinct—one safe man and one safe woman.

I asked Joe once to tell me in a few words just what a political party is, and this is his definition: 'A political party is a lot of busy men (and women now) who do for the people everything needed in the way of government and do it soon enough to keep them satisfied.'

How's that for a scientific statement of fact?

BEARD: Ingenious, but not accurate and a little too simple. Joe has given an idealized definition. Often a party is not as bright as Joe imagines it to be. It fails to guess right on what the people need. Its sense of timing may be bad so that it hands out things too soon or too late. In such a case it may be badly defeated or in-

deed go to smash, like the Federalists and the Whigs long ago.

MRS. SMYTH: To come right down to cases, take Joe himself. Many a time in our city he has been compelled by outraged public sentiment to do important things for the town which he had publicly and privately sworn he would never do.

BEARD: That is one trouble with politics in the United States. Too many people suppose that running a nation's government is about the same as running a city government or a factory or a business office. That is one reason why we have so many small-time politicians in Washington. Joe's theory also leaves out of account the varieties of interests in American society. Above all, it ignores the role of fate in national history, of fate beyond the power of individuals and parties to control.

DR. SMYTH: Now you are going full steam. I knew that you would take a simple proposition like Joe's definition of a political party and run it into metaphysics.

MRS. SMYTH: Robert, I hoped you had overcome your old habit of bringing up metaphysics every time you encounter a statement that seems a little mystifying.

BEARD: William James once said in effect that metaphysics is what you have when you think long and hard enough about any subject. What you call my metaphysics merely represents, I suspect, my thought about the accumulated facts I have derived from the study of the history of parties—from the factions of ancient Greece and Rome to the latest congressional elections in the United States.

It is owing to such facts that I put into the title for our discussion here tonight the words 'as agencies and motors.' By those words I mean that at times the party seems to act as a fated agency of history, of forces beyond its control, of forces compelling it to do things that

its leaders did not intend to do, did not want to do, were violently opposed to doing. At other times a party, or rather its leaders, seem to defy popular sentiments and to act freely, not as mere agents, but in a creative manner; by this I mean that leaders bring into being new institutions and practices despite all the force of countervailing traditions and majority desires.

MRS. SMYTH: I confess that all you have just said sounds highly abstract to me. Won't you make it more concrete by illustrations out of everyday experience, as you have done in such cases during all our study?

BEARD: The history of parties is largely the history of illustrations. I shall offer two examples.

In 1861 the Republican party came to official power in the United States. It represented a minority of the people. In the election of 1860 the Democrats had split, and no party received a majority mandate to do anything. The verdict of the majority was that nothing should be done about slavery in the states where it legally existed. The Republicans with Lincoln's approval were prepared to combine with Democrats and pass a constitutional amendment guaranteeing slavery forever in the South. The Republican party, though expressing some strong anti-slavery sentiments, was committed to the policy of letting slavery alone in the Southern states. Then in 1861 came the war.

We now know that abolition was to come out of it, but the voters of 1860 did not know it. The joining of issues on war and abolition, it seems to me, took on the character of inexorable fate beyond the intention or understanding of party leaders and party members.

DR. SMYTH: That is all right for ancient history. Give us an illustration of our own time, with which we are more familiar.

BEARD: I am not sure that we are more familiar with, or know more about our own time than other times, at least about the fate hidden



Pop's life is topsy-turvy. He starts work at midnight, grabs a sandwich at four A.M.—eats supper in the morning.

Upset living sometimes brings upset stomach. When it happens to you, be gentle with your stomach—take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

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AS PRESIDENTS, Herbert Hoover (left) became the victim and Abraham Lincoln the agent of political forces beyond their control. Hoover, a prosperity president, was blitzed by the depression. Lincoln, who was against the abolitionists, freed the slaves.

POLITICAL PARTIES (continued)

in our time which will be revealed in coming years. But you can take the Republicans and Herbert Hoover in 1928. Look at their sweeping victory, including the majorities in Southern states. On March 4, 1929, it looked as if the Republicans were in power for an indefinite period, and that their economic policies were rock-founded. In the autumn came the economic crash, which relatively few persons foresaw; and fewer, still, its devastating course. That crash and its aftermath were in the nature of what I call fate. In the congressional elections of 1930 the Republicans received a terrific beating. I do not have to tell you what happened in 1932 and in the elections since, particularly 1936.

These historical examples show what I mean when I contend that parties may be agencies or victims of fate or forces beyond their knowledge or control.

DR. SMYTH: That is an awful thought. You are saying in effect that when our noble voters, all steamed up with patriotism, go to the polls to effect a reform or prevent a reform or save their country, they do not know what they are doing. They are poor boobs and might as well stay at home. Under that theory the Republicans might now come to power in a landslide of votes on a promise to save the country from the New Deal, or even socialism, and, in an unexpected crash, end in creating a bigger New Deal, or shoving the country into more socialism.

MRS. SMYTH (in unwonted excitement): If what you said about the elections of 1860 is true, if what the Doctor had just said could happen in spite of a majority against it, then elections are a delusion and popular government is also a delusion!

Freedom and Fate

BEARD: Unintentionally, I have led you into some perplexity. Let me rectify my error. Americans know very well that often you vote for one thing and, though victorious at the polls, get something else and a lot that you did not intend or expect. It is no treason to point out what everybody knows.

Knowing this, they still prefer our system of popular government. I certainly do. Under our system, the people have opportunities not offered by other systems. Under our system a pioneer in thought may advance an idea of political or social improvement, gain adherents, do battle for the idea in the forum of politics, and live to see it triumphant through adoption by a political party, and victory at the polls. Sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly, by straight or devious ways, through our party institutions the aspirations of the people are realized. Though, as I believe, many things are fated, are beyond the control of majorities, not all things are fated; and, in the area of freedom, Americans under our system of government work out good fortunes for themselves and their children and children's children. Without quarreling with fate, I rejoice in the freedom. . . .

I thought it good tactics to tell you the worst first. Frankly, I do not see how our system of popular government could work without parties.

DR. SMYTH: There is no fear on that score. Americans take to party politics like ducks to water. They are the greatest joiners in the world, and they are always disputing among themselves over everything under the sun. I cannot imagine the United States with-

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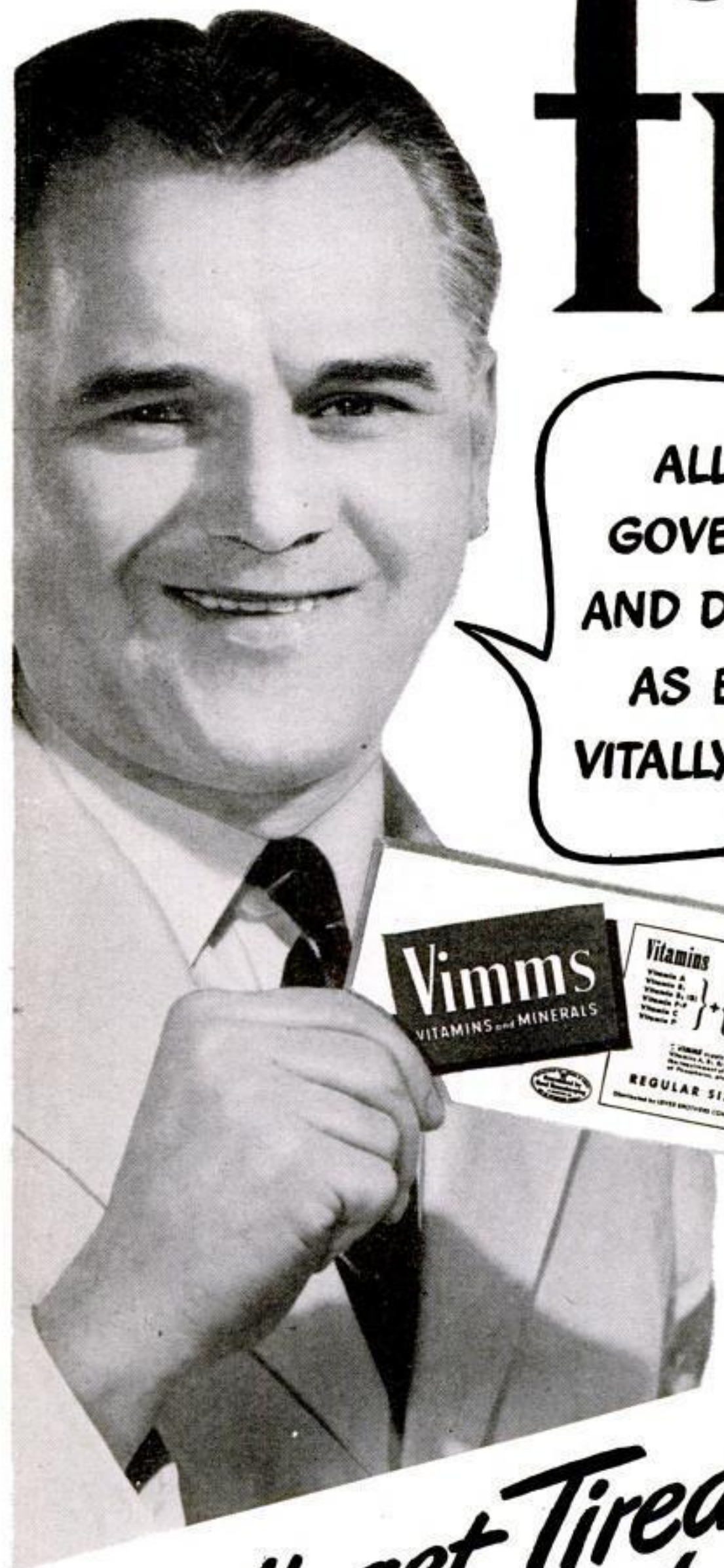
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POLITICAL PARTIES (continued)

out political parties. They seem to spring up and flourish like prairie grass on the great plains.

BEARD: Wherever there is freedom of expression, differences of interest and opinion will find vent. As James Madison said in Number 10 of *The Federalist*:

That latent causes of faction are . . . sown in the nature of man. . . . A zeal for different opinions concerning religion, concerning government, and many other points, as well of speculation as of practice; and attachment to different leaders ambitiously contending for pre-eminence and power; or to persons of other descriptions whose fortunes have been interesting to the human passions, have, in turn, divided mankind into parties, inflamed them with mutual animosity, and rendered them more disposed to vex and oppress each other than to co-operate for the common good. So strong is this propensity of mankind to fall into mutual animosities, that where no substantial occasion presents itself, the most frivolous and fanciful distinctions have been sufficient to kindle their unfriendly passions and excite their most violent conflicts. But the most common and durable source of faction has been the various and unequal distribution of property.

When the sword of a despot does not enforce silence on a people, these propensities, sentiments, and economic interests will find expression in disputes, parties and factions.

Liberty includes freedom to express these sentiments and interests and to secure governmental actions favorable or gratifying to them. But we as a people have many common bonds which transcend these conflicting interests and help to hold us together—a common language, common traditions, a common consciousness of rights and wrongs, and common institutions, including the system of government provided by the Constitution.

And strange to say, the political party in the United States, while often it intensifies conflicts among the people, also acts as a mediatory or conciliatory institution. We have no party that is a purely class party. Jefferson's early Republican party, as he said, represented principally the landed interests, as against the capitalistic interests. Andrew Jackson's Democratic party appealed especially to farmers and mechanics. But as our economy has grown more complex, the economic composition of our political parties has grown more intricate, complex, and various.

Parties and New Ideas

In these circumstances, each party becomes an aggregation of interests. Its large campaign contributions may come from one or more principal interests. But its membership includes representatives of many interests, often conflicting interests, large and small.

Thus the political party may become a *creative force* by drawing together interests which would otherwise be factional and perhaps vindictive, as often happens in Latin-American countries and in Europe. The party becomes more than the mere *sum* of its interested parts, even though one interest may wield great power in its councils. It becomes in itself a power—a power to mediate among and discipline its members, a power to form patterns of political action.

Democrats, for instance, will grant to a Democratic President of the United States measures which they would fight to the last ditch if proposed by a Republican President. Out of such party coherence come new ideas, legislation, practices, institutions, which otherwise, it is highly probable, would never have been brought into being.

DR. SMYTH: I can see that all right, but these ideas, laws, and practices are not necessarily good for the country. They may be bad. Look at the New Deal, a form of state socialism the Democrats had fought against for more than a hundred years.

BEARD: The New Deal is too close to us in time for us to render a dispassionate judgment upon it. That is why I constantly recur to past experience for guidance. Let us take a new deal more remote in time: the Federalist new deal which followed the adoption of the Constitution. It put the finances of the Republic on a firm basis. It stimulated manufacturing interests by a tariff on imports, and other interests by special favors. It created a national bank. As a good old-line Democrat, Dr. Smyth, you probably regard all that as bad for the country.

DR. SMYTH: I was brought up to believe that it was injurious to the country but, honestly, I do not know enough about it to decide the question. How would you pass judgment on the issue?

BEARD: Like you, I have my traditional political belief. Mine is that the Federalist new deal was an advantage to the country.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

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WAR BONDS**

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POLITICAL PARTIES (continued)

That program certainly helped to cement the Union, to transform the country from a raw-material province of Europe into an independent industrial nation.

The Democratic party has often cursed the protectionism of the Federalist deal. It has occasionally, once at least as I recall, demanded free trade with the world. But it has never established free trade for a single year in all the history of its power. It has at times abolished one piece of Federalism or another, usually only to restore it later; and the economic policies of the Democratic party in our own time embrace the fundamentals of Federalism: protection for American manufacturing industries, a national banking system, the promotion of some industries by special favors, the diversification of our economy, a big navy, a strong army and all the rest. So, I say, the Democratic party has pronounced the fundamentals of Federalism advantageous for the country. The verdict of history is that they were good for the country at the time, and in many respects are still good.

MRS. SMYTH: From that historical record, I presume you might reason that what Robert calls the bad New Deal will receive a favorable verdict in the long time to come.

BEARD: My guess is that if the Republicans come to full power again, they will, despite their promises, keep many fundamentals of the New Deal. Above all they will have to face and will face the great issues President Roosevelt raised and, for a time, grappled with in ways right or wrong—full employment, the elimination of disastrous depressions, social security, and many more. Anyway, America is not going back to Grover Cleveland or Calvin Coolidge or Herbert Hoover. If I know anything, I know that much. But let us return to parties as creative forces in national life.

DR. SMYTH: First, may I make a little excursion or diversion? In my present mood, I must declare myself an absolute independent in politics. And there are millions of people like me in the country, millions who have little or no faith, interest, or confidence in any or all of your parties.

Bidding for the Independents

BEARD: That is not an excursion or a diversion, Doctor. I was just coming to that myself. As minute studies of political behavior indicate, membership in the two old parties is extensively hereditary. Children in huge numbers inherit party views from their parents and can give no other reasons for the political faith that is in them. But other minute studies seem to indicate that an increasing percentage of our voters is partly or entirely independent.

Party managers, more and more, have to keep their eyes on the independent voters and on third parties that arise from time to time. This necessity is an incentive to creativeness, for party managers want to stay in power or to get into power. Besides running their machines, they act as brokers in opinion, to use a borrowed phrase. The two great party managements, so often evenly balanced, have to bid high for independent votes or lose in campaigns.

DR. SMYTH: How true that is! They would sell their souls. I say that a party ought to die rather than surrender its principles for mere power and patronage. Party leaders ought to stand squarely on their principles and, win or lose, battle for them to the last ditch.

BEARD: You mean they should stand pat. That is what the Bourbons of old France did, and they lost their heads.

Anyway, it is from the independents, progressives, and radicals that new ideas, inventions, devices, and proposals for the improvement of the individual and society are to be expected. Sometimes they form third parties, but third parties seldom get very far in the United States. As soon as one of them can muster about a million votes or more, one of the old parties takes the wind out of its sails by adopting more or less of its program.

DR. SMYTH: It seems to me that we have left out of account the role of party leaders, the great figures in history, who inspire and educate their followers. They surely have some effect on the nature and course of parties.

BEARD: There is undoubtedly truth in what you say. Every individual in the world is unique in various respects, however much he may be like other persons in his tribe, clan, or nation. This uniqueness may be a creative force in history.

Jefferson has been called the founder of the Democratic party, and yet he was in many ways an expression of popular forces of discontent and aspiration that existed in the United States independently of his influence. But as a student of history and a thinker



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True, oil can't replace worn metal. It shouldn't be expected to eat sludge out of a dirty engine. But good oil can keep your engine running a long time by lessening sludge formation, reducing wear and halting corrosion.

When you stress the z-z-z in Pennzoil, you tell servicemen you want the particular Pennsylvania oil refined to combat these wartime driving evils. So sound your Z—say Pennzoil—wherever you see the yellow oval sign displayed.

BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND TODAY

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

Better dealers from
coast to coast
display this sign

PENNZOIL® GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

Do Your "Commandos" take the house by storm?

(SO DO OURS — THEY NEVER EASE UP)



Now—when fewer pairs must do, let no one tell you that you can't get satisfactory wearing qualities in children's shoes!

Today it is more important than ever before for you to get full value and dependable service in the children's shoes you buy. And you can do just that!

The WEATHER-BIRD and Peters DIAMOND BRAND SHOES we are making today will fit just as well as always, will hold their shape, and give satisfactory shoe mileage. We are not making as many pairs as we'd like to—but those we are making are made right! We are determined not to use present conditions as an excuse for lowering the moral standards of our product and will continue to use the very best materials available in the construction of WEATHER-BIRD and DIAMOND BRAND shoes.

Ask your dealer for shoes with WEATHER-BIRD or Peters DIAMOND BRAND stamped in the shoe. You'll still get the hidden values that make the difference between shoes that are good and shoes that merely look good . . . better fitting lasts . . . expert workmanship . . . and extra reinforcements in the hidden parts as well as in parts you can see.

Peters, Branch of International Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri



Back the Boys at
the Front with
WAR BONDS

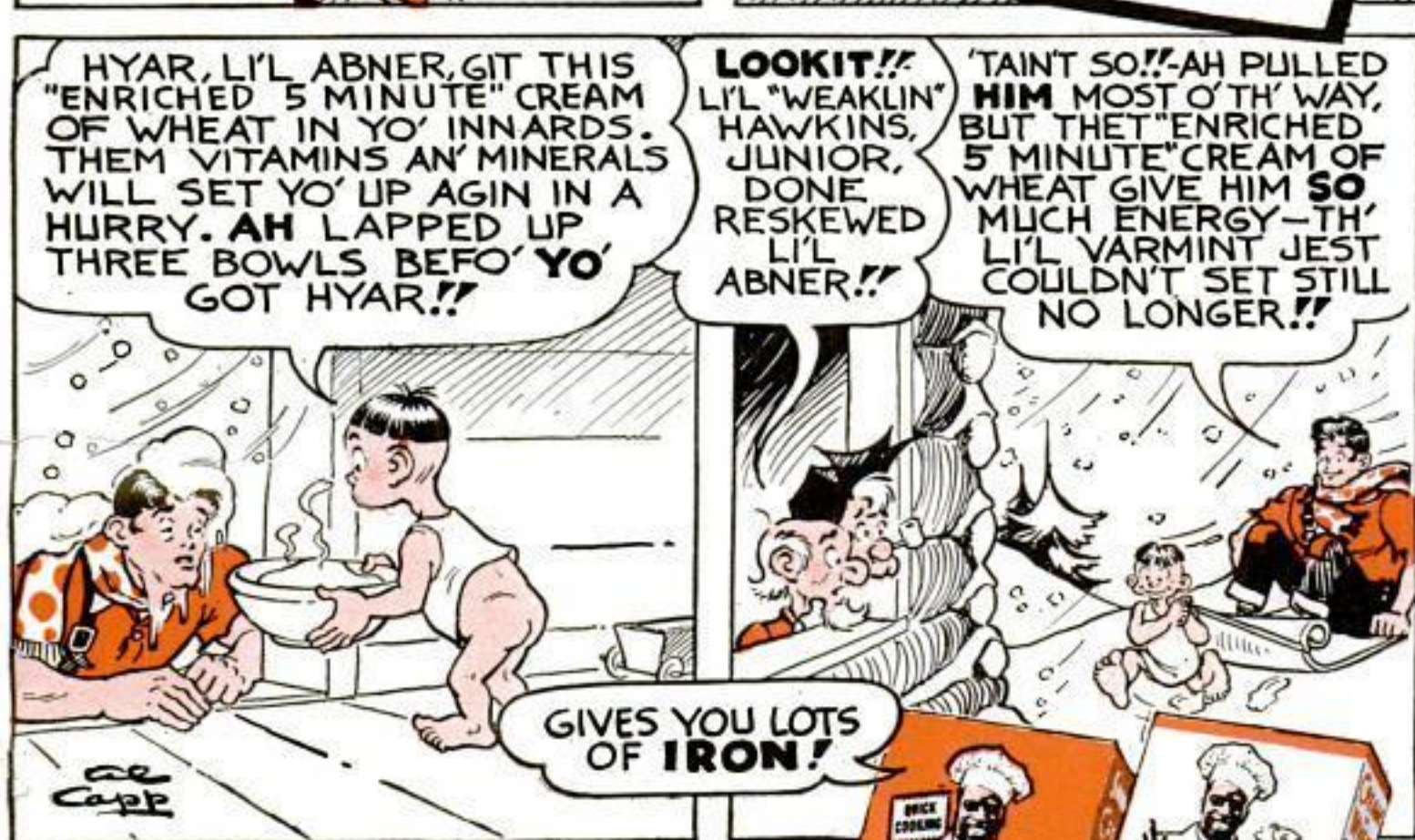
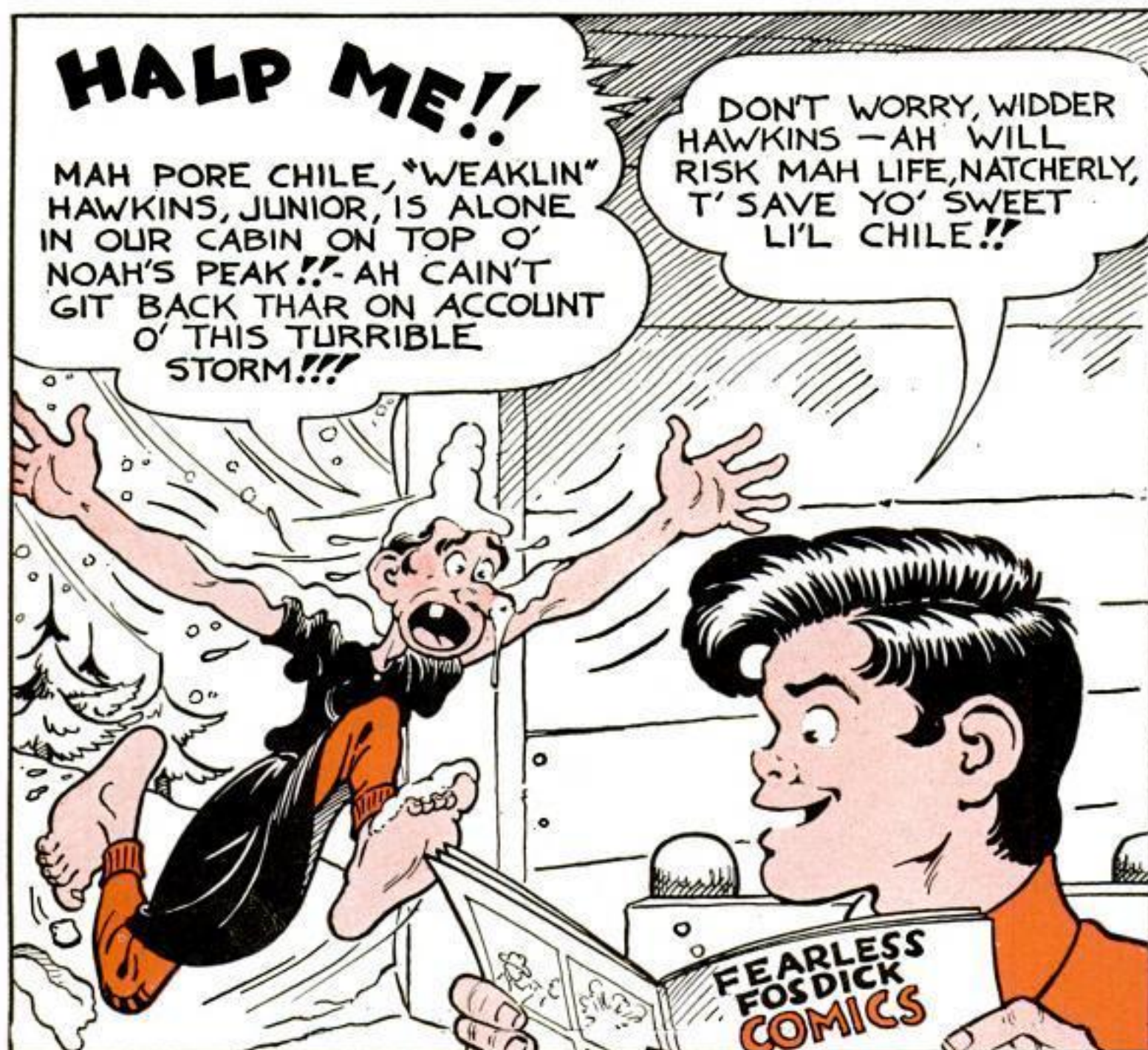


WEATHER-BIRD
and Peters Diamond Brand
SHOES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



POLITICAL PARTIES (continued)

gifted in the art of formulating sentiments into striking ideas, he was more than a mere expression of popular tempers and views. In this role, Jefferson developed principles of policy for his party and the nation, which entered into the living heritage of our country.

Yet I am unable to distinguish between what Jefferson was in his uniqueness and what he was as a representative of popular sentiments. I do not agree with Carlyle that history is at bottom merely the work of great men. Nor do I agree with the proposition that history is nothing but the inexorable movement of impersonal forces in which personalities are like pawns in a game or dust in a whirlwind.

MRS. SMYTH: In any case, you leave small fry pretty much out of the picture as more or less futile. We work in the politics of our wards, counties, states, and the nation, hoping to realize our aspirations. A part of the time we are utterly defeated. We win a victory and get the opposite of our expectations and desires. As individuals most of us amount to little or nothing.

BEARD: I fear, Mrs. Smyth, that you are quarreling with the nature of our human world. We are all social beings, not free-swinging beings endowed with independent power. We do our work, such as it is, in society. Some, by fate, fortune, and character, achieve greatness of influence in politics. Yet all of us contribute according to our powers to the sum of ideas, sentiments, and aspirations that count in the political government of our country.

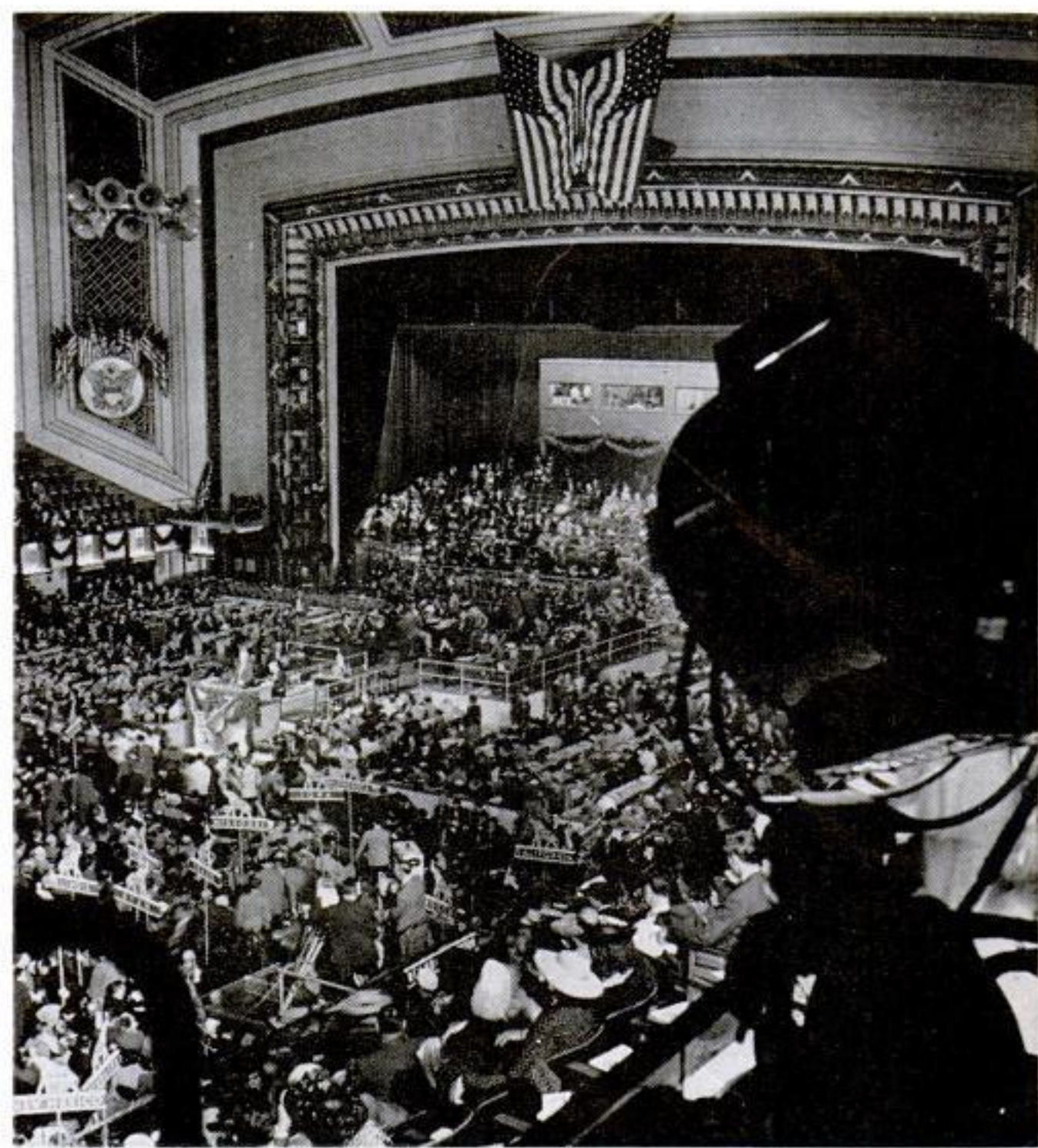
MRS. SMYTH: Then politics, small and large, ward or precinct and national, is like life. We strive. We use our powers, or should use them, to the best of our abilities. We often have victories to rejoice in. Sometimes victories turn to sour fruit. Often we have defeats. Some of them are real and terrible. Others in the end happily disappoint us. In politics, by studying the ideas and interests which enter into party conflicts, we may become more and more influential in forming the popular sentiments that do enter into mastery of our national fortunes. As living beings we have to struggle for something or perish. The more we know about the nature of things political and the more we understand what it is we are dealing with, the better-equipped we are for our function as citizens. So our evening's debate adds up for me. I feel reassured now.

DR. SMYTH: Sue has a way of trying to bring order out of chaos.

MRS. SMYTH: If I didn't, things would not be so easy for you.

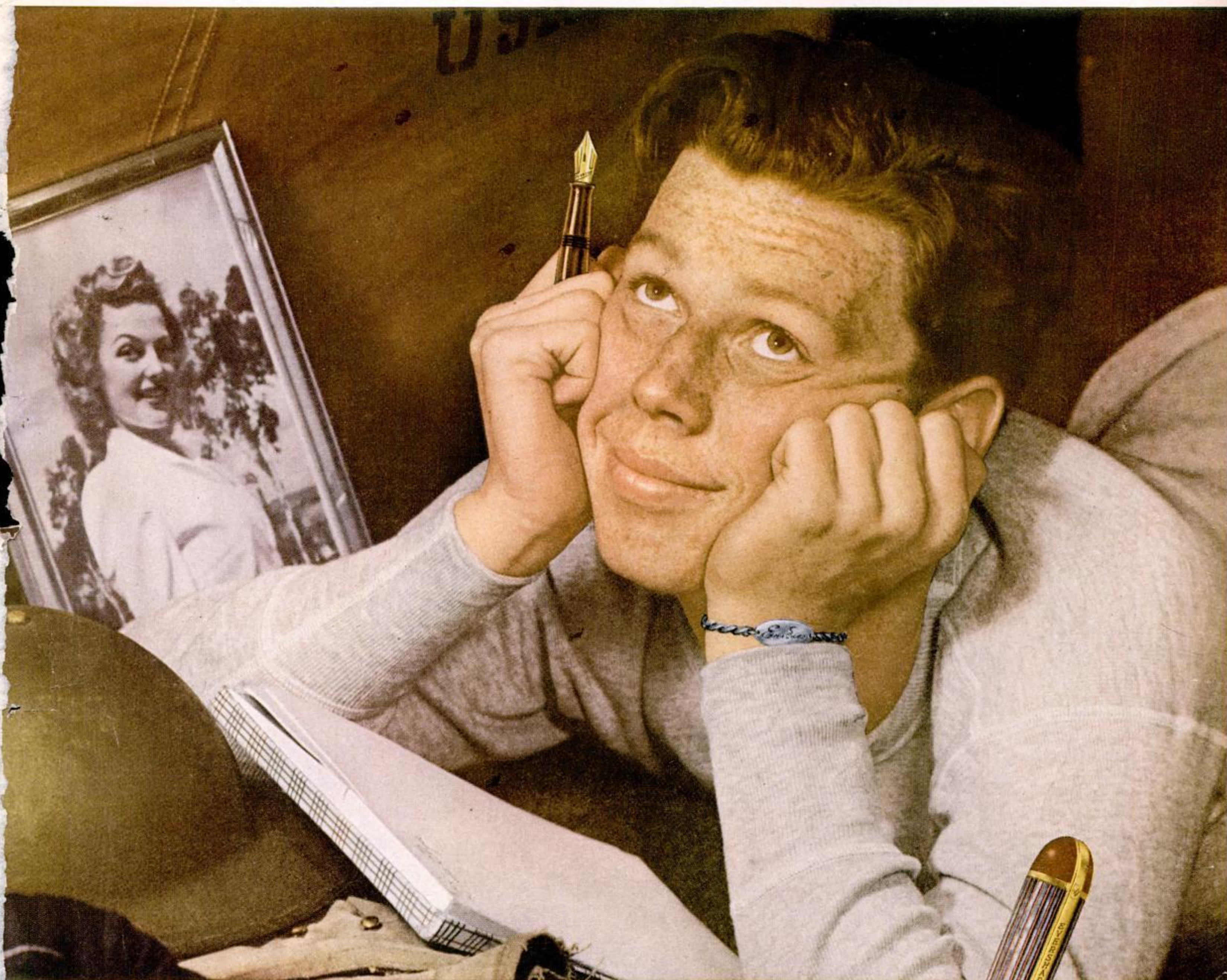
DR. SMYTH: Now you are saying something profoundly true.

Next Week: The Fates and Fortunes of Our Republic



THE PARTY CONVENTIONS are great meeting places of all shades of U. S. opinion. Entrenched bosses often control convention machinery but there is always a chance a Bryan or a Willkie will smash through with fresh ideas and enthusiasms.

Time out for the \$64. QUESTION



The Inspiration...An Eversharp!

WHEREVER you are...an EVERSHARP not only speeds your writing—it speeds your very thinking! Magic Feed prevents flooding or leaking—high in a plane—so at ground level, too...writes more words—more smoothly.

Notice the glowing richness of color—the breath-taking beauty of design—

the smart way the deep-pocket military clip blends with handsomely streamlined two-toned cap and harmonizing solid-color barrel!

If you have to wait for the EVERSHARP you want, don't blame your dealer. EVERSHARP is building precision Mark Four Sperry Automatic Gyro Pilots for our air force . . . and war work must come first.

TUNE IN "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT" WITH PHIL BAKER—CBS—SUNDAY NIGHTS
BUY, BUY...BUY BONDS!

Give **EVERSHARP**—and you give the finest!



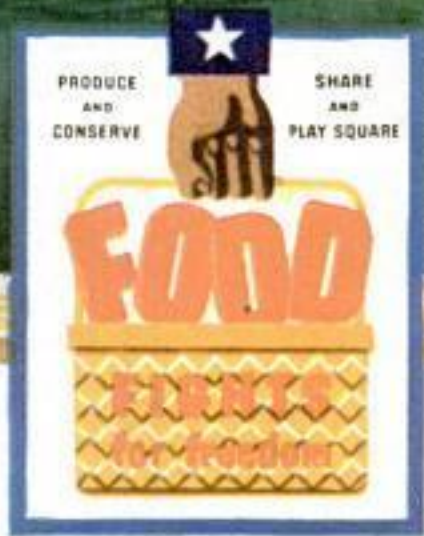
EVERSHARP *Skyliner Pen*

Two-tone cap, solid color barrel. Black, Brown, Blue, Green, Dubonnet and Silver Gray...men's and ladies' sizes. Only fully guaranteed pen selling at \$5.00.

GUARANTEED FOREVER!
Service on EVERSHARP Pens and Repeater Pencils identified by the double check mark on the clip ✓✓ is guaranteed forever—subject to 35¢ charge for postage, insurance and handling, provided all parts are returned.

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Swift pledges that these famous products



SWIFT'S PREMIUM BACON — not only assures you that "sweet smoke taste" that is the delight of millions but affords an extremely economical and flavorful way to "stretch" your share of meat. A single pound of bacon provides a main dish for four when served with vegetables or other plentiful foods.



SWIFT'S BRANDED LAMB — chops, roasts and other cuts of this fresh, tender lamb carry the brand name *Swift's Premium* right on the meat for your protection. We regret that this superb lamb may not always be obtainable now. But when it is, you can be sure of lamb of superior freshness and flavor.



SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM — Voted "best" by America in a nation-wide poll, Swift's Premium Ham affords maximum nutrition with minimum waste. You'll enjoy its famous mild, mellow flavor—the result of its brown sugar cure—whether you broil, bake or fry the center slices, bake the butt, or boil the shank.

160 ACRE WAR PLANT

... the peace of the world may depend upon it

War seems a million miles from the peaceful countryside of this farm. It's difficult to believe that those lush, rolling acres are engaged in war production so vital to the strength and security of our nation. Yet, the winning of peace for the entire world may well depend upon the crops they produce!

For one of their principal "crops" is meat. Beef that comes to these compact, busy midwestern farms from the great range country of the West for fattening and finishing on the corn and other grains produced here in such abundance... Lamb, veal and pork home-grown right there!

It's a big job. A slow job—for meat grows slowly. But it's a job that's being done, and done well by the farmers of America and the great livestock and meat industry. It's a complex job, too, one that calls for total cooperation between raiser, railroad man and trucker, meat packer and meat dealer. And understanding on the part of the general public.

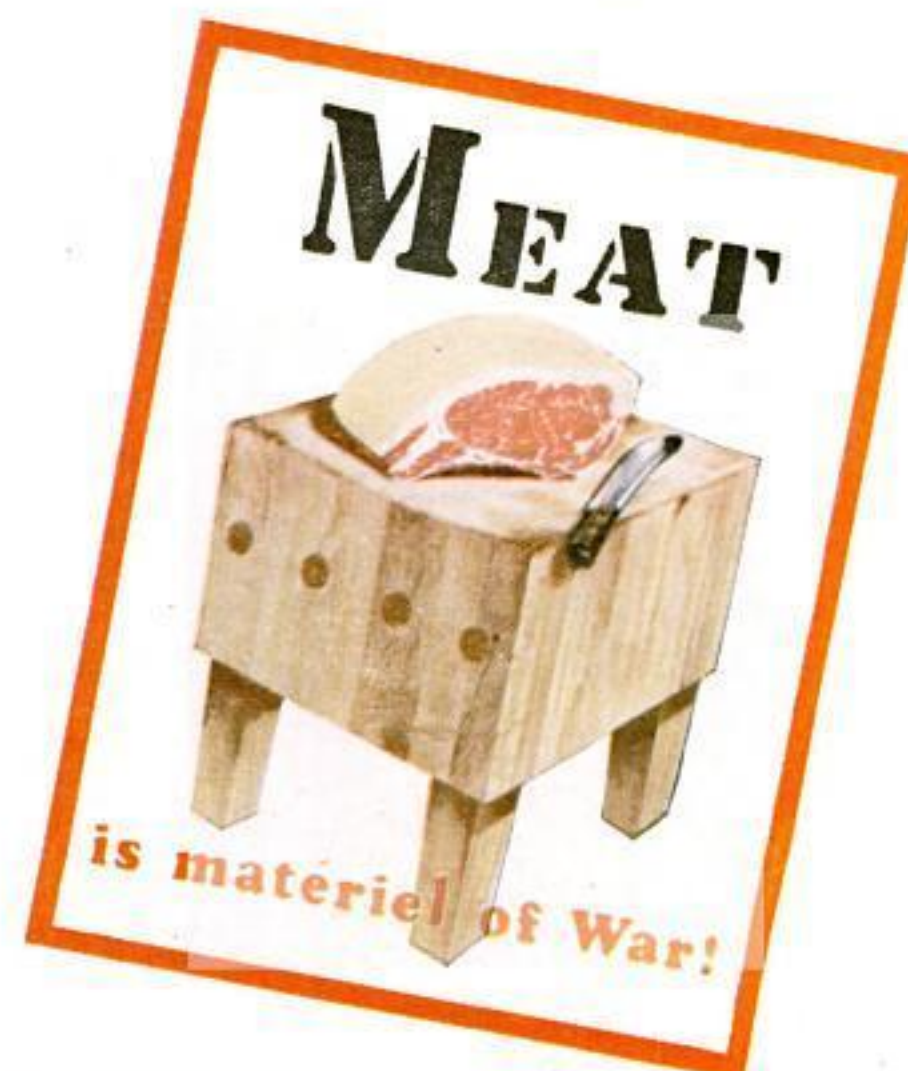
In a world at war, whose appetite for meat is almost insatiable, huge military demands naturally have resulted in less meat for you, the civilian. So, if you can't enjoy Swift's famous branded products as frequently as you have in the past or in the quantities you would like, remember that our resources along with those of our entire industry have been devoted to the task of supplying more and more meat—to work on, to fight on, to win freedom on!

We at Swift are proud of our part in that big job. And we want you to know that we are doing everything possible to equitably distribute our part of the available civilian supply of meat. We are doing everything we can to see that you and your family, no

matter where you live, get your fair share of this greatest of all protein foods.

We assure you, too, that every step is being taken to make products bearing the brands "Swift's Premium" and "Swift's Brookfield" now, as always, the finest of their kind.

To Help You Conserve and Extend Your Meat, Swift Advertising in Women's Magazines and on the Radio Offers Practical Help and Suggestions.



SWIFT'S WARTIME POLICY—We will cooperate to the fullest extent with the U. S. Government to help win the war. We will do everything possible to safeguard the high quality of our products. Despite wartime difficulties, we will make every effort to distribute available civilian supplies to insure a fair share for all consumers all over the U. S.

SWIFT & COMPANY

Food Purveyors to the **U.S.A.**



Products will continue to be the finest of their kind

Your first duty to your Country—BUY WAR BONDS



PREM—This delicious meat by the makers of Swift's Premium Ham is made from Premium quality meat, sugar-cured the exclusive Swift's Premium way. Prem is a particular wartime favorite because it's all meat and no waste. It comes ready to serve cold or can be made into a delicious hot meal.



SWIFT'S PREMIUM POULTRY—Turkeys, Chickens, Geese, Ducks, Capons. They're the "pick of the flocks." Specially selected by an expert judge of quality, every Swift's Premium bird is meaty, juicy and tender... delicious to the very last morsel. For stewing, you'll find Swift's Golden West Fowl particularly fine.



SWIFT'S PREMIUM TENDER FRANKFURTS—Juicier, finer-flavored, and made from quality beef and pork for extra nutrition. One pound serves four people—saves time, fuel and cuts shrinkage to a minimum. Swift makes them truly super-tender by tenderizing the skins in pineapple juice.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have More Beautiful Skin in 14 Days!

14-Day Palmolive Plan tested on 1285 women with all types of skin!

READ THIS
TRUE STORY
of what
the Proved
14-Day
Palmolive Plan
did for
Corinne Cooper
of St. Louis,
Missouri



"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a St. Louis skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use *at home* for 14 days.



"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather . . . just like a cream. Do this for a *full* 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!



"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was brighter, clearer, smoother! Later I learned *many* skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"



**YOU, TOO, may look for
these skin improvements
in only 14 Days!**

- ★ Brighter, cleaner skin
- ★ Finer texture
- ★ Fewer blemishes
- ★ Less dryness
- ★ Less oiliness
- ★ Smoother skin
- ★ Better tone
- ★ Fresher, clearer color

This list comes right from the reports of the 36 examining doctors! Their records show that 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women who tested the Palmolive Plan for you got many of these improvements in 14 days! Now it's *your* turn! Start this new *proved* way of using Palmolive tonight. In 14 days, you, too, may look for fresher, clearer, *lovelier* skin!



**NO OTHER SOAP
OFFERS PROOF
OF SUCH RESULTS!**

DON'T WASTE SOAP! Soap uses vital materials needed to win the war!



FOX HUNT

BIG BRAVE MEN BEAT A TIRED BEAST TO DEATH

The red fox shown here lived in the woods of Holmes County, Ohio. Mostly it ate mice and crickets. Sometimes it killed chickens and quail. This made the brave men of Holmes County angry because they wanted to kill the quail themselves. But they were not allowed to shoot or trap foxes without hunting licenses which most of them didn't have.

So one Saturday about 600 men—and some women and children—got together and formed a big circle which stretched five miles across. They all carried heavy sticks and started walking through the woods and fields, yelling and baying to frighten the fox out of its hole. As they walked, the circle got smaller and smaller. Inside it, the fox ran to and fro (picture 1) but it could not break through the circle. It became tired and frightened (picture 2). Finally it lay down (picture 3) for it did not know what to do. But the men knew what to do. They hit the fox with their clubs until it was dead. Or they let their children do it (picture 4).

This is a true story. This happens in Holmes County every weekend, just as these pictures show. The men of Holmes County consider it sport.



SLOW AS A TURTLE—
to change your blend?



You'll change fast—when you try the
INDOOR TEST

Quick as a rabbit you'll find that smoking BOND STREET is smart in two ways.

First, you get cool, bite-free, mellow flavor usually found in expensive custom blends.

Second, your pipe pleases everybody. Even wives "go" for

BOND STREET . . . it leaves no stale pipe odors in the room. BOND STREET contains a rare aromatic tobacco never used in any popular priced blend.

So do yourself and your friends a favor. Light up mellow BOND STREET . . . today.

BUY BONDS . . . then BOND STREET

15¢

POCKET PACKAGE
Convenient folding
Pocket Pouch—10c

BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO

A product of PHILIP MORRIS



Fox Hunt (continued)



The death blow is dealt by 11-year-old John Mathie who has been pushed into the ring by the eager sheriff. But by this time fox is so exhausted and bewildered that he is not able to do much more than slink wearily away from the youngster's blows.



A 4-year-old poses victoriously over the dead fox, which he was allowed to hit with his stick as it lay dying. At the start of the hunt, the hunters are spread out about 150 yards apart. But the foxes, not so wily as they are supposed to be, turn and run instead



The fox is dead but John hits him again to make sure. Usually the huntsmen themselves compete for the sport of battering the fox to death. Tired, excited and blood-thirsty after their long trek, they close in swinging wildly on the scared little animal.



of sneaking through gaps. Some foxes escape but about eight are caught and beaten to death every weekend. Many people in Holmes County are outraged by this "sport." Although hunts are over for this winter, bigger ones are being planned for next year.

*In two shakes
of a lamb's tail..*



YOU CAN GET a marvelous Dry Martini in less time than it takes to say "*Heublein of Hartford.*"

Made from scarce and precious MILSHIRE GIN and the world's finest Dry Vermouth, they're at your local liquor store, ready mixed and handily bottled. You just add ice and serve!

THERE ARE SIX HEUBLEIN VARIETIES:
Dry Martini, 71 proof • Martini, Medium, 60 proof • Daiquiri, 70 proof
Side Car, 60 proof • Manhattan, 65 proof • Old Fashioned, 80 proof

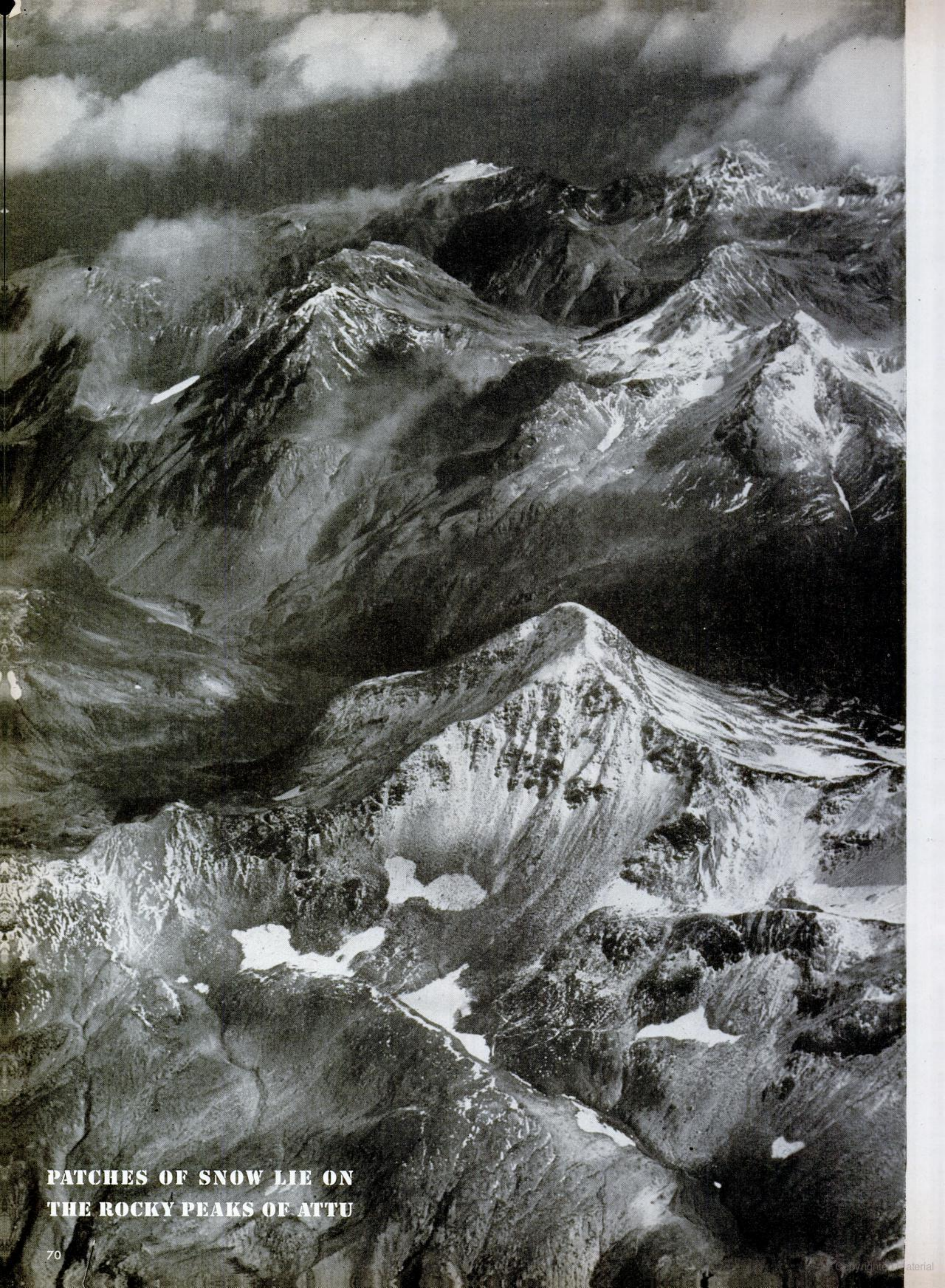
HEUBLEIN'S
Club

COCKTAILS



Win the War in '44
—Buy War Bonds

Milshire Distilled Dry Gin is 90 Proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.



**PATCHES OF SNOW LIE ON
THE ROCKY PEAKS OF ATTU**



CLOUDS HANG LOW OVER ISLANDS NEAR ADAK IN ANDREANOF IS. (SEE MAP BELOW). NAVIGATION HERE IS DANGEROUS BECAUSE OF CURRENTS, WINDS, ROCKS AND OFFSHORE LEDGES

THE ALEUTIANS

THEY ARE BARREN LINKS BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

Photographs for LIFE by Dmitri Kessel

The Aleutian Islands are a chain of high mountains rising out of the North Pacific between Alaska and Siberia. There, among fogs and sudden storms, the world is still in the making. Volcanoes blow rings of steam. Islets pop out of the water and then mysteriously vanish again. Earthquakes make and unmake harbors, cliffs, beaches and caves.

The shortest route between the U. S. and Japan lies through Alaska and out the Aleutians. From Attu to Tokyo is only 1,750 miles. From Attu to Japan's base at Paramushiro is only 650 miles. Whoever controls the Aleutians has a flanking position on the whole ocean. In June 1942 the Japs seized Attu and Kiska and remained a constant threat to Alaska, Canada and the U. S. until August 1943 when they were finally driven off. To defend the Aleutians against another Jap attack thousands of Americans are still stationed there.

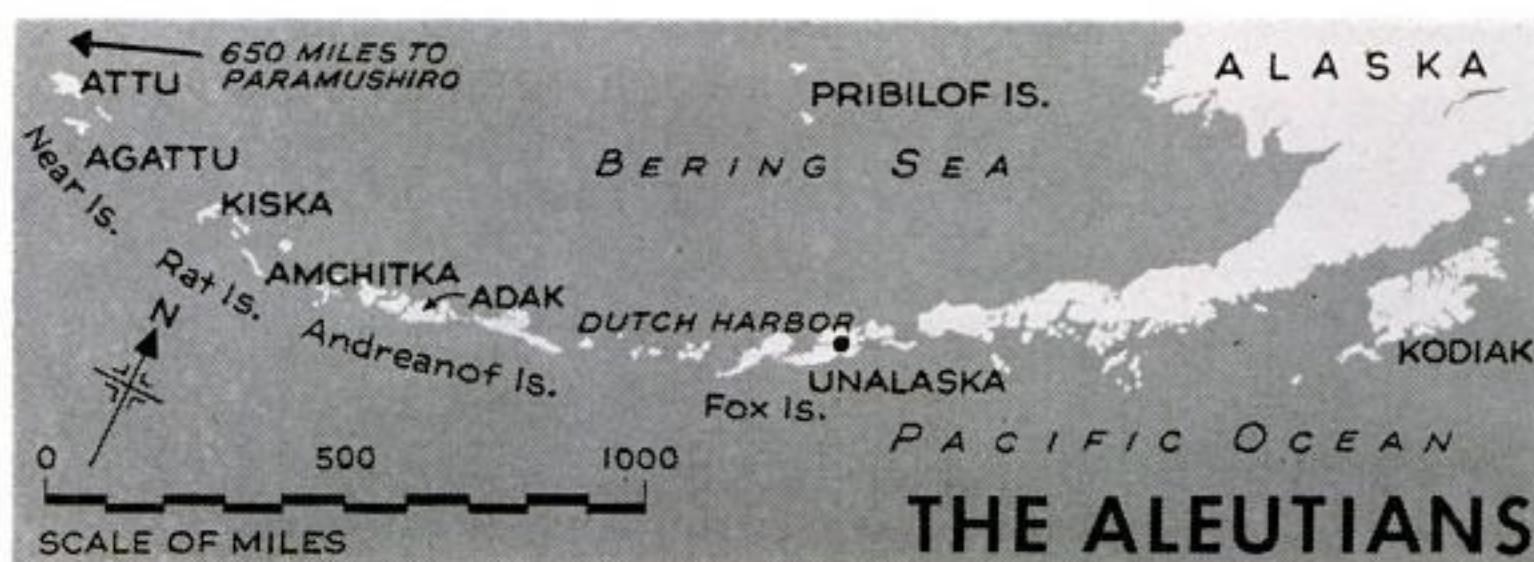
Of all U. S. outposts the Aleutians are probably the wildest and most inhospitable. There are almost no trees on the islands. There are few animals. In the summer the valleys are covered by waving grasslands which look like

good pastures but they are not. A cow would starve to death on them. The temperature seldom drops below freezing in winter or goes above 60° in summer. The islands are enveloped in almost perpetual fog. Sometimes there are as many as 250 rainy days a year and as few as eight clear days. Flying is always dangerous and navigation of ships through the narrow rocky channels of the Aleutians is a task for skilled hands only.

The Aleutians have always been a link between two worlds. Over this land bridge in ancient times probably came the American Indians, the Aztecs of Mexico and the Incas of Peru. They were probably discovered by Europeans in the 17th Century when the Dutch and

the Portuguese landed there. On the rocky beaches and foggy mountainsides were found thousands of fierce natives who lived by hunting whales, seals, foxes and sea otters. Most unusual custom of these Aleuts, who were anthropologically related to Eskimos, was their habit of mummifying their dead and seating the bodies in hidden caverns. Even today Army engineers, excavating for mess halls, unearth these old burial caves.

In 1741 the Aleutians were rediscovered by the Russian expedition of Commander Vitus Bering. Although the commander died of scurvy and one of his two ships was wrecked, the expedition managed to get home with a valuable collection of furs. That was the beginning of the end for the Aleuts. The Russian fur traders, and later the American, descended on the islands, trading with the natives when they could, looting and killing when they could not. Not even the purchase of Alaska by the U. S. in 1867 helped Aleuts. In 1911 an international treaty, signed by the U. S., Great Britain, Russia and Japan, ended the slaughter. But it was too late. Aleuts, like the sea otter, are almost extinct. At last census there were only 5,599 left.



THE ALEUTIANS (continued)



HUNDREDS OF PIN-UP GIRLS pose alluringly across walls of bomber-crew shack on Adak. The men have just returned from a raid on Paramushiro. When they entered their quarters, they first had shots of whisky and drank to the memory of the men who did not come back. Then

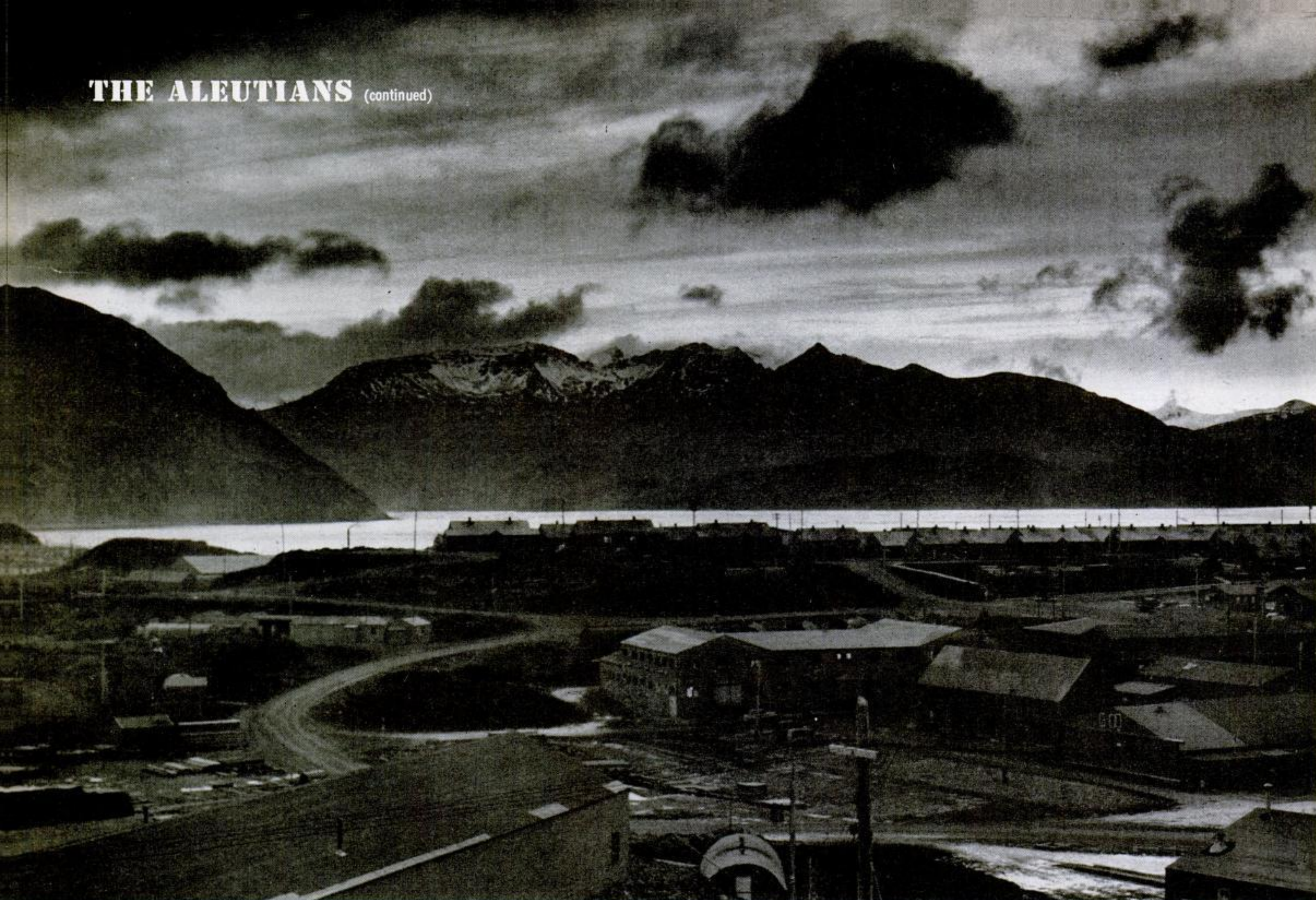
they started a game of poker while one tired gunner at left went sound asleep. Poker is the favorite sport of the men. It helps to while away the dark winter hours of a boring life. On the barren islands there is nothing to do. One week is exactly like the last. The men ask each other



what day it is, even what month. The Army tries to provide entertainment but it is inevitably inadequate. Where theaters have been built, there are movies. On Adak, officers and enlisted men banded together to build a coffee shop. Some of the men build racing sloops. Others fish

with fly rods supplied by Army Special Services. Sports equipment is supplied for baseball and volleyball. One man, Pfc. Edward O. Stephens, even invented his own wind-driven washing machine. But after awhile, no matter how hard they try not to, the men learn to hate the Aleutians.

THE ALEUTIANS (continued)



THE NAVAL BASE AT DUTCH HARBOR lies on tiny Amaknak Island, off the shore of Unalaska. A mile and three-quarters long, harbor is almost landlocked. Around it rise jagged

mountains which sometimes cause "williwaws" (sudden gusts of cold land air). In last two years Dutch Harbor has been transformed from a fishing village into a mighty Navy base.



THE SEABEES LIVE IN THIS CAMP in Happy Valley on Adak Island. Some of the best work in the Aleutians has been done by these Navy construction outfits. Among the first to land on

Adak, Attu, Kiska and Amchitka, the Seabees have built airfields, roads, barracks, wharves. They are carpenters, mechanics, machinists, electricians, welders, boilermen and plumbers.



AGAINST THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS of Attu, on the floor of Massacre Valley, a battalion of U. S. infantry makes its camp. The men are veterans of the Attu campaign. They

landed on Massacre Bay, about a mile and a half from here, and fought bloodily at the place where their camp is now located. In foreground, brown grasses grow on the Aleutian tundra.



THE CHAPEL OF THE DEEP is the submariners' church at submarine base in Dutch Harbor. On Sundays Catholics hold service from 9:30 to 10:30, Protestants from 10:30 to 11:30.



ABANDONED RUSSIAN CHURCH in village of Unalaska, near Dutch Harbor, is reminder of when Russia owned the islands. Most natives were evacuated from Aleutians at start of war.



LAYER OF DARK MUSKEG, which covers all the Aleutians, shows at upper edge of quarry. To make road, Seabees remove muskeg with bulldozers, lay sand and gravel on solid earth.



THE SEABEES BUILD a permanent building of wood at Navy base on Adak. They strip away muskeg and excavate some earth, then lay a simple wooden floor or other crude foundation.



THE SPECTRAL WASTELAND OF ADAK makes a magnificent panorama of shifting skies, dark mountains and grass-green lowlands. This picture shows the north-central part of the island.

The grasses in the foreground are growing on top of the Aleutian muskeg, from which fireweeds with purplish-red blossoms sprout in the summer. Here there are no trees, no bushes, no roads,



and the only marks of civilization are tracks made by Army bulldozers. In winter and early spring the fog comes less often, but gales become frequent and heavy, bringing clouds, cold

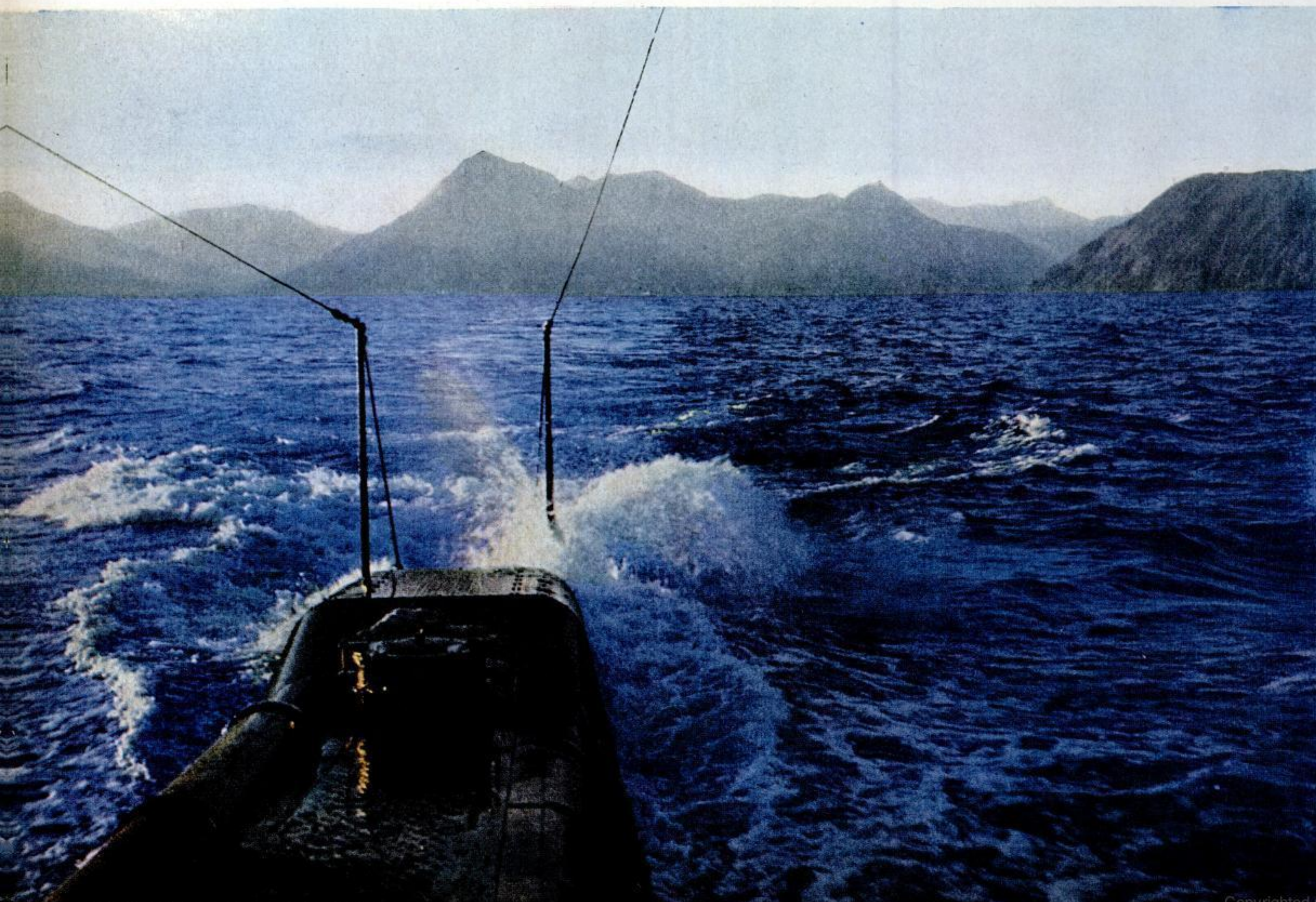
rain and snow. The island's few roads are either hip-deep in mud or frozen into badlands of ruts and holes. Main wild life on Adak are foxes and ptarmigans, which resemble partridges.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



A COTTONY CLOUD SETTLES over upper part of Segula Island while a PBY flies by on patrol. Known as a banner cloud, it is caused by warm air rising from the sea. As air comes into contact with the cold land mass, it expands and cools and its moisture condenses into a cloud.

A SUBMARINE LEAVES DUTCH HARBOR at sunrise for a practice cruise. Its fuel supply has been replenished and it is now starting out for a test before leaving again to hunt down enemy shipping. It makes practice runs on a destroyer, undergoes practice depth charging.





A FAKE TREE WAS BUILT by the Army Engineers, Camouflage Division, on Attu Island. The trunk is of camouflage material but twigs and branches are real. They were removed from low-lying shrubs. Real trees will not grow in the Aleutians because of the volcanic soil, the

tundra and the continual gales. In 1935-1936 the crew of an American Coast Guard cutter attempted reforestation on islands, but the experiment was a failure. In the Aleutian valleys, however, there are many small flowers like buttercups, larkspurs, violets and anemones.

THE ALEUTIANS (continued)

FOG COVERS MOUNTAIN IN 17 MINUTES

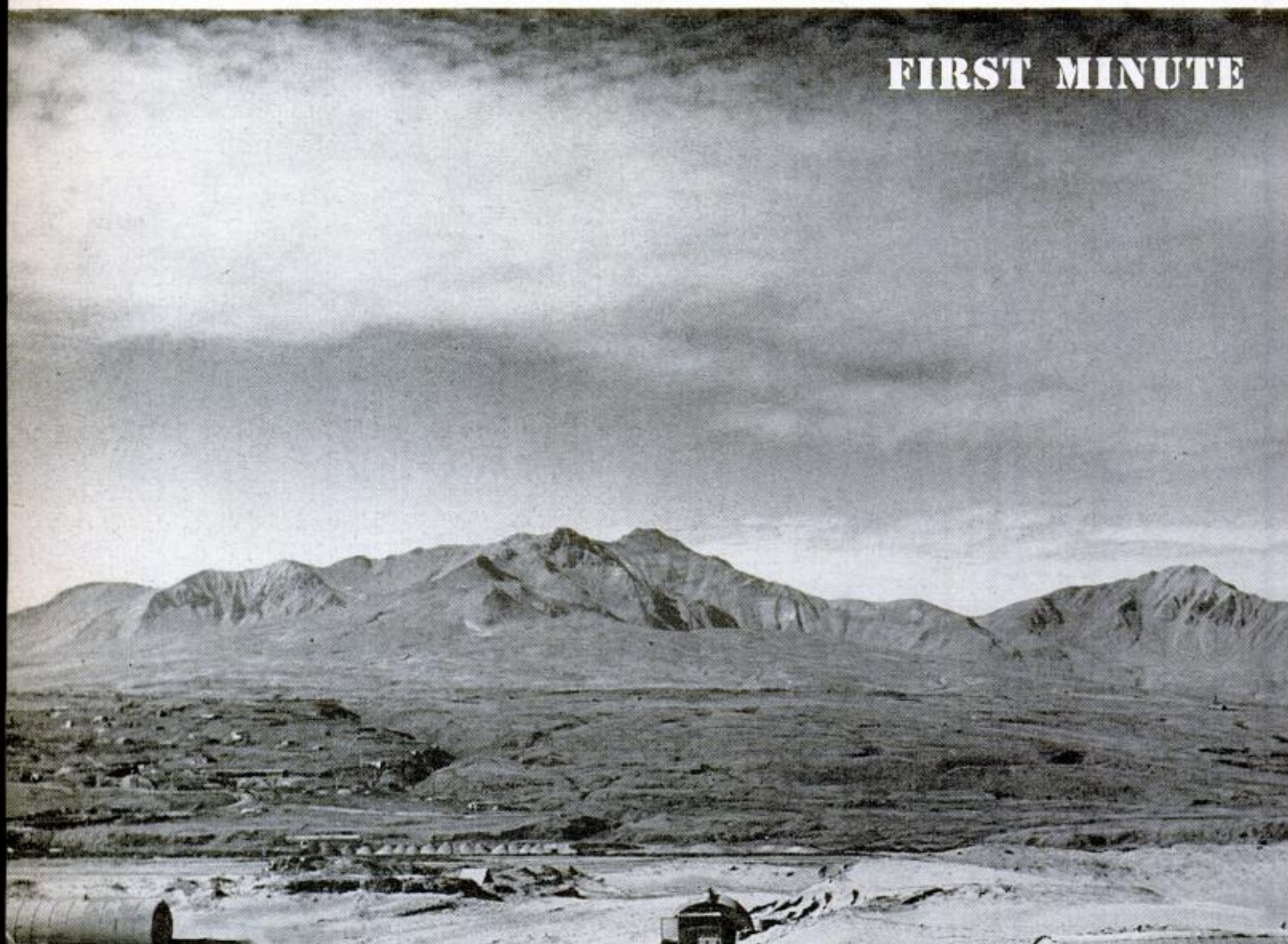
The photographs below show how fog closes in on Mt. Moffett on Adak in 17 minutes. From the seashore the 3,900-ft. peak can rarely be seen because of the almost perpetual bad weather. On the day LIFE Photographer Dmitri Kessel took these pictures the weather was surprisingly clear until fog came in from the southwest.

Such sudden fogs make flying in Aleutians a very tense and dangerous business. A pilot may taxi up the runway in bright sunshine and find the field blotted out

by the time he turns his head back for the take-off. He may leave his home base in perfect weather and return in 10 minutes and be unable to land because fog has covered the field. To cope with such situations the Army and Navy have built auxiliary airfields on nearby islands, but even now there is no certainty that men will not get lost in the fog.

On the island of Attu, with its high mountains, the fog level is always very distinct. During fighting there

FIRST MINUTE



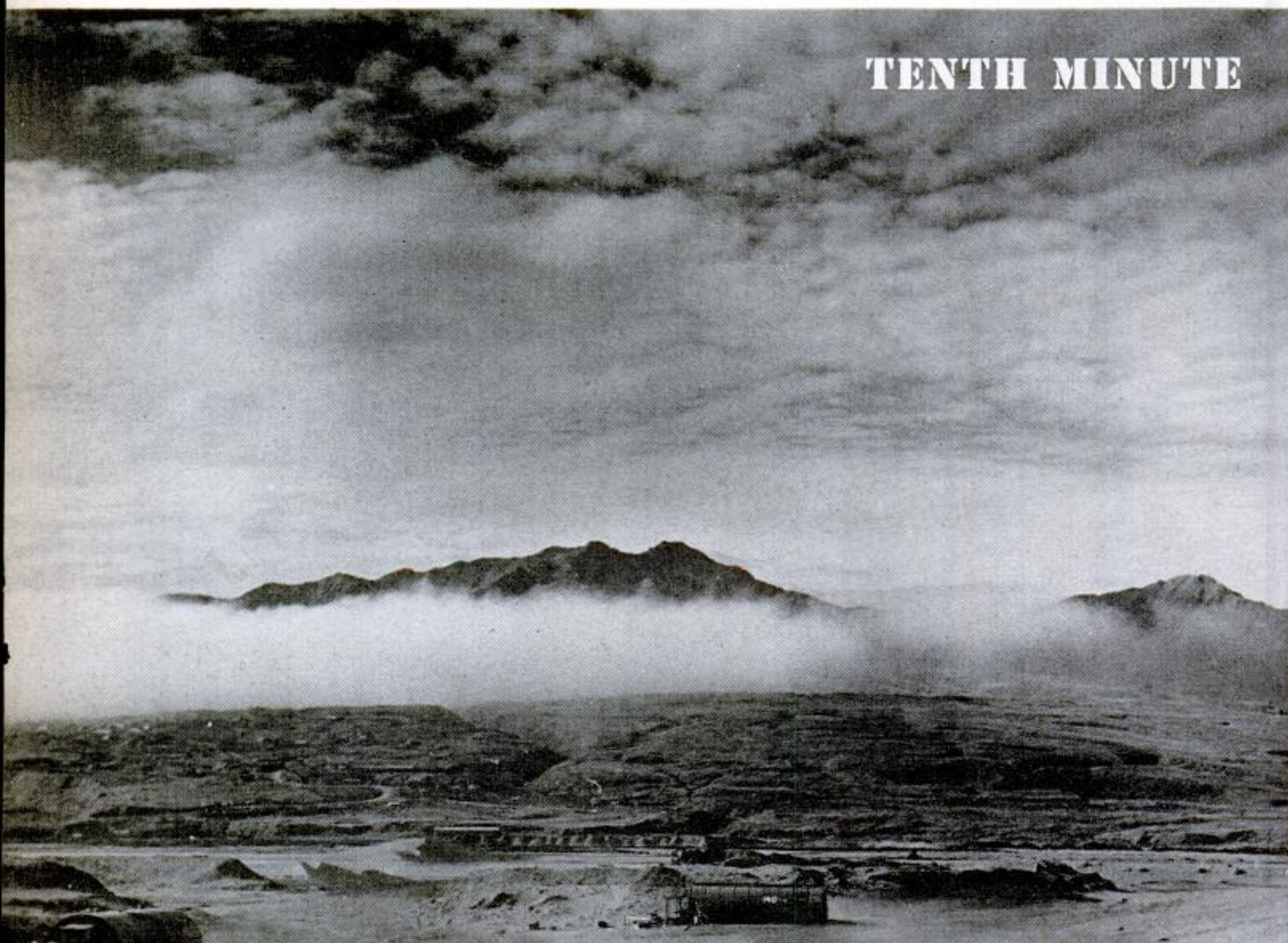
CLOUDS ARE HIGH and sun shines brightly on distant Mt. Moffett as the fog, which has formed out over the water, be-

gins to move inland. The clouds here are altocumulus, but in the following pictures they gradually become stratocumulus.



FOG BEGINS TO ROLL IN on floor of valley, while the clouds overhead become thicker and lower. The night before there

TENTH MINUTE



BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN DISAPPEARS from view. However, the sky itself for a minute seems less stormy. Sometimes in

the Aleutians fliers find two overcasts with clear space for flying in between. At other times overcasts are 40,000 feet high.



FOG RISES ON MOUNTAIN, blotting out all except the very peak, while more and more fog billows in from sea. A fog like

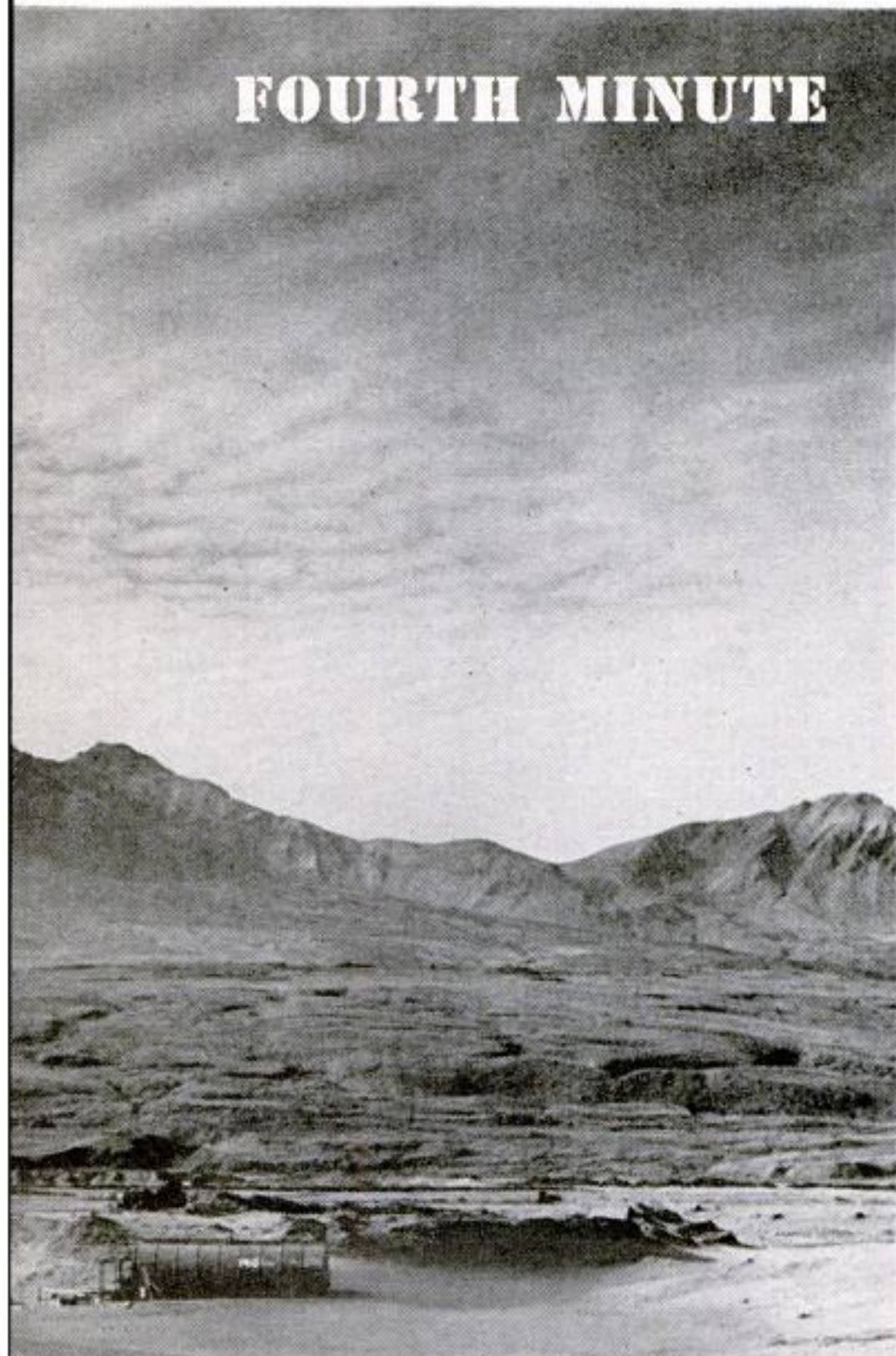
in May 1943, the Japs used this natural phenomenon to their advantage. By placing their men and their guns right on the fog line, they could see the Americans, but the Americans could not see them. When the fog level lifted, they would move up with it.

But fog is not the only weather problem in the Aleutians. There are sleet storms and sudden squalls and freezing clouds that load the wings of a bomber with a ton of ice in less than a minute. There are "williwaws"

that can drop a plane 3,000 feet in a few seconds, and there is water so cold that a flier cannot survive in it for more than 20 minutes. The aerologists explain these weather conditions by the presence in winter of polar air over a warm ocean, and in summer of warm air over a colder ocean. Such conditions make for storms in the winter and fogs in the summer. The only time, in fact, when good weather may be expected is in the brief weather transition periods of spring and fall.

When good weather does come, it is known as "senatorial weather." The story goes that in the early days of the war, just after the Japs had landed on Attu and Kiska, a Senate investigating committee arrived at Dutch Harbor. They flew in by plane on the only clear day in many weeks, stayed an hour, then departed again for the States, still in perfect sunshine. Back in Washington they assured reporters that all the talk about the bad weather in the Aleutians was nonsense.

FOURTH MINUTE



was little wind, so the fog stayed over the sea. Now, however, the wind is rising and driving the fog in toward the land.

SEVENTH MINUTE



SKY IS ALMOST COMPLETELY CLOUDED now as a long arm of fog curls around the base of Mt. Moffett. Fog always follows

the line of least resistance. Here it is rolling in on the floor of the valley. As it gets thick it will rise upward toward peak.

FOURTEENTH MINUTE



this is caused by warm air over a colder ocean. As the air is cooled, it tends to condense and hug the surface of the sea.

SEVENTEENTH MINUTE



THE MOUNTAIN IS BLOTTED OUT and fog covers the valley. Such a fog, with its depth of 3,000 to 4,000 feet, is deep even

for a sea fog. Meanwhile clouds that are seen here indicate the approach of a storm. Rain follows such thick stratus clouds.

THE ALEUTIANS (continued)



OUT OF THE MUD AND TUNDRA, U. S. ARMY ENGINEERS BUILT THIS FIGHTER AIRSTRIP IN 11 DAYS. ON THE LEFT HERE ARE P-38's; ON THE RIGHT ARE P-40's. BIGGEST CONSTRUCTION

SOLDIERS ARE CARTED TO THE MOVIES from isolated camp in Massacre Valley, Attu, by means of a tractor and trailer. Veterans of the fight for Attu, these men came to the Alaskan

Theater in June 1941, had been there over two years when picture was taken. The tundra on Attu, which is sometimes eight feet deep, makes transportation by tractor a necessity.

RAIN SOAKS A MESS HALL ON ATTU, while streams of mud and water flow down the surrounding mountains. The tent at left contains the kitchen and the officers' mess. The one at





PROBLEM IN THE ALEUTIANS IS THE TUNDRA, A LAYER OF HEAVY BLACK MUCK WHICH COVERS THE SOLID GROUND. TO BUILD THE AIRFIELDS THIS TUNDRA MUST BE SCRAPED OFF

right serves enlisted men. Because the tents are crowded some of the men are here eating out in the rain. In addition to Spam, the men get a few frozen meats and frozen vegetables.

TUNDRA AND MUSKEG ARE ROLLED OFF the solid earth of Adak by an Army engineer's bulldozer. On Adak the engineers built roads, docks, warehouses, barracks and airfields. In

places tundra was so deep they could not reach bottom. Lieut. Colonel Carlin Whitesell of the engineers solved this problem by inventing a method for floating roads on top of the tundra.





THE JAP COMMANDER ON ATTU was killed near here while leading 1,000 of his men in a suicide attack. These markers were erected by Army Engineers in memory of dead on both sides.



THE JAPS WERE STOPPED at the top of this hill. Although not trained as assault troops, it was an engineer battalion that finally halted Japs after they had broken through the front lines.

GRAVES NOW MARK ATTU BATTLEFIELD

On May 11, 1943 Americans landed on Attu. Twenty days later the island was theirs. In the rain and mountain fog, which sometimes limits visibility to less than 100 feet, the fighting was brief and bloody. Jap losses were 2,400 killed and 25 captured. American losses were 566 killed and 1,442 wounded.

Today the battlefields of Attu are marked by the graves of both Japs and Americans. In Massacre Valley, in Steller Cove and in the west arm of Holtz Bay, where the fighting was especially heavy, the tundra is

still cut by innumerable shell holes, by underground gun positions, by thousands of foxholes. Now, when fresh garrison troops arrive on Attu they are taken out to these hillsides to see the scars of battle. There they are told how the Jap tactics were to die and take as many Americans as possible to death with them. They are told how 1,000 Japs, in their last desperate moments, threw themselves insanely on the American lines, fighting fanatically until they were killed or until with their own grenades they blew their own guts out.



THE JAPANESE ARE BURIED in mass graves in Massacre Valley. Only about one Jap in 20 wore a dog tag, so identifica-



tion was virtually impossible. Many Japs were also buried by their own troops high in the mountains. Others, too, may



still remain unburied up near the peaks. Hundreds of years from now archeologists will still be unearthing Jap skeletons.



UNDER A SHELL-POCKED HILL in Massacre Valley, U. S. tents are pitched. The hill was held by Japs for many days, until concentrated naval and land artillery was brought to bear on it.



FOXHOLES DOT AN ATTU RIDGE, over which the rival armies fought. Foxholes in foreground belonged to Americans; those in background to Japs. Jap foxholes were connected by tunnels.



THE AMERICANS ARE BURIED in Little Falls Cemetery facing Massacre Bay. Graves for these 400-odd men were dug by bulldozers. A space seven feet deep was scooped out, then small

foot-deep individual graves were dug at the bottom of the big grave. Thus each man has his own grave along with seven comrades in the big grave. Another U. S. cemetery is at Holtz Bay.

THE ALEUTIANS (continued)



A LETTER HOME is written by Pfc. James King of Red Wing, Colo., a veteran of Attu. Beside him is his souvenir—a Jap flag. All American soldiers collect souvenirs. Once a corporal

was eating what he thought was Jap candy. "This tastes good," he said to a translator of Japanese. "What does the wrapper say?" The translator read it. "Dynamite," he answered.

MEAT AND THE JOB

The ability to "keep doing" depends largely on well-being . . . Proteins are essential to well-being and to life itself . . . They build and repair body tissues . . . Only your daily foods can supply them . . . The proteins of meat are the right kind—of highest biologic value.



When your family asks for meat, isn't it good the flavor they reach for brings them valuable nutrients too . . . nutrients which they need . . . which contribute much to the body's well-being?

Human nature's "yen" for that good meat flavor is one of the most consistent manifestations in the history of food.

In these wartime days, however, we often have to plan more carefully to keep Meat on the Table.

Fortunately, all cuts of meat, from stew to steak, and in between, contain complete, highest-quality proteins. Proteins differ widely in various foods due to the kinds and amounts of amino (a-mee-no) acids which they contain.

The proteins of meat contain all ten of the so-called amino acids* which are considered essential, in quantities that parallel the body's needs and in a form the body readily uses. That's why meat is so often referred to as "the yardstick of protein foods."

*Not acids as commonly known, but a name used by science to define certain chemical substances.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago. Members throughout the United States

A WAR MEAT-MEAL

THE VERSATILE MEAT LOAF—a grand extender for a little meat—equally nutritious when made from beef, pork, veal or lamb. Vary the meat—vary the sauces—it tastes good hot or cold. Consult your favorite recipe book.



In addition to complete, highest-quality proteins, all meat contains B vitamins (thiamine, riboflavin, niacin) and minerals (iron, copper, phosphorus). These nutritional essentials are not stored in the body to any appreciable extent—must be supplied in the daily foods you eat.

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



Smile with "The Life of Riley," featuring William Bendix, every Sunday afternoon at 3:00—3:30 EWT. Blue Network. See paper for local station.

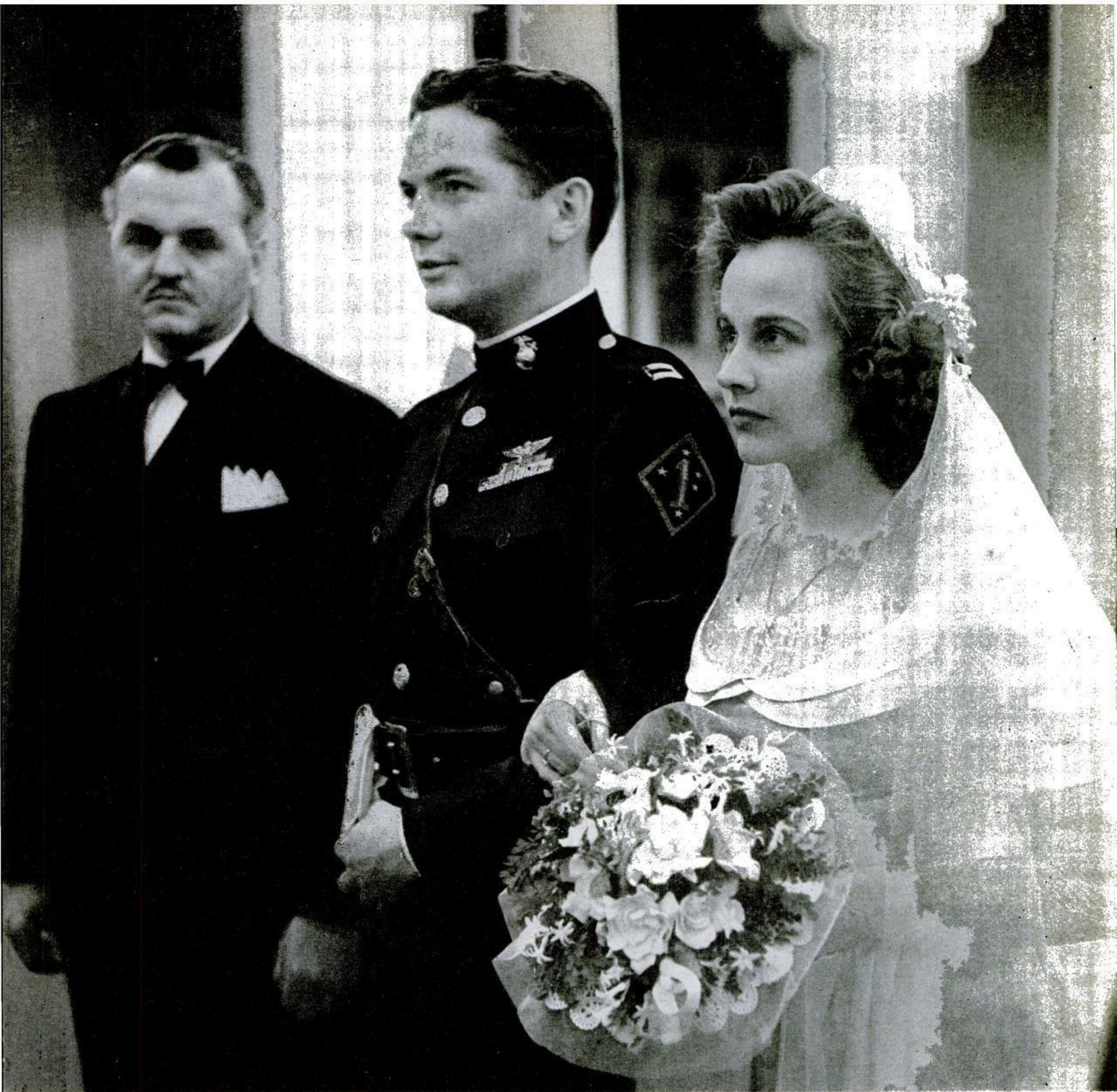


Mustangs Raise Hell in Heavens

Seven miles upstairs, Yank pilots ride the wings of fierce-charging Mustang fighters, dealing death to Nazis desperately trying to intercept our high-altitude heavy bombers. Here in the arctic cold of the stratosphere a chronicle of victory is sky-written by white vapor trails and by the searing flame of an enemy plane in its last earthbound plunge. The men and women of North American Aviation are proud of the "angels from hell" who pilot these avenging P-51 Mustangs—proud, too, of their own vital part on America's production front.

North American Aviation *Sets the Pace*

We make planes that make headlines... *The B-25 Mitchell bomber, the AT-6 Texan combat trainer, the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), and the B-24 Liberator bomber. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*



CAPTAIN WILLIAM BALDWIN OF THE MARINE CORPS STANDS AT THE ALTAR WITH HIS BRIDE TO TAKE HIS MARRIAGE VOWS. BEST MAN IS WALTER E. SMITH OF LOS ANGELES

A MARINE TAKES A WIFE

AND GOES ON A HONEYMOON AT
CALIFORNIA'S LAGUNA BEACH

The romance of a handsome, 23-year-old Marine flier and a lovely young actress who were married last month in Hollywood is one of the happier stories to come out of the war. Last summer Captain William Baldwin, USMC, was piloting a fighter plane in the South Pacific. He had left St. Thomas College in St. Paul, Minn. in 1941, during his junior year, to join naval aviation. In November 1942 he was in Guadalcanal with a fighter unit that chalked up six weeks of almost daily combat before it got a rest. Then he fought over Bougainville and is credited with having shot down two Zeros. In August 1943 he returned to the Marine base at El Toro, Calif., as an instructor.

On a visit to Los Angeles last December he toured movie studios. On an RKO set he was introduced to a young actress named Kim Hunter. "I never heard of you," grinned Baldwin. "Maybe not, but you will,"

she warned him. They began having dates, and before long Bill was hearing plenty about Kim Hunter: she was born 21 years ago in Detroit, went to Florida to live and starred in the shows at Miami Beach High School. After a summer playing stock she turned up at the Pasadena Playhouse and in early 1943 she was under contract to David Selznick and RKO. She has just been assigned the role of the daughter in *So Little Time*, after giving a good account of her talents in *Tender Comrade*.

While she was making that picture Bill met her. Less than two months later they were married at a quiet and simple wedding recorded on these pages by LIFE Photographer Ralph Crane. Captain Baldwin had only a weekend leave, but he and Kim count as honeymoon the weeks they spend in a rented bungalow at Laguna Beach until Kim starts next picture.

A Marine Takes a Wife (continued)



Bill slips the ring on Kim's finger without the familiar confusion of so many bridegrooms who see 10 fingers all at once.



Blessed Sacrament Church on Sunset Boulevard was scene of wedding, which was small in accordance with bride's wishes.



After-the-ceremony kiss was tender but dignified. Kim's wedding gown was traditional white satin, with lace cap, mitts.



In a shower of rice couple leaves church to receive guests in garden. Rice throwers are Marine friends of the bridegroom.



Bride tosses her bouquet to the bridesmaids. Starlet Peggy O'Neill, only unmarried attendant, appropriately caught it.



Getaway was delayed by Marine groomsmen who made sure the couple's car rattled merrily off with full quota of tin cans.



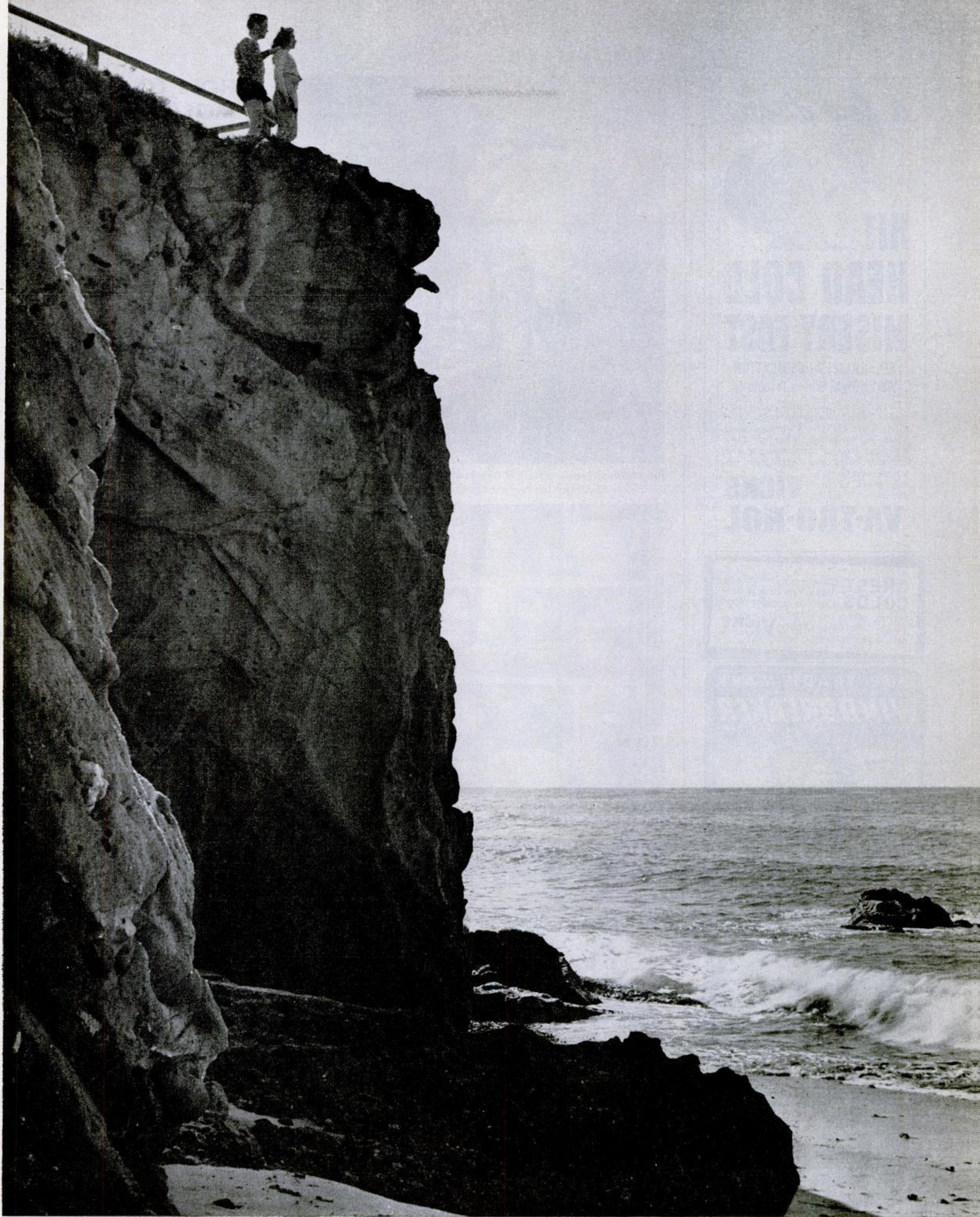
David Selznick greets bride fondly at the garden reception. Her mother, a former concert pianist, appears at the center.



Kim gets a kiss from Ruth Hussey. She still has a firm grip on her bridal bouquet of gardenias, white orchids and hyacinths.



Shirley Temple, 14, is kissed by the bridegroom. She cried at wedding, first she ever attended. The bride has the giggles.



Alone at last, Kim and Bill walk out to the edge of what they nicknamed "Ration Point," one of many cliffs overhanging

Laguna Beach. Their house is a little way down the strip. There Kim keeps house and cooks for Bill, who commutes

daily to his air base. The beach, 73 miles from Los Angeles, is as perfect a place as a couple could choose for honeymoon.

a few drops

HIT HEAD COLD MISERY FAST

SPECIALIZED MEDICATION
Works Right Where Trouble Is

If a stuffy head cold is making life miserable for you, enjoy the quick relief a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol bring. Va-tro-nol works right where trouble is—shrinks swollen membranes, soothes irritation, helps clear clogged nasal passages—makes breathing easier! Follow directions in folder.

**VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL**

CHEST COLDS

To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm.

**VICKS
VAPORUB**

OUR TRADE MARK WINDBREAKER REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BUY WAR BONDS



America's Most Famous Jacket
A MASTERPIECE of CRAFTSMANSHIP
WHITMAN SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE
FULL LINED WITH BRYBRO RAYON
OTHER STYLES, COLORS and LININGS

JOHN RISSMAN & SON
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

A Marine Takes a Wife (continued)



Bill smokes and reads on porch of their furnished bungalow overlooking the beach. Meanwhile Kim, eager to prove her housewifely talents, hangs out small laundry.



Bill works too, polishing glassware with patient resignation while Kim scrubs cheerfully away at a pot. *Cooking for Two* lies handily on bottom shelf of the cupboard.



Lazing in the February sun, the pair rests at the bottom of the cliff. Bill is wearing a sweater to ward off chill of brisk ocean breezes, but Kim, in shorts, defies them.

HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF US!



It's patriotic to conserve. So — don't store us near steam pipes or in over-heated rooms. Don't store us in damp places. Long, thin points are wasteful and weak. Give us sturdy, medium points and we'll last longer. Ticonderoga pencils write smoothly, easily, save money. Ticonderogas are the tested best pencils for writing.

Look for the green plastic ferrule with the double yellow stripes

Back the Attack —
Buy an Extra War Bond

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 43-J3, Jersey City 3, N. J.
Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.



RONRICO*
*Best RUM bar none**

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (A) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. U. S. Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 95



Now... He Shoots For Freedom

Life began at ten for Bill, strutting out with his first Winchester and a pocketful of Western Super-X long range .22's! Sure those two big leaping jackrabbits caught him "flat-footed", but it didn't matter! He'd do better next time—and he did.

Today, instead of shooting for fun, Bill is shooting for Freedom—and doing a great job of it. Out on the training ranges, and in the front lines getting the range of the enemy, millions of men like Bill are making good use of the military cartridges Western is producing for them.

They know how Western ammunition shoots and are looking forward to the days when they can hunt game in peaceful fields and woods at home, with Western Super-X and Xpert ammunition... Western Cartridge Company East Alton, Illinois.

Performance Made These Names Famous: Super-X—Xpert—Silvertip

The fame won by Super-X, Xpert and Silvertip ammunition was earned by outstanding performance. Hunters long have recognized that these names stand for the highest developments in shot shells and cartridges. When sporting ammunition can again be manufactured, you can expect the same fine performance that made Western the World Champion Ammunition.

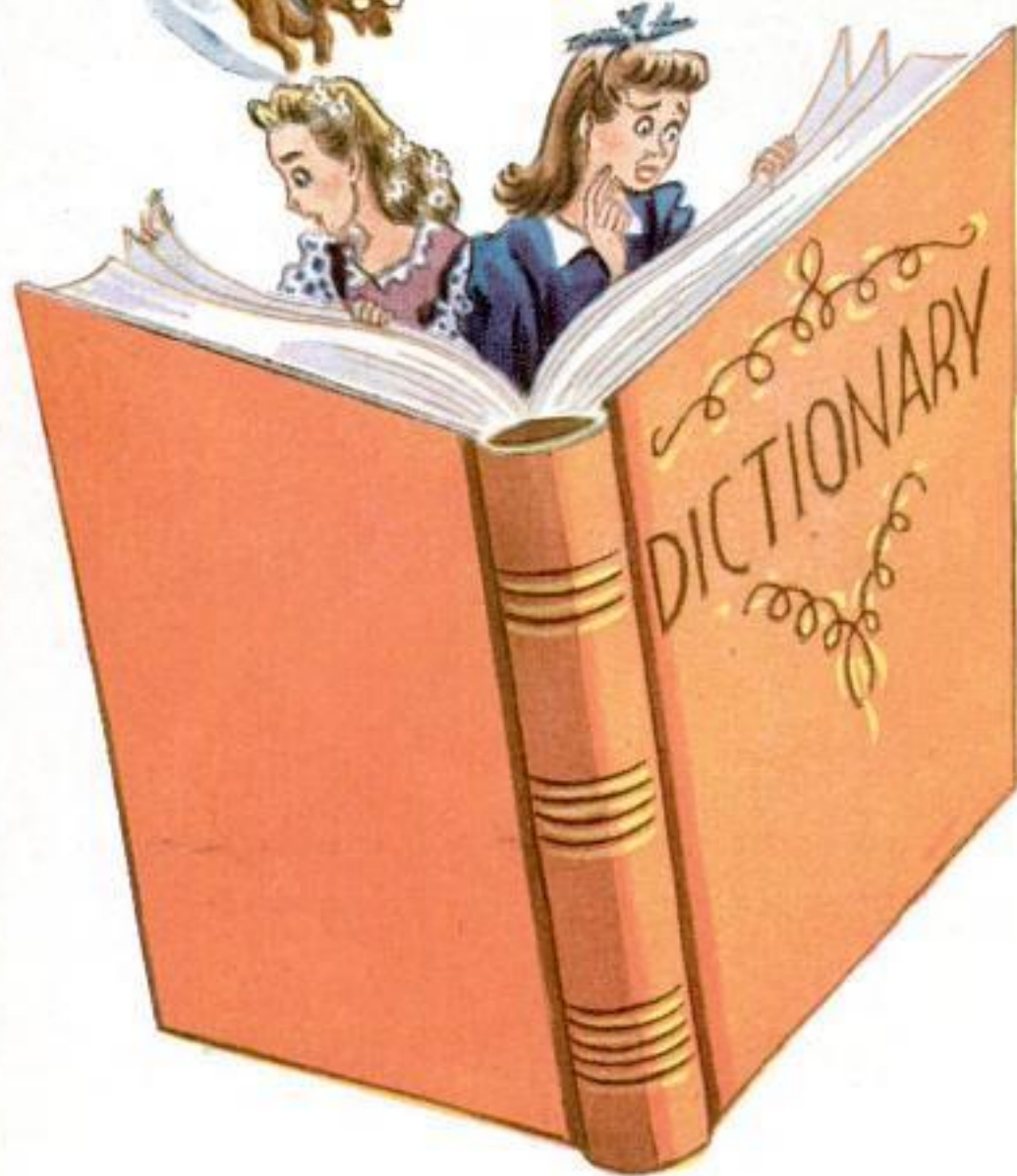
Western
WORLD CHAMPION AMMUNITION



CARTRIDGES • SHOT SHELLS • TRAPS AND TARGETS

Come on!

Taste this glorious soup!



*...then **YOU** find words
to do it justice!*

WE CAN HELP you some. "Tempting!"
"Taste-teasing!" "Old-time-homemade-
flavor!" "Savory-rich!" "Heart-warming!"

These words begin to describe the taste of
that bowlful of shimmering, golden-rich broth,
brimming with plump, tender egg noodles.

It's a taste so extra-special, so out-of-this-
world, that—in store demonstrations—8 out of
10 women who tried a tiny cupful bought a pack-
age then and there!

Super-important P. S. To make this grand
soup, just empty one 10¢ Lipton envelope into a
quart of boiling water and cook 7 minutes.
That's all! Makes 4 to 6 helpings—1½ times as
much as you get from the average can!

**ONLY
10¢
PACKAGE**

Also in thrifty
3-package
carton



Rich golden broth! Plump egg noodles!
That's LIPTON'S NOODLE SOUP!

Lipton's Continental Noodle Soup is a prepared soup mix made by the Lipton Tea People,
whose rich, fragrant Lipton Tea is bought by more Americans than any other brand.

A Marine Takes a Wife (continued)



Kim and Bill climb along the rocks barefoot. The sandy sweep of the beach is broken here and there by tiny coves and inlets which offer fine swimming in warm weather.



Kim gets a lift in Bill's strong arms, her feet scratched after walking the barnacled rocks. Girl-fashion, she waves her legs in the air to make the going tougher for Bill.



A nap on the beach ends the couple's leisurely stroll. Later, when the sun begins to set, Bill will sit up, stretch and say unromantically: "I'm hungry, sugar, let's eat!"



Learn about Classics from WALK-OVER

• "Classic" doesn't mean plain—it means fine design, balanced simplicity, enduring style and quality...the kind of tailored shoes for which Walk-Over is famous. For Spring get a real classic, like this russet calfskin pump. A complete shoe wardrobe, it goes with any color and so many costumes... flattering, feminine, revealing Walk-Over skill in shoe design and craftsmanship.

Walk-Over prices \$8.95 to \$12.95.
Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.



NOW! THE STORY YOU COULD ONLY GUESS BEHIND THE HEADLINES!



The fighting-mad drama of Yanks
bombing Tokyo! Put on trial by Japs
for murder — not as prisoners of
war! The screen thunders vengeance
as they turn the tables on Jap
lust and cunning . . . and win! Here's
a picture you'll cheer and cheer!

PRODUCED BY
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Maker of the screen's greatest thrills...but none so great as

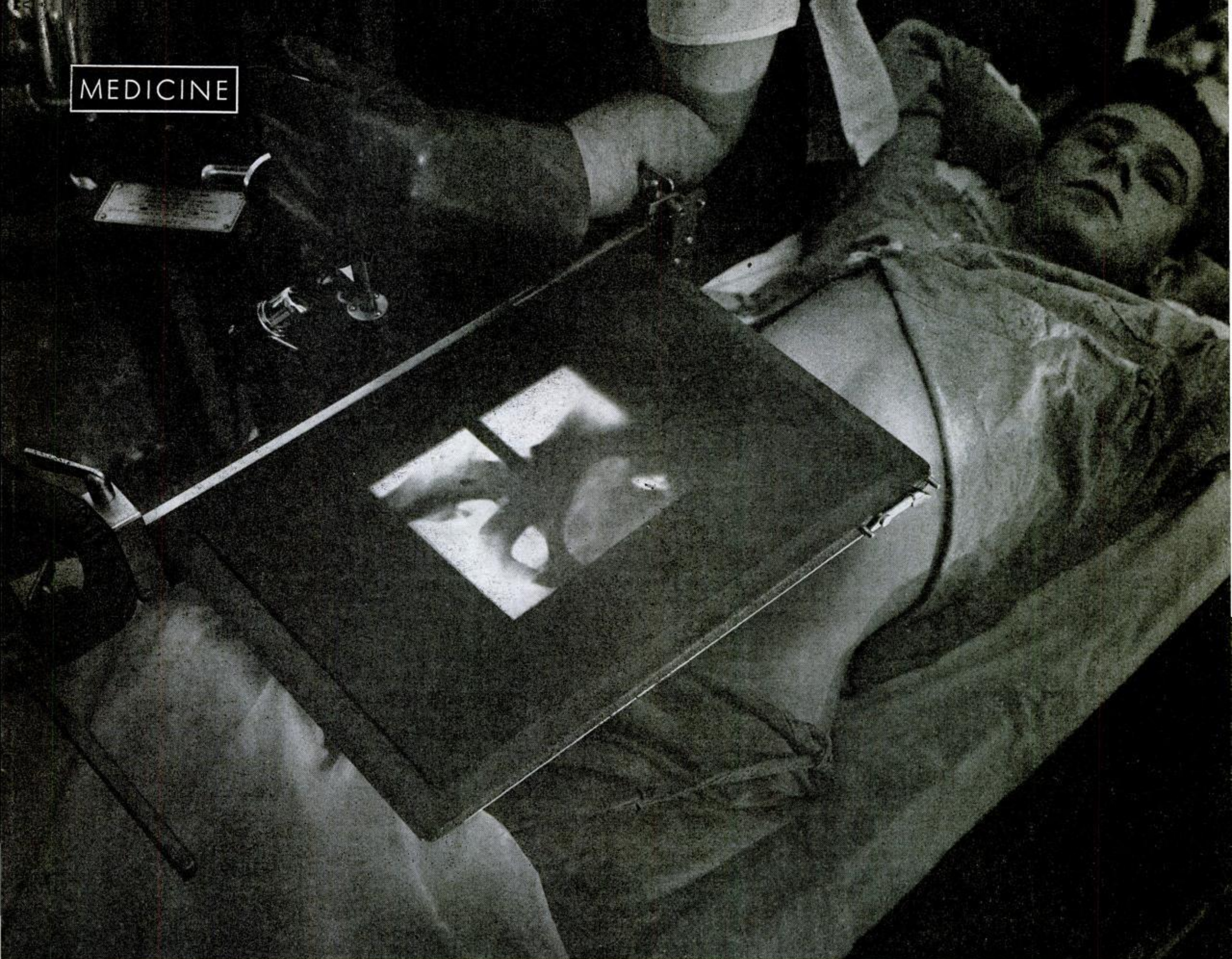
★ THE ★ ★ PURPLE ★ ★ HEART ★



A
20th
CENTURY-FOX HIT

DIRECTED BY **LEWIS MILESTONE** WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY
with
DANA ANDREWS • RICHARD CONTE • FARLEY GRANGER • KEVIN O'SHEA

JEROME CADY • TECHNICAL ADVISER OTTO TOLISCHUS
DONALD BARRY • TRUDY MARSHALL • SAM LEVENE



Fluoroscopic screen exposes bones of Pfc. Edward Chearney's right hip in which are embedded two shell fragments. Black line on screen pointing in at hip is shadow of marker,

ready to spot location of the big fragment with iodine on skin. Fragment itself is hidden in picture by marker. Smaller fragment, visible below marker, was not removed by surgeon.

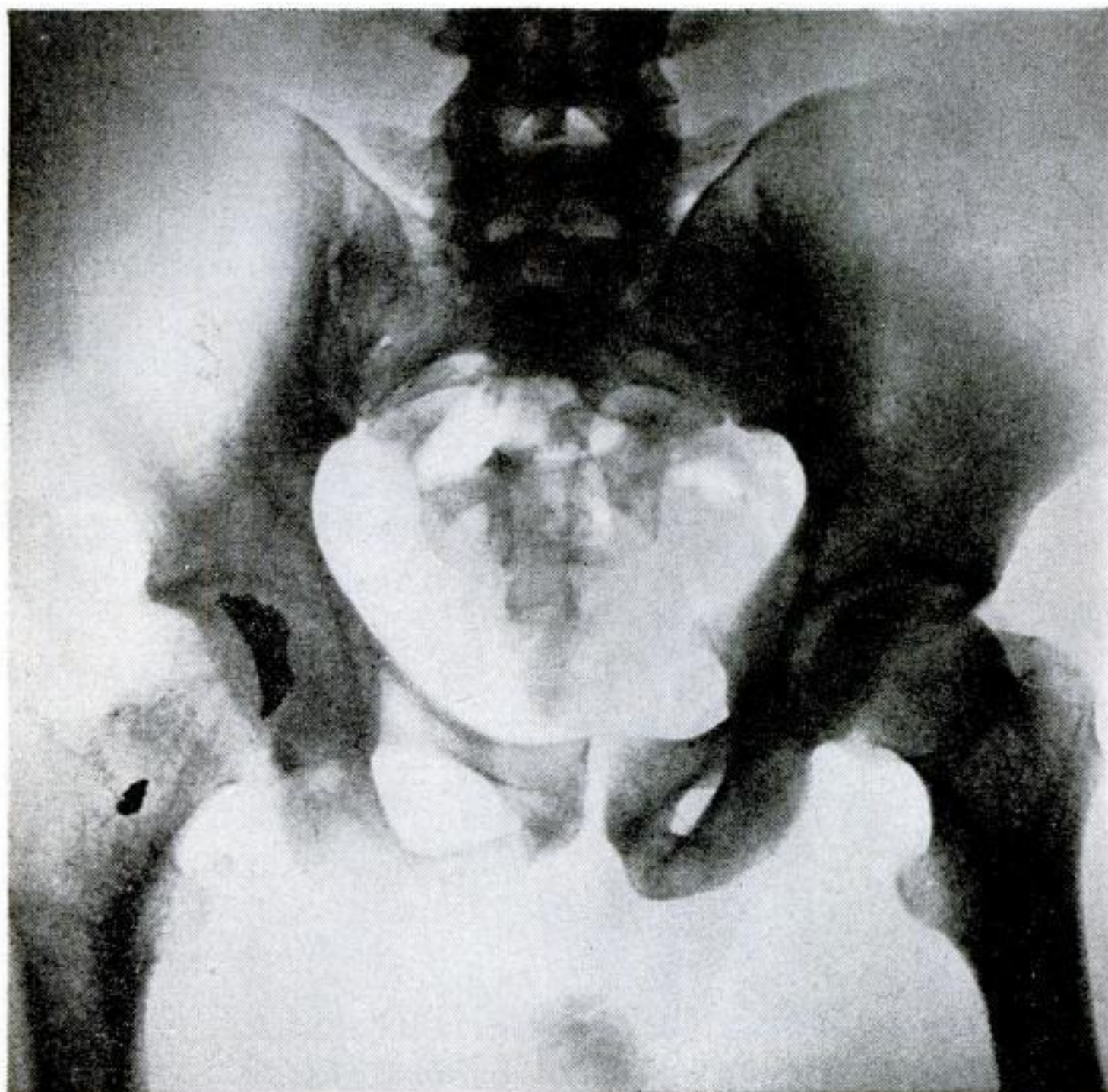
SHELL FRAGMENTS

X-ray device locates them for surgeon's scalpel

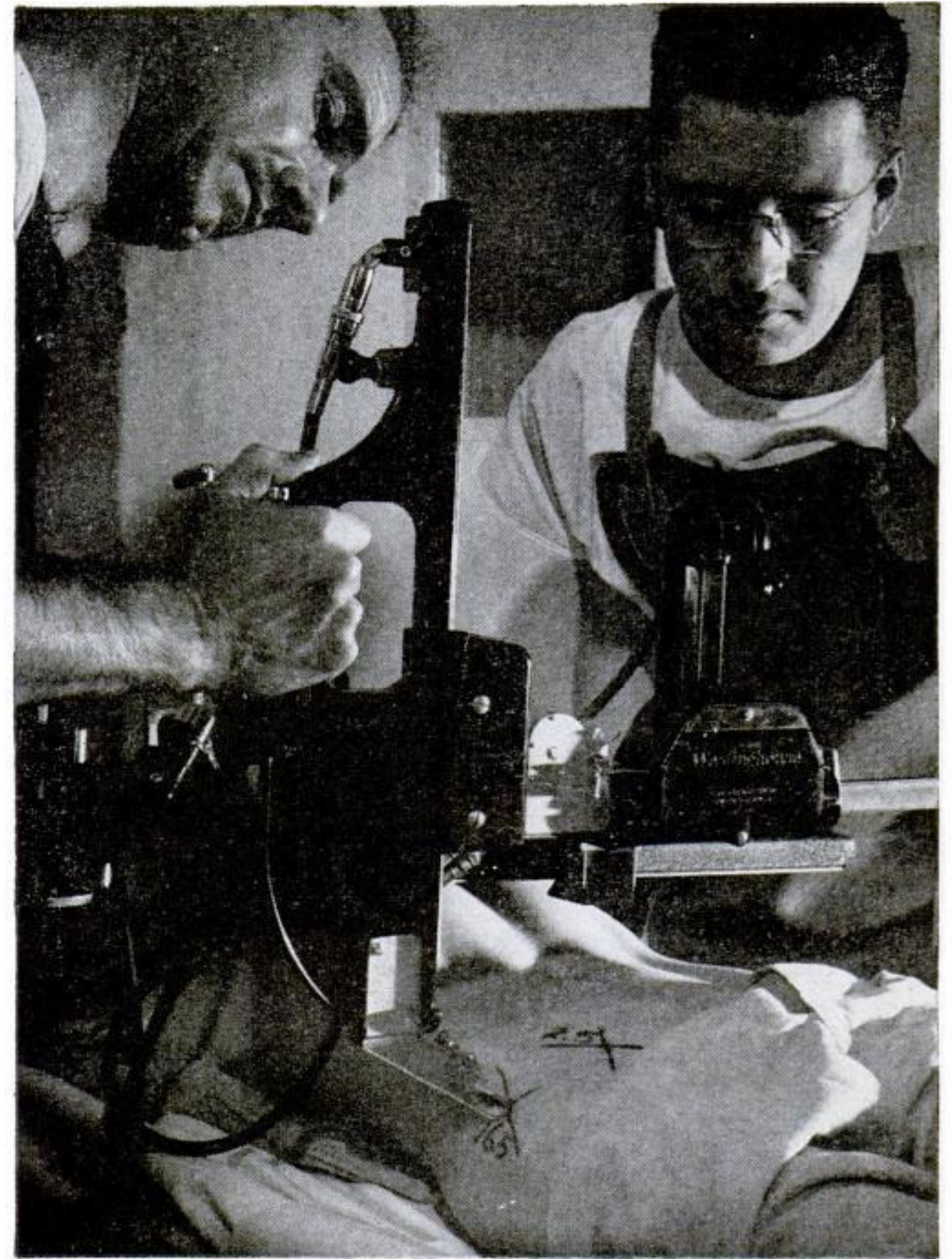
Advancing on Roosevelt Ridge in last July's battle for Salamaua, New Guinea, Pfc. Edward Chearney and his U. S. Army unit came under heavy enemy fire. Pfc. Chearney took cover behind a big tree. There he was caught by the explosion of a Jap shell. Jagged fragments ripped into his back and buttocks. Surgeons at the clearing station, at the evacuation hospital and at a general hospital in Australia, almost completely repaired his severe wounds. But they had to leave a big piece of the shell's copper rotating band lodged in his right hip (left) for attention later during his recovery.

This fragment was successfully removed recently by surgeons at Kennedy General Hospital, Memphis, Tenn. The operation itself was simplified by preliminary use of the new Bi-plane Marker and Re-orientating Device produced by Westinghouse and recently adopted by the Army Medical Department. The Bi-plane Marker, adapted to the standard field X-ray table, automatically solves one of the basic problems of war surgery—locating a foreign object in the human body.

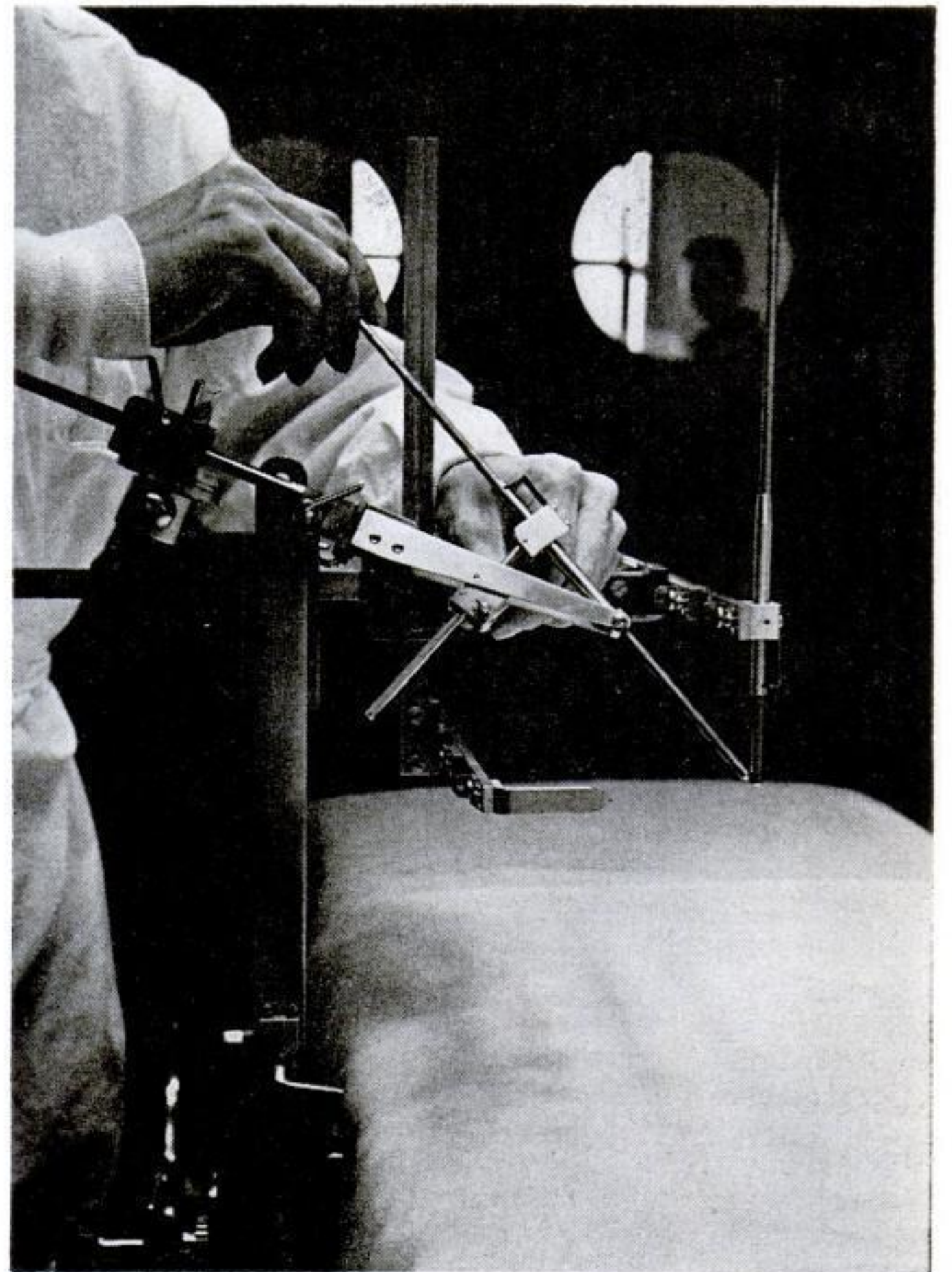
Using the Bi-plane Marker, the roentgenologist looking into the fluoroscopic screen was able not only to see Pfc. Chearney's shell fragment but also to measure its depth and mark its exact location with two spots of iodine painted on his skin. Then, using the Re-orientating Device on the operating table, the surgeon was able to place his patient in exactly the same position as he had been on the X-ray table and thus visualize the precise location of his target. Within a few seconds and without any exploratory probing, he extracted the fragment with his clamps.



Two Jap shell fragments are visible (at left) in this X-ray picture. They ploughed through muscles of buttocks and around to position shown here in front of hip joint and thighbone.



Bi-plane Marker has here marked location of fragment with spots of iodine on patient's hip. Operator needed only to center fragment in two sets of cross hairs on fluoroscopic screen. By triangulation, this automatically calculated depth of fragment.



Re-orientating Device has horizontal and vertical pointers which are set according to readings on Bi-plane Marker. The patient will be arranged so that iodine spots are in contact with pointers. Third pointer, at angle, helps surgeon plan path of incision.



*Though Bunny artists may be quaint,
They're never temperamental:
The way that they brush on the paint
Is just about as gentle...
as soft, safe*



**NORTHERN
TISSUE**

Copr. 1944, Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wis.

PEBECO PETE SAYS:

*"I make your molars
fairly glow
And that's not all—
I save you dough!"*

1. Pebeco Powder gives you 60% more powder than the average of 6 other leading tooth powders... saves you money.

2. Brightens teeth to a lovely lustre. No other dentifrice cleans teeth better.

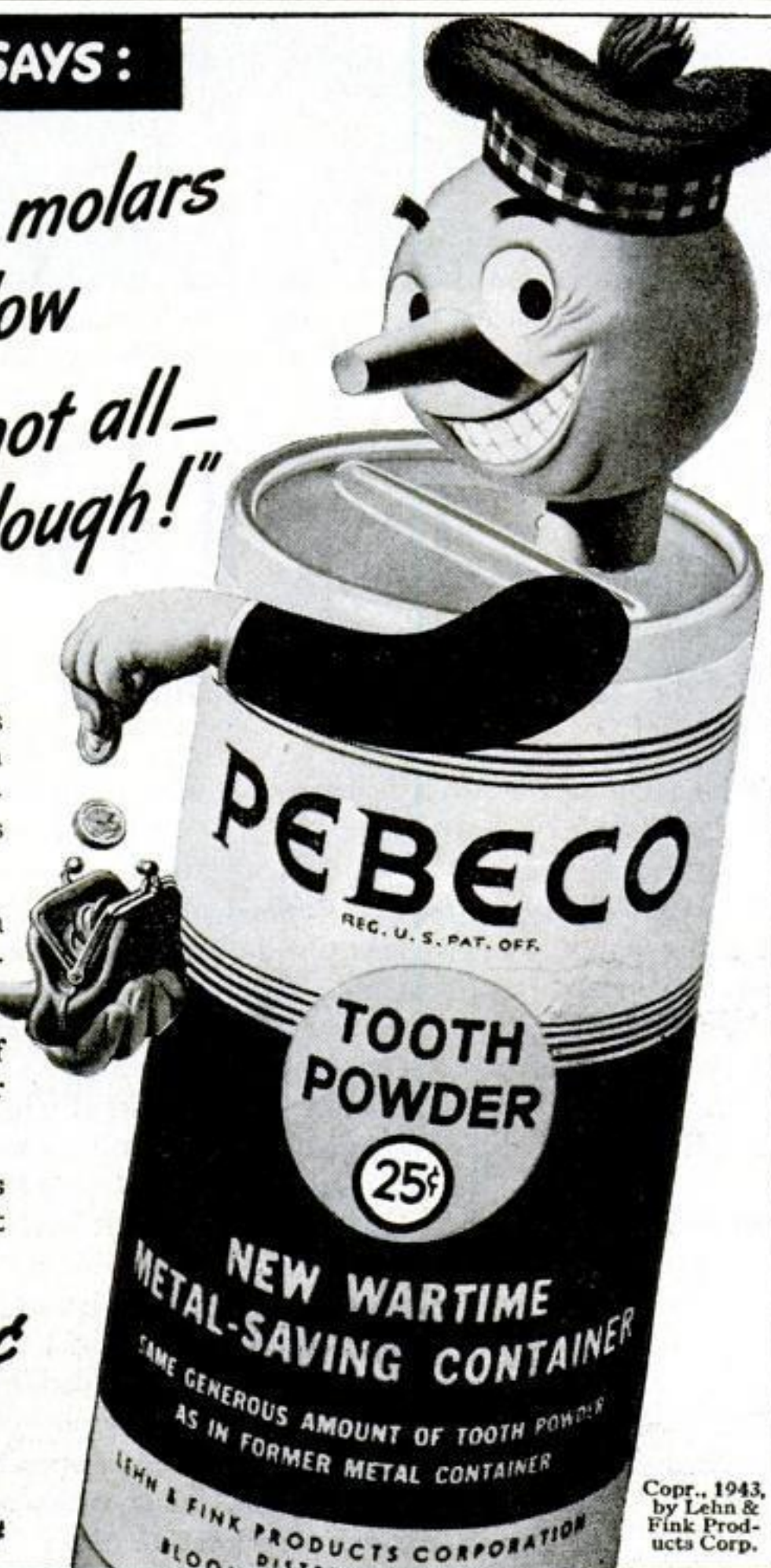
3. Safe! No danger of scratching tooth enamel, for Pebeco contains no grit.

4. Tastes peppery, too. Makes mouth feel minty-fresh. Get Pebeco Powder today!

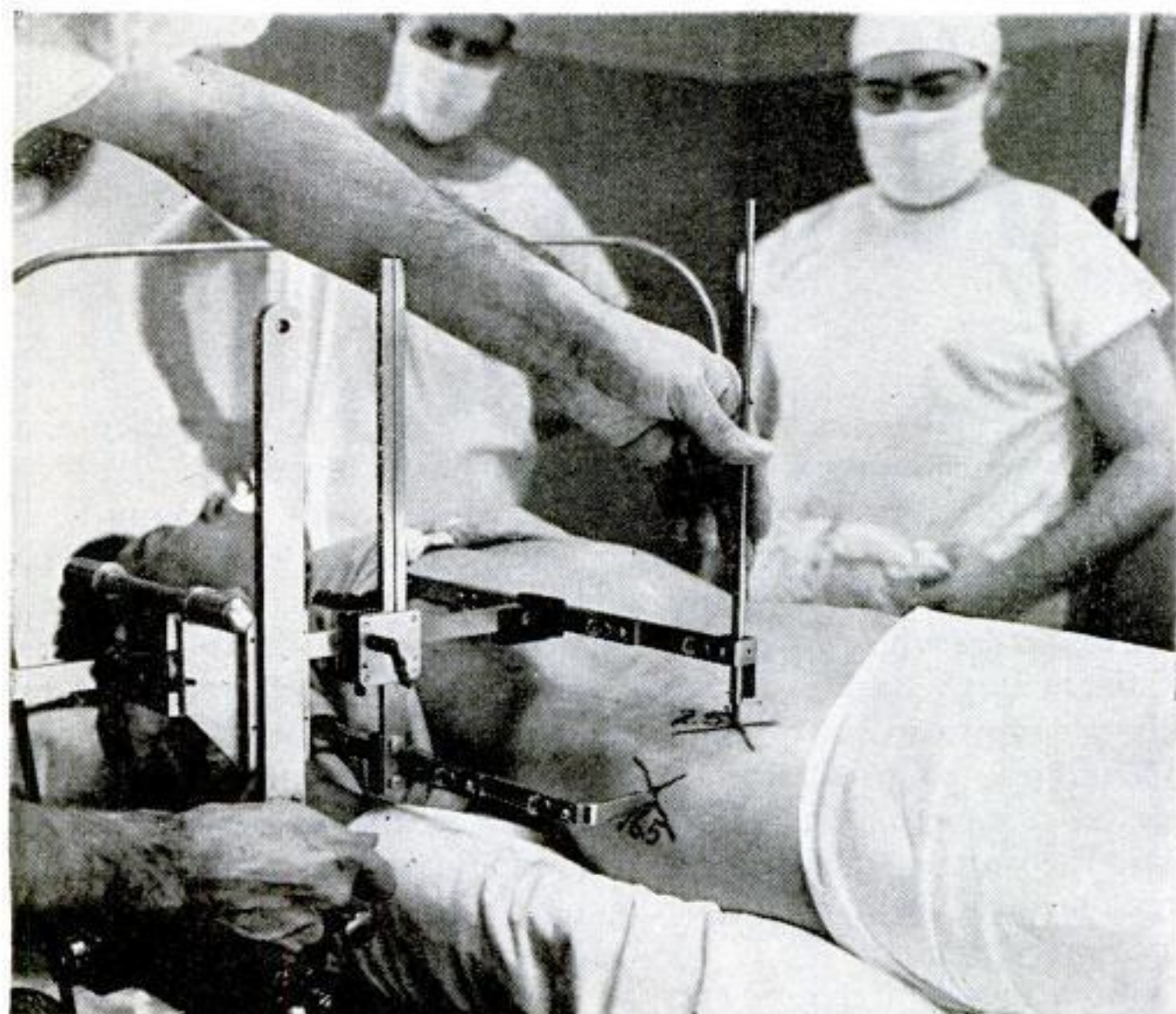
**GIANT SIZE
ONLY 25¢**

Big 10¢ size, too

Also Pebeco Tooth Paste—
clean, refreshing flavor—10¢, 50¢



Copr., 1943,
by Lehn & Fink Prod-
ucts Corp.



On operating table Pfc. Chearney is positioned as on X-ray table with help of the Re-orientating Device. Numbers show depth of fragment in centimeters. Marker was developed by Colonel A. A. de Lorimier and was designed by Westinghouse engineers.



Jap shell fragment is extracted in surgeon's clamps. Jagged edges of the fragment were razor-sharp. It had weathered to a ruddy bronze color. The smaller fragment was judged to be harmless and hence did not warrant second incision to remove it.



Battle souvenir is held by Pfc. Edward Chearney. Operation to remove fragment was last and simplest of his surgical experiences. Other fragments caused internal bleeding. Surgeons in the battle area had to open abdomen to tie off several blood vessels.

SUSANNA FOSTER, CO-STARRING
IN THE UNIVERSAL PICTURE, "THIS IS THE LIFE"



The "Heart Appeal" of Susanna Foster's Hands

A man feels the attraction of a girl's soft hands.

"My own soft-hand care is very nice and easy", says Susanna Foster, "but it certainly helps keep my hands from getting coarse and rough."

Susanna uses Jergens Lotion.

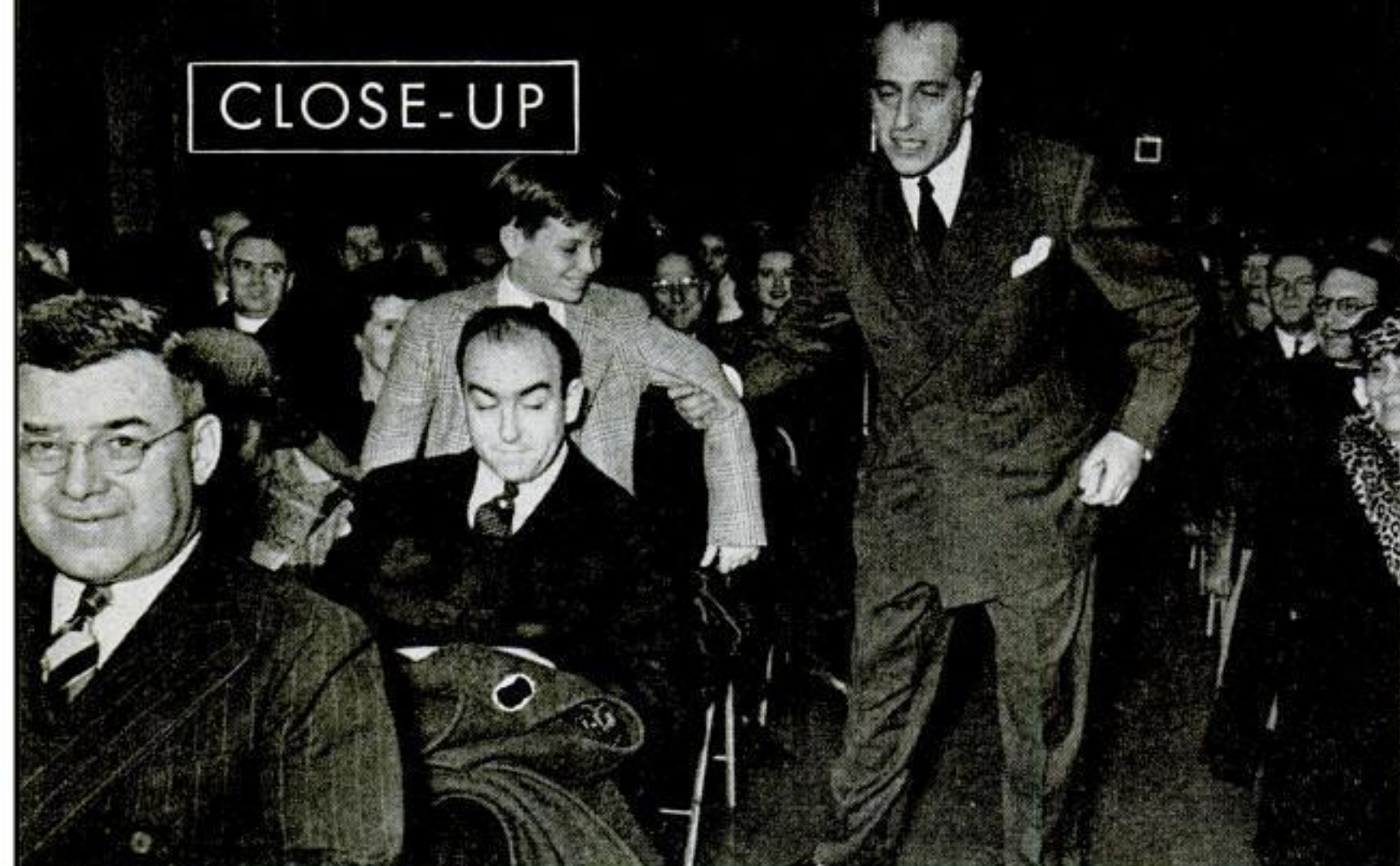
Just made for any girl who wisely wants hand care that's almost professional, yet simple.

You see, Jergens Lotion contains the 2 ingredients many doctors use to help rough skin become smooth and young-looking. And you'll love it because Jergens never feels sticky.

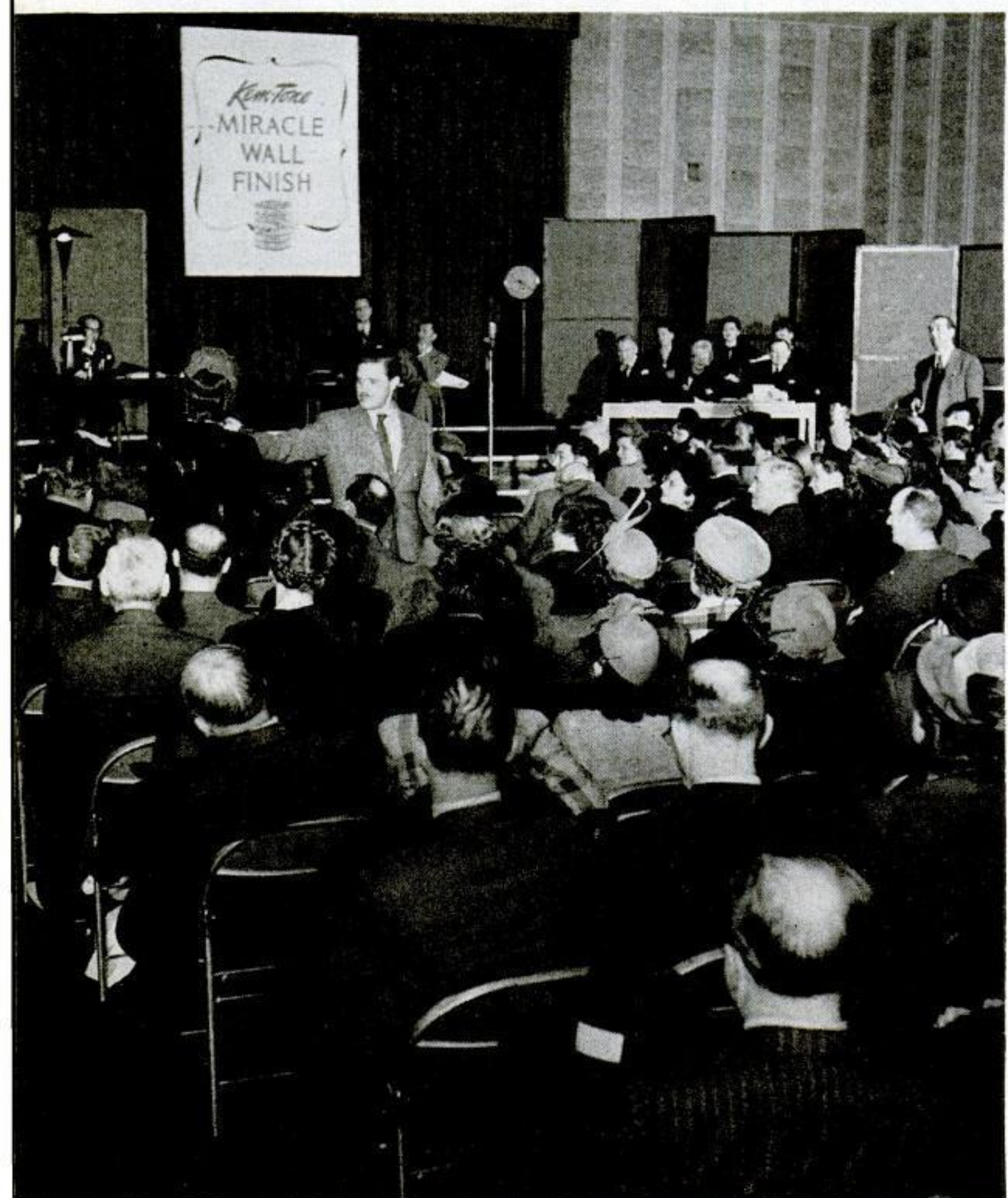
Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion over any other hand care, 7 to 1



JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS



Warming up before his broadcast, Dunninger entertains studio spectators with a few conjuring tricks. Here he selects assistant from the audience. Although he once toured U. S. as a magician, Dunninger now regards his tricks as mere *hors d'oeuvres* for his thought-reading demonstrations.



Audience participation is a cardinal element of Dunninger broadcasts. Here, speaking into portable microphone held by radio actor, studio visitor admits Dunninger has read her thoughts. Below: during pre-broadcast warm-up, Dunninger holds cards behind his back, says, "Take any card."



DUNNINGER

At 8:45 p.m. one Wednesday evening a few weeks ago, an audience of 500 men and women sat uneasily in a big studio of the Blue Network's New York station, WJZ. Presumably few persons would enjoy exposing their minds to the perception of a total stranger. Yet these people had gathered for that precise purpose. With mistrust and some apprehension they gazed toward the low stage where Joseph Dunninger, Master Mind of Mental Mystery, headliner of 158 stations throughout the U. S., was warming up for his weekly demonstration of thought reading and telepathy.

Studio hands noticed a certain electric quality in Dunninger's preliminary operations. Since his program did not go on the air till 9 p.m. he had been entertaining the waiting audience with a few conjuror's tricks. "I do tricks. I understand magic," he said truculently, "but that has nothing to do with my ability to read a mind."

A tall solid man with hypnotic eyes, a voice of cello-like resonance, and a tendency to say "madim" and "telephone," Dunninger dominates his audiences like a sardonic schoolmaster barely tolerating the density of his pupils. "He is the only man I know," a friend once observed, "who can mispronounce a word and make it sound authoritative."

At 8:50 p.m. Dunninger concluded his curtain raiser of magic and began passing out slips of paper on which he asked members of the audience to write questions, names, numbers, assorted data of personal interest. "Write something hard," he commanded. At one point he whirled around and announced emphatically, "The thought which the young lady in the sixth row just expressed to the young man beside her is not what she is going to write. You see, I know what's going on."

He then distributed envelopes, telling recipients to seal their questions inside and place them in their pockets or under their feet. Sometimes he held an envelope open while several slips were inserted at once. Returning the envelope he would remark: "Nothing has been collected. Nothing has been taken away from you." Striding back to the stage he asked suddenly, "Who here is thinking of the numerals 3-3-0?" A man arose and admitted the number had been in his mind. "Congratulations, sir," Dunninger said graciously. "You've got a good brain."

Back on the stage Dunninger sat down at a small table, a writing board in front of him, a high screen behind his isolated chair, a microphone strapped to his chest. At another table some feet away, sat the visiting "judges." An electric organ sighed eerie chords. The sponsor's product—a wall paint—was appropriately complimented. And Dunninger was on the air. "Somebody is thinking of the initials, J. A. M.," he announced confidently. A woman stood up and a portable mike was rushed down the aisle and thrust under her nose. "You, madim," Dunninger said, "have never spoken or communicated with me in any way. In fact we have never seen each other before, have we? Good! Now concentrate your maynd, please. The initials, J. A. M., stand for Joseph A. McKee. You now wish me to tell you who he is? He is your husband. Remember?" The studio staff signaled for applause. There was applause.

"Now then," Dunninger resumed, "I receive an impression of some numerals. Will the lady or gentleman who is concentrating on the numerals 97005 please stand up? Ah, the lady over to the right. You were thinking of several numbers, were you not? After 97005 you thought of 315. Then you started to think of 1266, changed your maynd, discarded those digits and concentrated on 87. Correct? One hundred percent correct. Thank you, madim. You see, I've got your number."

"I am right only 90% of the time"

In the next quarter-hour, Dunninger undertook to explore the minds of perhaps 10 to 15 individuals. He rejected questions demanding prophecy, for he definitely does not prognosticate or tell fortunes. (When people write him letters enclosing a dollar bill and asking, "Am I going to have a baby?" he always returns the fee with a note to the effect that he is neither an obstetrician or a seer.) He was most impressive when he made slight errors, missing a few letters in the spelling of a foreign name or a few digits in a telephone number or date. "I do not claim to be 100% accurate," he explained modestly. "I am right only about 90% of the time."

The half-hour broadcast concluded with a "projection" and a "brain buster." For the former he read the titles of five well-known songs, then asked members of the audience to close their eyes and envisage a black screen on which they should presently discern, in white letters, the name of one song. "Ready?" said Dunninger. "Concentrate." Silence. An organ arpeggio. The announcer urged listeners to mail in whatever impressions they mentally received. The brain buster climaxed the program. Each of the judges had in his

"MASTER MENTALIST" PUZZLES RADIO PUBLIC WITH TRICKY FEATS OF "THOUGHT READING"

by LINCOLN BARNETT

possession a pair of tickets to a different Broadway show. Dunninger proceeded to call off the seat numbers and theaters involved. He was correct in every case. At 9:30 p.m. the bemused spectators staggered from the studio into the material universe outside.

Friends who were present noted that although the broadcast had proceeded according to the formula evolved last autumn when Dunninger first went on the air (plus flourishes added in January when he acquired a sponsor) the Master Mentalist had seemed more than ordinarily on his mettle. They recalled that in his warm-up he had referred vaguely to skeptics who doubted the authenticity of his demonstrations. At another point he had tartly observed: "My magical friends always know precisely what I do. Telling me what I do is one thing. Attempting it is another." These cryptic utterances expressed Dunninger's irritation at recent discussions of his *modus operandi*. Since his broadcasts began attracting national attention, psychologists and other inquisitive persons have questioned Dunninger's mental endowments and accused him of employing conjuror's techniques. This angers Dunninger, who complains that "the greatest hindrance to public acceptance of my telepathic powers is that I was once a professional magician." He offers \$10,000 to "anyone who can point out any paid employes, stooges or confederates who could possibly assist him in his telepathic readings."

Is there such a thing as telepathy?

Since almost everyone has at some time experienced a telepathic flash or coincidental thought, most persons consider that communication between minds without aid of the senses is an accepted scientific phenomenon. Actually psychologists disagree on this score. The most exhaustive studies in controlled telepathy are those of Dr. J. B. Rhine, director of the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke. To Dr. Rhine and his associates, telepathy is a kind of extrasensory perception. Others are clairvoyance (the power of discerning objects not present to the senses); precognition (or foreknowledge); and psychokinesis (the influence of mind over matter: i.e., the ability to roll a seven in dice by willing it). Thousands of tests conducted at Duke upon hundreds of subjects, with dice and special decks of cards, have produced results which confirm, statistically, the actuality of all four kinds of extrasensory perception. As far as telepathy is concerned, Dr. Rhine says, "The ability to transfer thought without the recognized sensory channels is regarded by those who know the evidence as well established."

Many psychologists are reluctant to accept Dr. Rhine's conclusions. "We can't go along with Rhine on E. S. P.," says Dr. Franklin Taylor of Princeton's psychology department, "although we can find nothing wrong with his statistical reports." It exasperates Dr. Taylor that his students, to whom he has tried to impart a certain degree of skepticism, should be currently excited by Dunninger's demonstrations. "He's created quite a stir here," Dr. Taylor observes. "Even Dr. Rhine's best subjects can't begin to do what he does. For my part I'm convinced that whenever a man gets up on the stage and reads minds, he's doing tricks. I'd love to see Joe come down here and get himself tested."

Dunninger has had for some years a standing invitation to visit Duke. Far from being the reliable talent which Dunninger has profitably exploited, telepathy, in Dr. Rhine's experience, is indeed "very difficult to find and thus far almost impossible to demonstrate to an audience." Public tests made at Duke have generally failed, and the best telepathic results have been achieved in relative isolation. However "we could give Dunninger an audience," Dr. Rhine promises, "if it would make him feel more at home."

Such talk of tests outrages Dunninger, who has little interest in scientific theory and less in Dr. Rhine's card experiments, which he considers beneath the dignity of a mind able to telepathize words, phrases and whole sentences. When challenged to visit a psychology laboratory somewhere, he points to his scrapbooks bulging with press clippings of his telepathic demonstrations before newspapermen and other keen observers. "I'm sick of tests," he snorts, relating that he was "tested" on several occasions by no less eminent scientists than the late Thomas A. Edison and the late Charles Steinmetz, both of whom were reported to have marveled at his inexplicable talents. One day they asked him if he could reproduce telepathically a diagram for a new machine which Steinmetz had designed and partially built. Sitting beside the uncompleted mechanism, which was covered with a piece of cloth, Dunninger took pencil and paper and began to sketch. "It was all Greek to me," he relates, "but my drawing was 98% correct." Dunninger's promotion literature quotes Edison as declaring: "Never have I witnessed anything as mystifying or seemingly impossible."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"Write down your thoughts," says Dunninger as he passes out slips and envelopes prior to going on the air. He tells people to seal questions in envelopes, put envelopes under feet or in pockets. He rejects questions involving prophecy, emphasizing that he is a "thought reader," not a seer.



Geared for action, Dunninger sits at table on stage, a microphone strapped around his torso, a writing board (with high screening sides) at right hand. Below: he gets applause from panel of judges: Newscaster Edwin C. Hill, Singer Benay Venuta and ex-Governor David Sholtz of Florida.



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Baby Dunninger was born into a strictly nontelepathic family in New York City.



By 18 he had won fame as "Child Wonder Magician," was not yet a mind reader.

DUNNINGER (continued)

Ready and eager to explore other people's minds, Dunninger is disinclined to reveal the machinery of his own. In his rare introspective moments he describes his reception of thought impressions as an inner visual process. He discerns, he says, letters, words, numerals as though inscribed by an unseen hand within the chamber of his mind. Sometimes the penmanship is bad and he has to spell everything out letter by letter. Pope Pius XII, during his visit to this country (as Cardinal Pacelli) in 1936, crossed him up by thinking in Latin.

When some dissatisfied spectator buttonholes Dunninger after a performance and demands, "What am I thinking of now?", Dunninger curtly retorts, "Show's over." He justifies these refusals by pointing out that before a demonstration his mind goes into a special receptive state. "It's just as though I were putting a record on," he explains. As soon as the performance is over, he takes the record off. His mental exertions rob him of considerable energy and a pound or two of weight per show. He is loath to demonstrate for a single individual or small group because he admittedly cannot get at every mind he meets. "If I could read anybody's mind any time, do you think I'd be working for a livelihood?" he asks reasonably. He estimates he can count on no more than six or seven minds out of every 10 as being good strong transmitters. "When a person wants to close his mind, there's nothing I can do," Dunninger confesses, "unless, of course, I can tune in on his subconscious." He once tuned in on the subconscious of a 10-month-old baby, but there wasn't much there.

Flowering of a mastermind

Though he is the last man in the world to belittle his talent, Dunninger has often declared that telepathic power is a faculty everyone possesses but which he developed by hard work and application. He first became aware of what he regards as his unusual sensitivity to other people's thoughts when in grade school. Born in New York City April 28, 1896, Dunninger was youngest of three sons in a household whose members communicated through the normal sensory channels. His father was a textile manufacturer from Bavaria; his mother, a native of Cologne. It was in arithmetic class that Dunninger began to cultivate his peculiar gift. His teacher had a system of inscribing problems on a series of superimposed black roller blinds. He would give the class a few minutes to solve the first problem. Then, abruptly, he would snap up the blind, revealing another. Dunninger, who was poor at figures, never had time to finish his computations. One day in exasperation he guessed at an answer and found to his surprise it was right. Thereafter he simply guessed.

"That fat bearded plug of a teacher used to walk around the room and look over our shoulders," Dunninger recalls bitterly. "He would see I hadn't really done the problems but my answers were always correct. So he decided I was copying. He looked up my sleeves. He moved me from seat to seat, all around the room. But I continued to get results. It was quite simple. There were 60 kids in the class. At least 50 usually solved the problems correctly. So with 50 minds concentrating on the right answers, how could I miss?"

During this period, while one of his brothers was studying to be a violinist and the other a painter, Dunninger became interested in legerdemain. Inspired by a glimpse of the late great Harry Kellar, he



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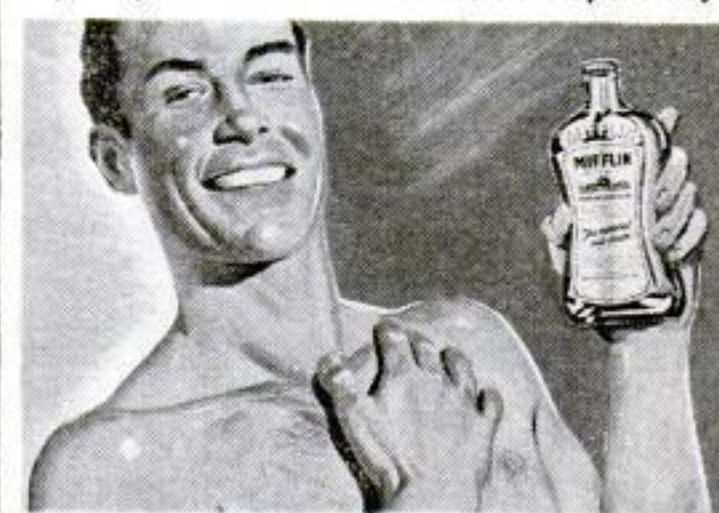
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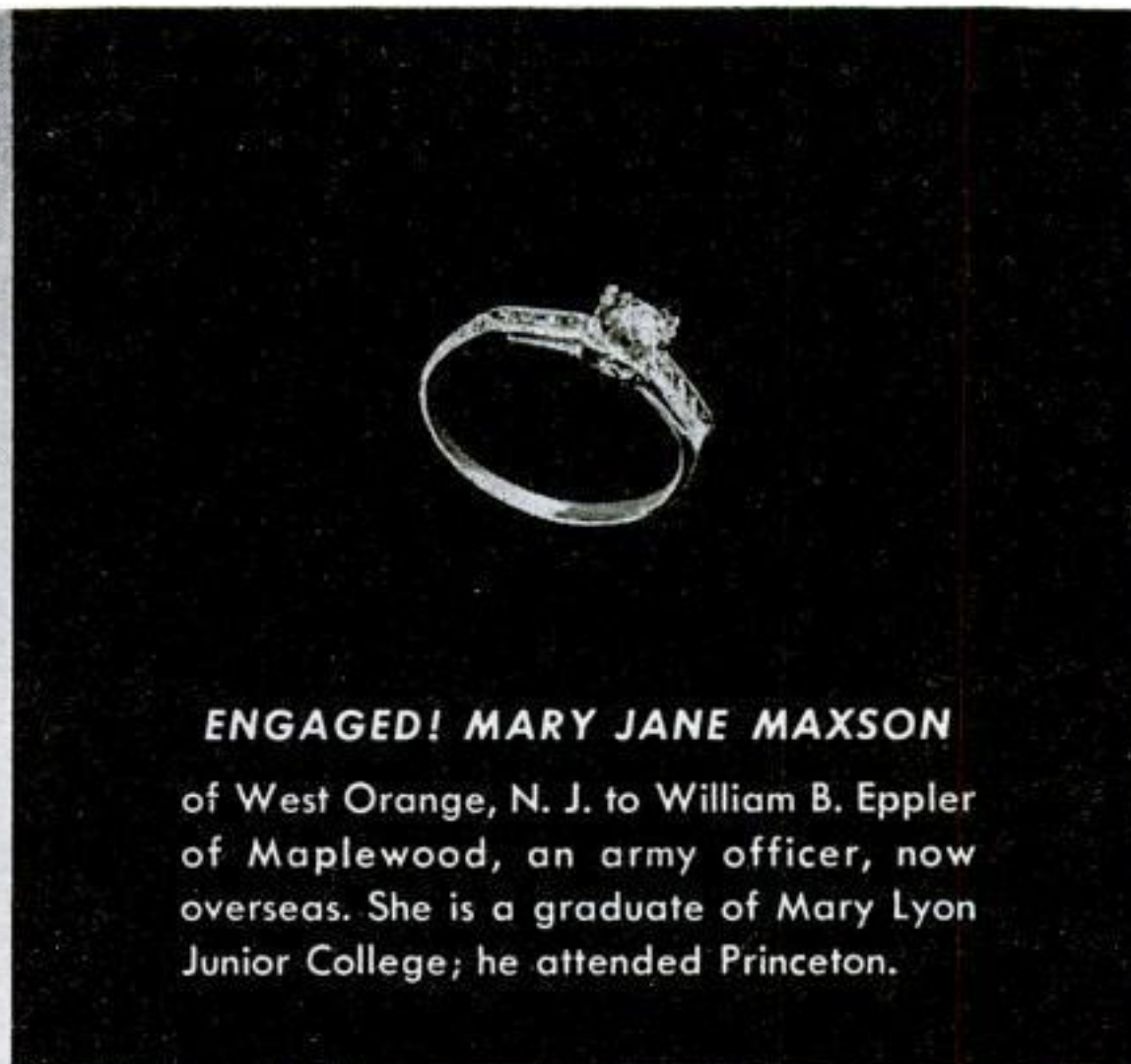


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CONTINUED ON PAGE 104



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Governor Dewey gets his mind read at a dinner in Albany. His query: "Will Dunninger make my speech tonight?" Dunninger: "A better man than I will have to do that."

DUNNINGER (continued)

began to practice sleight of hand with a deck of miniature cards. He gave a number of early exhibitions in which he was billed as "The Child Wonder Magician." Since his mother disapproved of his ambitions and wished him to enter business, he obtained a job in Wanamaker's department store. Evenings he performed at the Eden Musée on West 23rd Street, presenting a program of illusions and prestidigitation. His act was so popular he remained at the Musée 65 weeks, the longest run any performer ever enjoyed at that institution.

A proud youth who affected long hair and an artist's cravat, Dunninger suffered acutely when competitors hinted that his store job was necessitated by lack of magical skill. Dunninger has never forgiven the profession for these early slights. He has shunned rival performers, declined membership in their societies and has sniped at them recurrently in print and over the air. He takes no interest in their repertoires. He subscribes to no craft magazines. A friend conjectures he has not read one book on magic in the last 20 years.

Magician turns mentalist

Overcoming maternal opposition to his career, Dunninger toured the vaudeville circuits for several years following his success at the Eden Musée. His act was big and fancy. He levitated one girl, chopped another into eight pieces, and vanished an elephant. In his most extravagant phase he was billed as "Dunninger, the Master Mind of Mystery and his Company of Temple Dancers from the Far East," "Producing a Beautiful Girl from Thin Air . . . The Flight of the Night Rider . . . Is it Dunninger or Is it Not? . . . The Balloon that Floats Out Over the Audience and Vanishes . . . And Many Other Baffling Features." Between tours and after stage appearances, Dunninger often performed at private parties and banquets of Moose, Elks and other fraternal fauna. One evening after a club show in New York he was asked to give an informal encore for the committeemen who had arranged the entertainment. He obliged by unveiling, for the first time, his mind-reading act, which he had been quietly perfecting during off-stage hours. Two weeks later his agent received a call from the same club, requesting another booking. "You just had Dunninger," the surprised agent protested. "Yes, but now we want his other act, his special act." The agent who had never heard of Dunninger's "special act" was puzzled, but arranged the date. This time Dunninger gave a full-length mind-reading performance before an audience of 500. Apart from one final road show, he never appeared as an illusionist again. He sold some of his equipment to Houdini and Thurston, stored the rest and thereafter faced his public with nothing but a pencil, a writing board and his peculiarly sensitive cerebral cells.

For the next two decades Dunninger roamed the country. His act was without precedent. Where other mind readers employed assistants and elaborate codes, or else collected sealed questions from their audiences, Dunninger apparently worked alone and collected nothing. The originality of his performance enabled him to command fabulous fees. "I am the highest-priced society entertainer there is," he often said, pointing out that his minimum fee for a 45-minute program was \$1,500. His friends insist, however, that he could occasionally be beaten down to \$500. He hit his all-time high a few

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106



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DUNNINGER (continued)

months ago when he netted \$5,000 for a single show in St. Louis.

Whatever Dunninger's critics may think of his telepathic powers, they concede he is an ingenious showman and an adroit publicist. Well aware that names make news, Dunninger has capitalized on his professional contacts with prominent persons. He likes to be known as the man who read the minds of six presidents, the Pope, the Duke of Windsor and Thomas E. Dewey. His first presidential subject was Theodore Roosevelt, who was thinking, at the time Dunninger telepathized him, of a poker hand. "My reading," Dunninger recalls, "was 80% accurate." Harding's thoughts involved a streetcar line; Taft's, a point of law; and Hoover's, his mother. He can't remember precisely what was on Coolidge's mind. Dunninger has appeared at the White House twice during the present Roosevelt Administration. On his first visit Mr. Roosevelt wondered: "Will Huey Long or Ham Fish be the next president of the U. S.?" Dunninger tactfully replied that neither had a chance, but that his statement should be taken as opinion and not prophecy. Next time he showed up, the President simply thought of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, which Dunninger found a pushover. Mrs. Roosevelt concentrated on "Roberta Jonay, Eleanor Lund, Poughkeepsie 607." In her column next day she wrote: "The mind reader was so remarkable that some people said they would not like to have him around all the time. . . . He told me correctly all that I had written down."

Dunninger is perhaps best known to the newspaper-reading public as the nemesis of fake mediums. Chairman of the Universal Council for Psychic Research, he is custodian of a \$10,000 prize payable to any medium who produces some psychic manifestation he can neither duplicate nor explain. At no time in the course of more than 250 seances, has Dunninger felt the prize money slipping through his fingers. It is seldom he makes a "grab" at a seance, although he is sorely tempted when luminous objects swim within reach. His methods are more subtle. Once under cover of darkness he smeared lampblack on a trumpet through which spirit voices were subsequently heard. When lights went on, the inert and ostensibly entranced medium looked like a fugitive from a minstrel show. He checked the movements of another medium by cunningly attaching the end of a coiled tape measure to the hem of her robe. He foiled a third whom he suspected of being a toe-snapper, by inviting her to produce spirit rappings in a room with a nonresonant concrete floor.

Dunninger vs. the spirits

Whenever Dunninger defended his purse by duplicating "psychic" phenomena, he invariably surpassed the best efforts of his challengers. Tightly bound with ropes and leather straps or nailed inside wooden cabinets, he would levitate tambourines, evoke sepulchral voices, exorcise luminescent ghosts, produce writing on slates and spirit fingerprints on wax tablets. "Where a medium can ring a bell at a seance," he declares simply, "I can get a ton of coal."

As a man who is ever ready to defend his disbeliefs with hard cash, Dunninger offers \$10,000 to anyone who can introduce him to an authentic haunted house, and another \$10,000 to anyone who can adduce, with supernatural aid, three code messages left with him before their deaths by Houdini, Edison and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. To date he has received 200,000 letters, and dozens of mediums have applied for the bounty. One old lady who swore Edison had communicated with her came all the way from Chicago to confront Dunninger and claim her reward. Edison's words, as she got them, were: "My niece Betty. Where are you? Boop! Boop! Boop!" Dunninger's verdict: "One hundred percent incorrect."

Although Dunninger often emphasizes that his quarrel is not with spiritualism as a religion but only with its unscrupulous practitioners, most believers execrate him and explain failures to win his prize money by asserting that his very presence in a seance chamber drives friendly spirits away. Once when he offended a medium at a materialization seance by requesting contact with an imaginary horse named Edna, he received, in the darkness, a painful kick in the shins, presumably from Edna. Dunninger makes no attempt to conciliate hostile spooks or those who invoke them. "When someone tells me I've been cursed again," he says, "I just go to bed and sleep soundly."

Dunninger's efforts as an exposé of psychic frauds have notably abetted his mind-reading career. On the record he is an avowed skeptic, who cannot be fooled by ectoplasm. He is, moreover, a man who signs contracts on Friday the 13th and deliberately breaks mirrors to flaunt superstition. In view of his feuds with the spirit world, it is possible that no one would ever have questioned his purely mental, strictly nonsupernatural performances had he not gone on the radio. His bigtime network debut took place last Sept. 12. On that day

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YOU'D like to help the boy they just brought in to the dressing station, personally. The Red Cross is there instead.

You'd like, too, to give comfort to that prisoner of war in an enemy camp. The Red Cross can do it for you.

And the wife and children unexpectedly in need with the soldier-husband away at war—you'd like to help them. The Red Cross takes your place.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

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The children of North Africa have started to eat again. And out of the black, damp cellars, children of the other liberated countries will creep to watch the khaki-colored Yank trucks roll in. Trucks, stuffed, jampacked, top-heavy with life-restoring American food.

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Victory through FOOD power!

With the rest of the world on starvation's edge, our food is the most potent force in the world today. But we need more and more and MORE food to supply our soldiers, feed the liberated nations, strengthen our fighting Allies.

Black markets, rising food prices, waste, over-optimism—these are home-front enemies we haven't licked yet by a long shot! They are subtle saboteurs. And even YOU may be helping to delay victory because you hadn't quite realized just what was at stake.

Unless you help keep food prices down by refusing to pay illegal high prices, or buying more than your ration points permit, *one-fourth of our population who live on low FIXED incomes won't get enough to eat!* (Soldiers' families are in this group, you know.)

Put up this reminder

Just to remind yourself to *play square and share* the food, paste this Home Front Pledge on your cupboard door *today*.

I will pay no more than ceiling prices

I will pay my points in full

Food Conservation—Our Business

The conservation of food happens to be our business, here at Crosley. Since we first presented the patented SHELVA-DOR in Crosley Refrigerators, American women have enjoyed the added, exclusive convenience of having *extra* food shelves built right into the refrigerator door.

Today, naturally, Crosley ingenuity is devoted completely to war production. But the day is not so far away, we hope, when Crosley will again be serving your convenience and pleasure—not only with Crosley refrigerators and other fine household appliances, but also with Crosley Radios and Radio-Phonographs.



These two Arab children in North Africa have just received their daily ration of $\frac{3}{4}$ pint of milk from one of the French agencies which distribute it for the American Red Cross. The translation of the sign in background reads: "This milk is given by the Allies and distributed free to the children of North Africa by the American Red Cross."

CROSLEY



THE CROSLEY CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO AND RICHMOND, IND.
Peacetime Manufacturers of Radios, Refrigerators,
Household Appliances, and the Crosley Car
HOME OF WLW "THE NATION'S STATION"



Has YOUR Schick Injector Razor gone back to work?



It can . . . now that Schick Blades are back!

No need, any longer to keep your favorite razor where you had to put it months ago—on the shelf.

Today, we're able to meet both military and civilian demands for keen-edged Schick Blades.

So tomorrow morning reach for your Schick Injector Razor

Compare tomorrow's shave with the one you had today . . . compare for comfort, smoothness and ease. You'll welcome back the real shaving luxury that these Schick Injector features . . . the only basic improvements in safety razor design in 40 years . . . make possible:

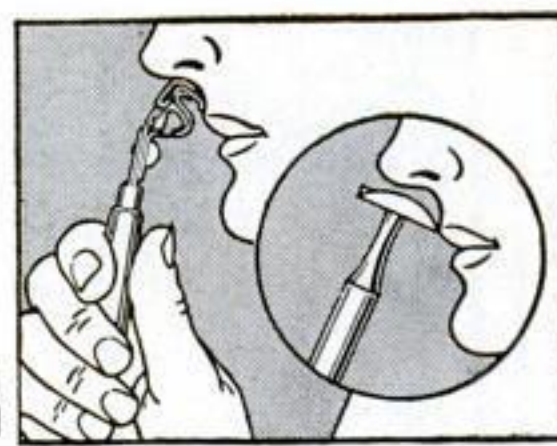
Enjoy again the revolutionary Schick Injector features



1



2

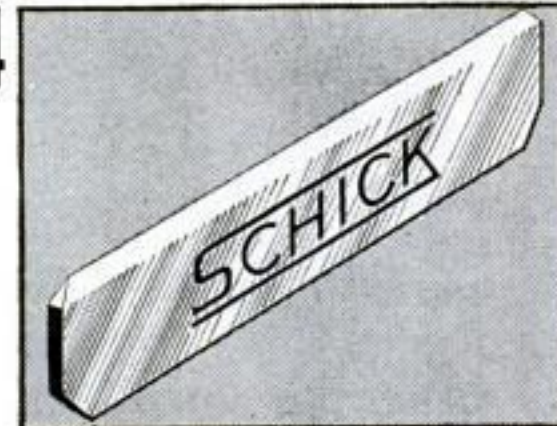


3



4

Above: The Schick
Injector Cartridge...
holding 20 Blades



- 1 Enjoy the automatic blade change . . . an exclusive feature of the Schick Injector Razor that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly*. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges . . . or messy paper wrappers.
- 2 Shave skin-close—with comfort . . . the Solid Guide Bar has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. It pops up your whiskers for a closer and more comfortable shave. Its corner guards protect your face against nicking and scraping.
- 3 Shave dangerous and hard-to-get-at spots . . . the compact head, smallest of any popular razor lets you reach those difficult spots with surprising ease. The reason is simple . . . it shaves just as wide an area but is only half as deep. Note difference between Schick Injector Razor and old fashioned razor head as shown in circle of picture 3 above.
- 4 Enjoy Double Thick Blades again . . . and remember—Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—and 3 times as thick as paper thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in a special cartridge, Schick Injector Blades have their cutting edges suspended in space.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

P.S. Spread the good word that these blades are back. And if you have a spare Schick Injector Razor, pass it along to a friend so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury. For, though a sufficient number of blades are now available, we still can't get the material for new Schick Injector Razors.



In Washington, Dunninger produces a "mentally selected" card from pocket of Congressman W. A. Rowan of Illinois. At left: District Commissioner J. Russell Young.

DUNNINGER (continued)

he became in effect national property, subject to the doubts and scrutiny of millions.

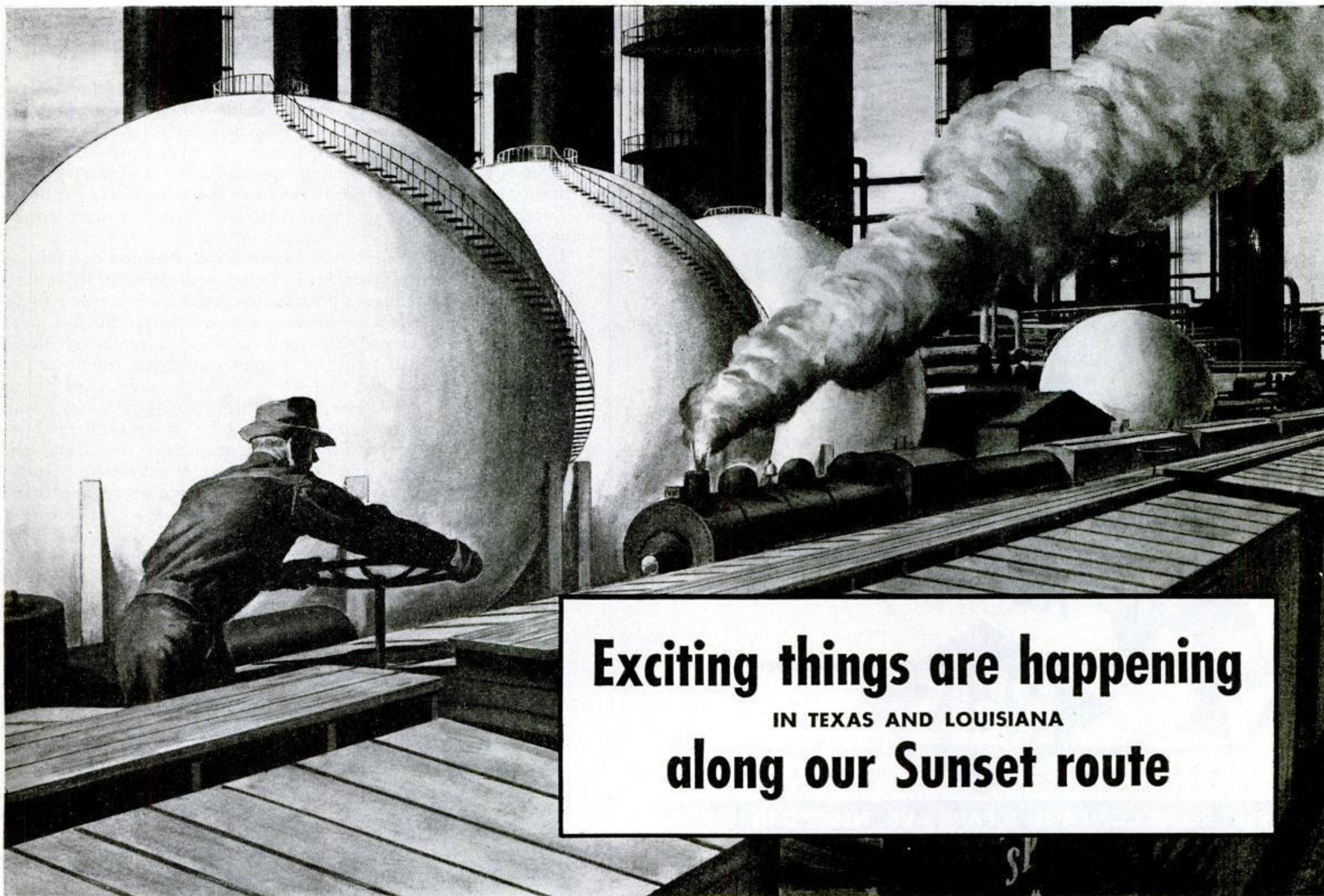
His program achieved immediate success, which was attributable perhaps to war-augmented interest in matters outside the range of normal experience. Although Dunninger scorns astrologers, mediums and other practitioners of the occult, his presuppositions, like theirs, overhang the fascinating brink of the unknowable. His broadcasts attracted 1,157 letters into the Blue Network's New York office alone during its first month on the air. The next month it drew twice that figure. Its Hooper rating has fluctuated between 4.2 and 6.2. The popular enthusiasm evoked by Dunninger's program has been described by some cynics as the biggest thing of its kind since Orson Welles's war with Mars.

Ultimately it was a brain buster which precipitated the first stirrings of anti-Dunninger controversy in the press. Two Columbia professors—Dr. Paul F. Lazarsfeld and Dr. Robert K. Merton, director and associate director of the university's Office of Radio Research—had been asked to participate in a Dunninger broadcast. Dr. Lazarsfeld was to select a sentence from any book in his library; Dunninger was to read his mind by long-distance telepathy; Dr. Merton was to be a "judge" in the studio and confirm Dunninger's reading by telephone. It so happened that Dr. Merton was a skeptic. He watched Dunninger like an eagle and formed his own opinion of the proceedings. Next day the two professors dispatched a letter to the Blue Network and a copy to the *New York Times* expressing disapproval of the program on the ground it heightened public susceptibility to mysticism, obscurantism and the irrational. "We want to make it clear," they wrote, "that we fully disassociate ourselves from any implication that these experiments were more than ingenious, highly entertaining and wholly natural demonstrations of Dunninger's skills, dexterity and ingenuity as a professional entertainer. . . . We do not in any sense regard them as evidence of 'mind reading' or 'telepathy'." The *Times*'s science editor, Waldemar Kaempffert, became interested in the affair, examined the question of telepathy in general and Dunninger in particular, and concluded in a signed article that "No psychologist would accept the 'evidence' of Dunninger's broadcasts."

Stooges, steals or psychology?

Despite this flurry of public criticism, Dunninger did not modify his sound track. His defenders argued that even if Dunninger were doing tricks, he need not say so; that when a magician sawed a woman in half, he was not expected to reassure spectators it was all an illusion. Mr. Kaempffert's story, however, stimulated curiosity and opened new paths of speculation. Dunninger's critics are now guessing: 1) that he receives assistance from confederates, his \$10,000 wager notwithstanding; 2) that he manages, by certain larcenous techniques well known to magicians, to sneak a look at what audiences write down and to obtain temporary possession of sealed envelopes containing answers to brain busters; and 3) that by hypnosis, shrewd psychology, or plain audacity he bullies audiences into responding favorably to his leading questions. Bandleader Richard Himber, who is a skilled amateur magician, insists he knows

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



Exciting things are happening IN TEXAS AND LOUISIANA along our Sunset route

Invest in War Bonds

It was in 1883 that the last spike was driven in our Sunset route, the nation's second transcontinental railroad (the first was our Overland route).

During that epic period—as nowadays—great events were shaping along this pioneer rail line.

The Sunset route provided the first direct rail connection between Pacific Coast cities and the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans. Today, by this historic route, Southern Pacific lines in Texas and Louisiana link the new industrial South and Southwest with the new industrial West.

Rich in natural resources, Texas and Louisiana have experienced remarkable industrial growth in recent years. And war's demands are speeding this development.

Along the Gulf Coast bordering both states shipyards launch vessels of every type, from war and cargo ships to landing craft.

In both states, too, petroleum is a leading resource, and its refining a leading industry. Huge new synthetic rubber plants utilizing petroleum products are located at several Gulf Coast points. And in the interior factories are being readied to convert the crude synthetic rubber into finished products.

Great chemical industries have arisen, chiefly in the tidewater territory. These industries are soundly based on abundant mineral resources, including sulphur and salt, as well as forest and farm products, transmuted by industry's magic into an amazing variety of useful products.

As an outgrowth of Louisiana's large-scale sugar industry, wallboard and other building materials are made from sugar cane. Glycerine is obtained from cottonseed . . . plastics from soy beans . . . starch and glue from sweet potatoes.

Texas has a growing number of new iron and steel plants, which use Texas iron ore. Here is the nation's first tin smelter, also the world's largest plant for production of magnesium from sea water.

In both states paper is made from pine logs, and far-stretching forests stand behind manufacturers of furniture and building materials. Airplane factories operate round the clock.

Vegetables and seafoods are packed here in huge volume. Cotton production keeps thousands of spindles turning. From the "Magic Valley of the Rio Grande" in southernmost Texas come millions of cans of citrus fruit juices. Texas Panhandle wheat and other cereals are processed by Texas mills.

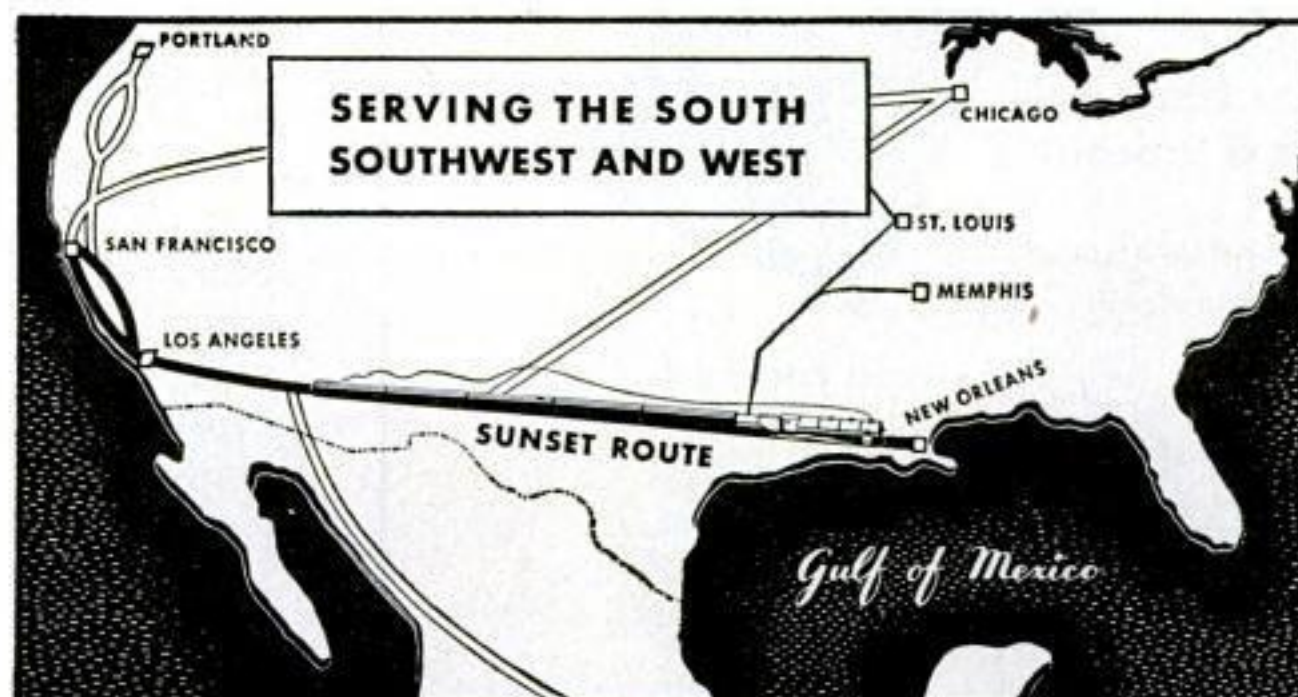
In this industrial growth of Texas and Louisiana at one end of our Sunset route, and of the Pacific Coast states at the other, railroad transportation has had its part to play.

Steadily through the years, the western and southern railroads have sought to develop manufacturing along their lines, for new industries are a major source of added traffic.

For this purpose we have long maintained an industrial department. And this is the reason Southern Pacific and other roads have made freight rates that aid the industries we serve to assemble raw materials and market finished products.

We look to the permanence of these industrial developments along our lines as an important factor in our railroad's postwar progress. Southern Pacific will do its best to help hold industrial gains and encourage still further expansion throughout the territories we serve.

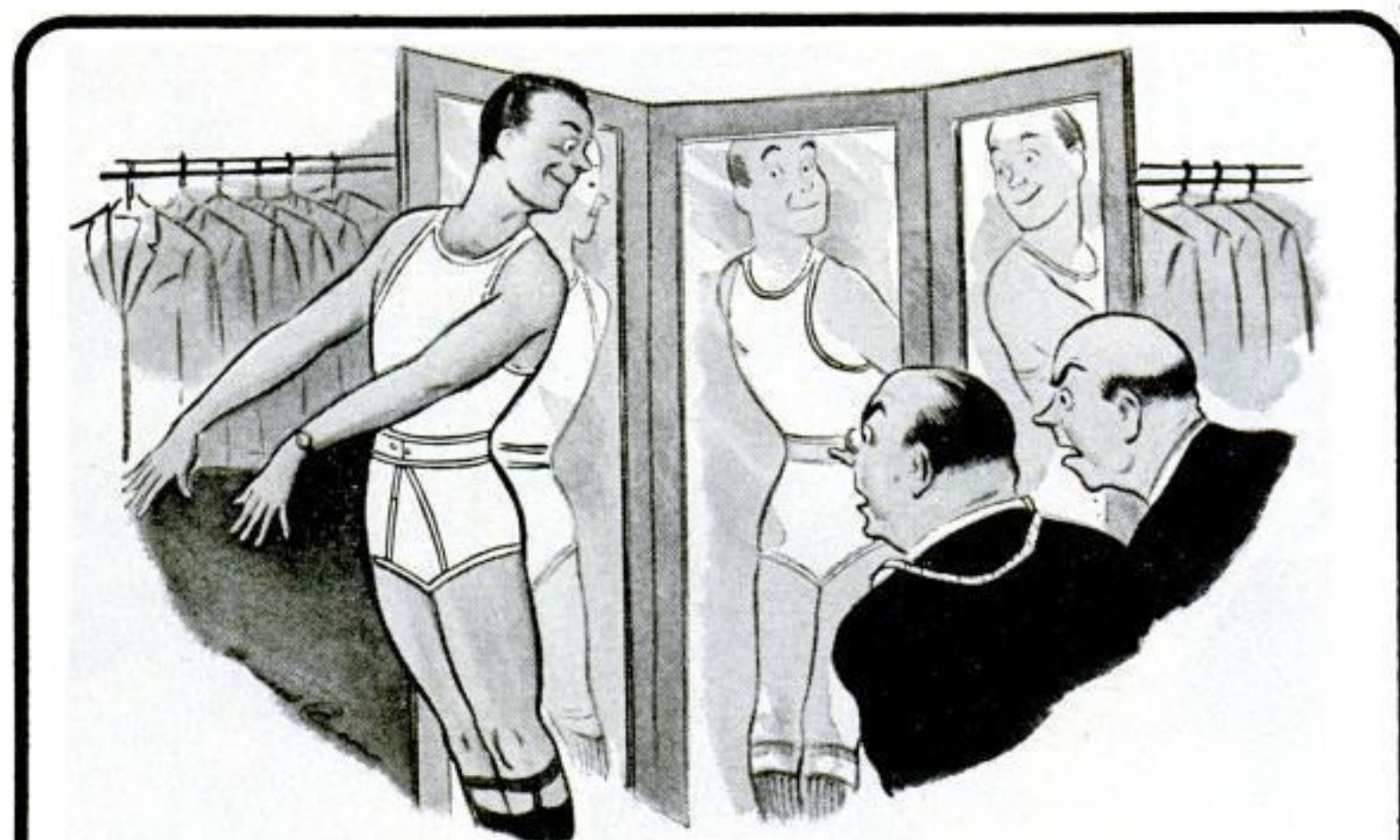
A. T. MERCIER, *President*



S·P

**The friendly
Southern Pacific**

*One of America's railroads—
ALL united for Victory!*



"He just walks in... admires his REIS Scandals
in the mirror and walks right out again"



ROBERT REIS & COMPANY · 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



buy war bonds

smart as a topcoat...

and ready for rain!

A certain number of these great Rainfairs* are still available for civilian use. If you need one now... buy it! If you already own one, our new free booklet (illustrating new styles) will give you instructions on how to make your coat last. Write for it... today!

Tackle Twill* Commando (left)...\$21.00 Officer's type showerproofed coat made from the famous long-wearing Tackle Twill, in tan.

Grafton (right)...\$11.50 Balmacaan-type coat of top-quality, showerproofed gabardine. Raglan shoulders. Choice of light olive, taupe, and fawn.

RAINFAIR, INC., Racine, Wis.
Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies. *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DUNNINGER (continued)

how Dunninger works and proposes to prove his statement in a New York theater soon.

"Dunninger can't read the mind of a gnat," an officer of the Society of American Magicians declared a few days ago. "The only thing he can project is baloney. Why he's just a high-class pitch!" To such strong talk Dunninger responds with equal vehemence. "For 25 years there has been but one man doing the Dunninger act. If they know so much about it, why will they take \$15 a night when I get \$1,500? The Dunninger act is the only thing in magic that has never been copied—if it is magic!" In this controversy Dunninger has allies. Officials of the Blue Network swear he gets no collusion from them. Script Writer Lem Finger, who prepares the formal framework of Dunninger's program, confesses he once cast a covetous eye on Dunninger's \$10,000 no-stooge warranty. "But I've given up," he says. "I know there aren't stooges." So far as his alleged "switching" or "stealing" of written material is concerned, informed observers suggest that while Dunninger may resort to any device to stage a good show, he is fundamentally a virtuoso who is never dependent on any one or two methods. His good friend Walter Gibson, editor of *The Phoenix*, magicians' magazine, and ghost writer for every famed magician from Houdini and Thurston through Dunninger, asserts: "I declare without reservation that I have seen Dunninger perform feats to which I see no plausible explanation other than actual telepathy or some coincidental phenomenon." He compares Dunninger with Houdini who, admittedly a trickster, occasionally effected his extraordinary escapes under circumstances wherein known professional techniques could not have served him.

Most of Dunninger's acquaintances can recall moments when he mystified them by some exploit inexplicable by magical methods. Some years ago during a long-distance telepathic demonstration in which Dunninger identified from New York cards dealt by the Mayor of Winnipeg, 1,500 miles away, someone hinted he might be employing a certain well-known conjuror's technique. Provoked, Dunninger offered to project a card from his mind to the Mayor's. He scribbled something on a piece of paper and dropped it on the floor. Then he asked the Mayor to think of a card and name it. The Mayor hesitated a moment, and announced his card: the seven of clubs. "Normally you would see a magician pick up the paper he had tossed on the floor," Gibson relates. "He could then do several things—sneak-write the called card with a fingernail stylus, or perhaps pull a switch. But Dunninger shied away from that paper as though it were a rattlesnake. He got clear across the room and asked one of the reporters to open it. On it was written 'seven of clubs'."

Since professional magicians never divulge a competitor's secrets, those who dislike Dunninger prefer not to talk about him, beyond hinting darkly that they could probably duplicate his repertoire. His best friend in the craft is probably Harry Blackstone, who credits Dunninger with possessing, not telepathic powers, but very acute sensory perceptions and great skill in exploiting them. A few weeks ago when Blackstone was playing Chicago, Dunninger visited him backstage. Just before curtain time Blackstone missed his white tie. "You're a mind reader," he told Dunninger. "Find my white tie or I'll have to wear this black one." Dunninger retorted: "You're a magician. Change the black one into a white one." Laughing, he then walked across the room and produced the tie from under a shirt hanging on the wall.

Mind and memory

There have been times when Dunninger's mental powers did not operate so spectacularly. For one thing he boasts a bad memory, which seems to belie suggestions that his readings are based on mnemonic techniques. He insists he cannot remember his own telephone number and must look himself up in the directory whenever he calls his home. Recently he waited for two hours in the wrong hotel lobby, while his scheduled dinner companions sat waiting in the right hotel just two blocks away. At such times his friends wonder why he cannot receive a thought impression of his own name, projected with powerful impatience from nearby. Another evening, when he arrived empty-handed at the home of an old family friend who had asked him as a special favor to purchase something at a department store, he protested: "You never told me. How was I to know you wanted something? What do you think I am, a mind reader?"

Dunninger is completely unimpressed when other people exhibit telepathic ability. His friend Bob Dunn, King Features cartoonist, declared one day that his 2½-year-old son showed signs of E. S. P.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113



The World-famous Bacardi Cocktail



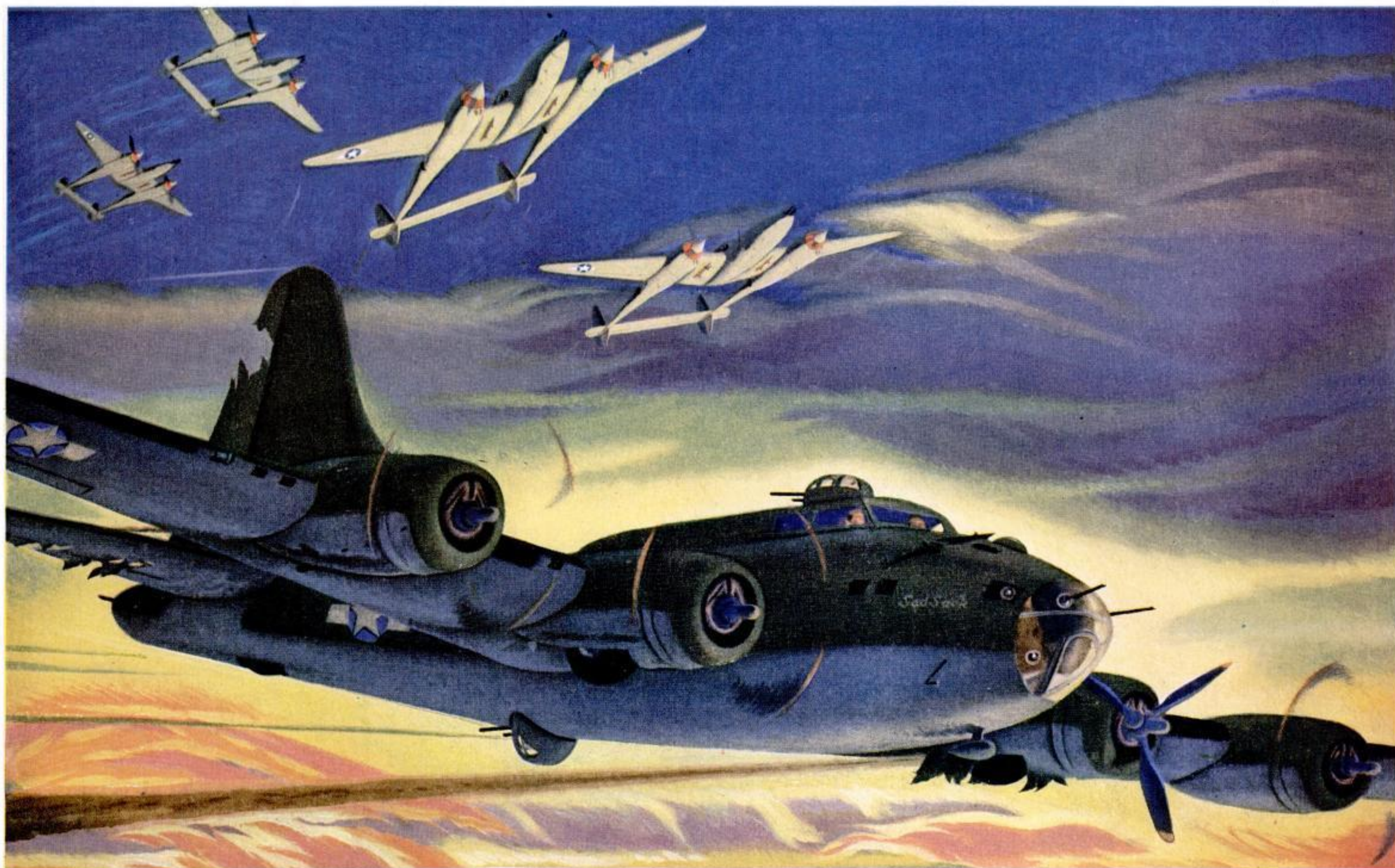
THE BACARDI COCKTAIL . . . one of the most called for drinks in all the world . . . must be made with Bacardi (according to a ruling of the New York Supreme Court, April 28, 1936). The simple recipe portrayed above, shows the one and only way to make a Bacardi Cocktail . . . the way by which it has achieved world-wide fame. Today, at your favorite restaurant, or at home, enjoy the most delectable drink ever devised . . . the matchless Bacardi Cocktail.

AWARDED 35 MEDALS FOR EXCELLENCE SINCE 1862



Nothing takes the place of **BACARDI**

★ And for Victory—Nothing takes the place of WAR BONDS. Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. RUM—89 PROOF.



Guardian Angels

The fireworks are all over. The "Sad Sack" is nearly home. A few minutes more, and she'll put her crew down safe on a friendly field.

She went out this morning full of fight, with her belly full of bombs . . . all four motors roaring defiance at every German in Italy.

She hammered the Nazi railyards at Terni, and left them a tangle of wreckage.

But she had to take a few on the chin to do it.



1ST LT. DONALD J. JUSTER, of St. Albans, N. Y. . . . Air Medal with 9 Oak Leaf Clusters. Bombardier of the Flying Fortress the "Sad Sack" . . .

"I'll say an escort of fighter planes is a mighty sweet sight to see! It's like the old Wild West movies—when the wagon train is surrounded by Indians and the cavalry rides to the rescue! Bombers and fighters, working together, make the A.A.F. an unbeatable team. And if you don't think so, take a look at Germany's big industrial centers from the air."



1ST LT. JOHN D. JOYCE, of Griffith, Indiana . . . Air Medal with 10 Clusters, Distinguished Flying Cross recommended . . . P-38 Pilot.

"I've helped escort the 'Sad Sack' on many a bombing mission . . . and seen Don Juster bullseye his bombs on plenty of Jerry objectives. And I want to tell you that's when teamwork pays off . . . teamwork between fighter pilots, between fighters and bombers, between members of bomber crews . . . teamwork that makes the A.A.F. the 'greatest team in the world!'"

When the escort fighters picked her up, the "Sad Sack" was on the spot . . . straggling behind her formation, with one engine knocked out by flak . . . trying to fight off a Focke-Wulf pack that was swarming in for the kill.

The sweetest sight her crew ever saw was that escort of P-38's . . . screaming down to the rescue with their noseguns squirting fire . . . chasing the Jerries out of there or shooting them down in flames.

That's why bomber-men call them "Guardian Angels", these escort fighter planes. For they bring back bombers and bomber crews to fly and fight again!

And that's the kind of team *you'll* be on when you wear A.A.F. wings . . . Pilots, Navigators, Bombardiers, Gunners, doing their job *together* . . . flying and fighting for the *team*, "the greatest team in the world!"

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE



FLY AND FIGHT WITH THE

GREATEST TEAM IN THE WORLD

MEN OF 17 . . .

You can get ready now for your place on the great A.A.F. flying team. Go to the nearest Aviation Cadet Examining Board . . . see if you can qualify for the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve. If you qualify, you will receive the Enlisted Reserve insignia . . . but will not be called for training until you are 18 or over.

When called, your special aptitudes will be studied further to determine the type of training you will receive. For the A.A.F. not only builds a combat crew from the pick of the crop, but carefully selects for each position the man with the best capabilities for the job . . . and then adds the thorough training which makes this all-star team the world's finest.

Prepare yourself in advance by taking C.A.P. Cadet Training as given by your local Civil Air Patrol. Also see your High School principal or adviser about recommended courses in the Air Service Division of the High School Victory Corps. Both afford valuable pre-aviation training.

(Essential workers in War Industry or Agriculture—do not apply.)

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

For information regarding Naval Aviation Cadet Training, apply at the Naval Aviation Cadet Selection Board in any Office of Naval Officer Procurement, or at any Navy Recruiting Station; or, if you are in the Navy, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard, apply through your commanding officer. . . . This advertisement has the approval of the Joint Army Navy Personnel Board.

DUNNINGER (continued)

Asking Dunninger to choose a card from a fanned-out deck, he "forced" the jack of hearts on him. Then he ordered Dunninger to telephone Bobby Jr. at his home in New Jersey. "What card am I thinking of?" Dunninger inquired when Bobby came to the phone. Master Dunn knew just one card in the deck and he called it: "Jack of hearts." "Humph," snorted Dunninger, hanging up. "What's so smart about a kid answering the telephone?"

Owing to the number of special bookings which have followed in the wake of his broadcasts, Dunninger has been limited lately in his extraprofessional activities. He used to talk a lot, prior to his mother's death last Christmas, of his collections of antiques, Chinese *objets d'art*, first-edition books and autographs which he kept in her apartment in the Bronx. Now they are in storage, along with equipment preserved from his early magical career, and a collection of Buddhas—he says it exceeds 3,000—which he has accumulated during the last 20 years. Few of his acquaintances have ever seen these collections. Although he has a wide circle of friends he has no really intimate ones. Loving mystery, he surrounds himself with it, during business hours and afterward. He "sells," as one observer expressed it, from the moment he gets up till he goes to sleep at night.

Not long ago a friend asked him, man to man, how much of his performance was out-and-out trickery. Dunninger solemnly replied: "I definitely perform feats of genuine telepathic communication and thought reading. I have, however, a knowledge of magic and I believe that from the standpoint of showmanship I have the right to the professional license granted any entertainer to make his efforts more impressive. If I succeed in entertaining by mystification, regardless of how my results are obtained, I have succeeded in my endeavor." He then analyzed the ingredients of his technique as follows: 60% mind reading, 10% psychology, 10% hypnosis, 15% self-hypnosis and 5% magic. "All of which," he concluded, "adds up to 100% entertainment."

Those who know Dunninger best assert his ambition has been to supplant Houdini as the greatest mystifier of modern times, and that privately he feels his ambition has been achieved. Since his aim is simply to mystify, and since the U. S. public indisputably enjoys being mystified, the specific methods by which this pleasurable mystification is achieved would appear of little consequence. It is barely possible Dunninger could not explain himself if he wanted to. For more than once, after a successful performance, he has told incredulous admirers, "I'm the most surprised man in this audience tonight. How I do it, I simply don't know. I'm mystified, myself! I'm amazed!"



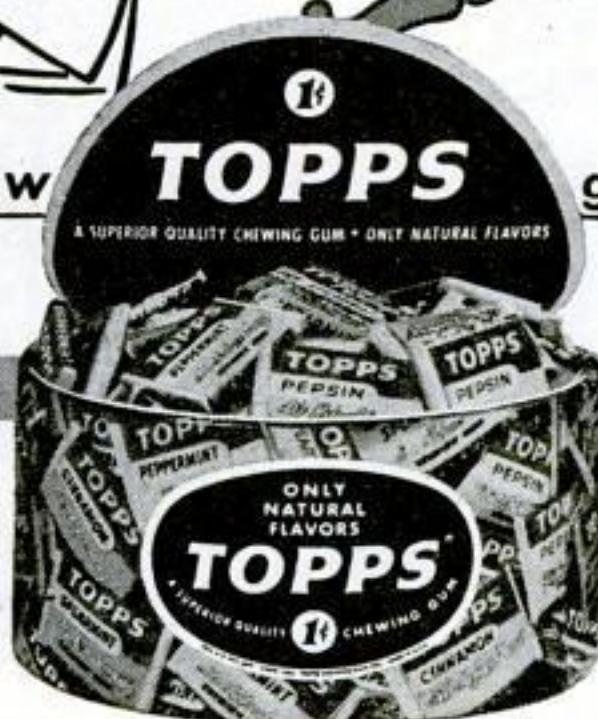
Dunninger exposes a medium's trick. Arm of chair in which he is tied comes loose. With wand he waves luminous cloth, which in darkened chamber looks like a ghost.

COOPERATE WITH THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST CARELESS TALK!



"Don't talk chum, chew **TOPPS** gum"

A superior quality chewing gum
made with only natural flavors



TONIGHT
...taste the
difference!

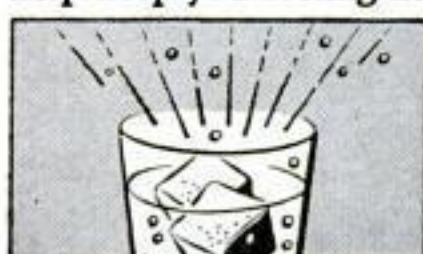
TOMORROW
...feel the
difference!



1 WHITE ROCK IS DIFFERENT. Compare it with any other mineral water-mixer or club soda.



2 WHITE ROCK IS BETTER FOR YOU. Natural mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity... help keep you feeling fit.



3 IT'S **SPARK-CHARGED**. Its sparkle stays to the end of your drink... it points up flavor!

... says **JOHN BOLES**,
star of "One Touch of Venus"

Mr. Boles insists on serving White Rock to his guests... they say it helps them keep feeling fit next day.

He takes a glass of plain sparkling White Rock before going to bed and again in the morning for good health's sake. You see, White Rock's natural mineral salts combat acidity... help keep you on the alkaline side.

White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER
ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

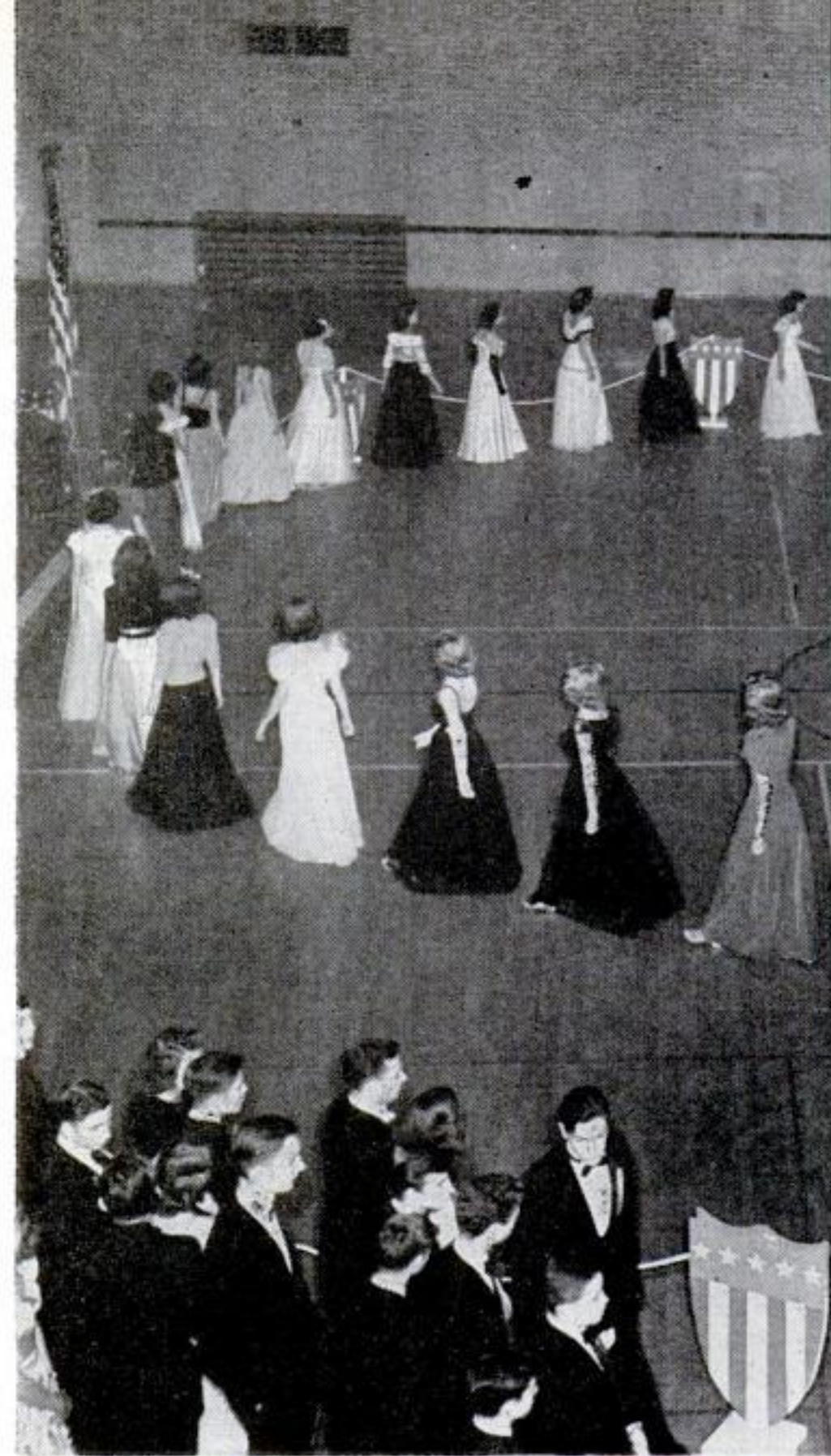
Please! We and your government will appreciate your returning empty bottles and cartons to your dealer.





Judges of dance contest were Under Secretary of State and Mrs. Edward R. Stettinius Jr. (center), whose son Ted (below) is student at the school. A 12-piece band played for the dance.

Ted Stettinius gets tie straightened by Marjory Rhett while his parents chuckle at his discomfort. A shy young fellow, Ted disliked having his picture taken. He did not have a date.



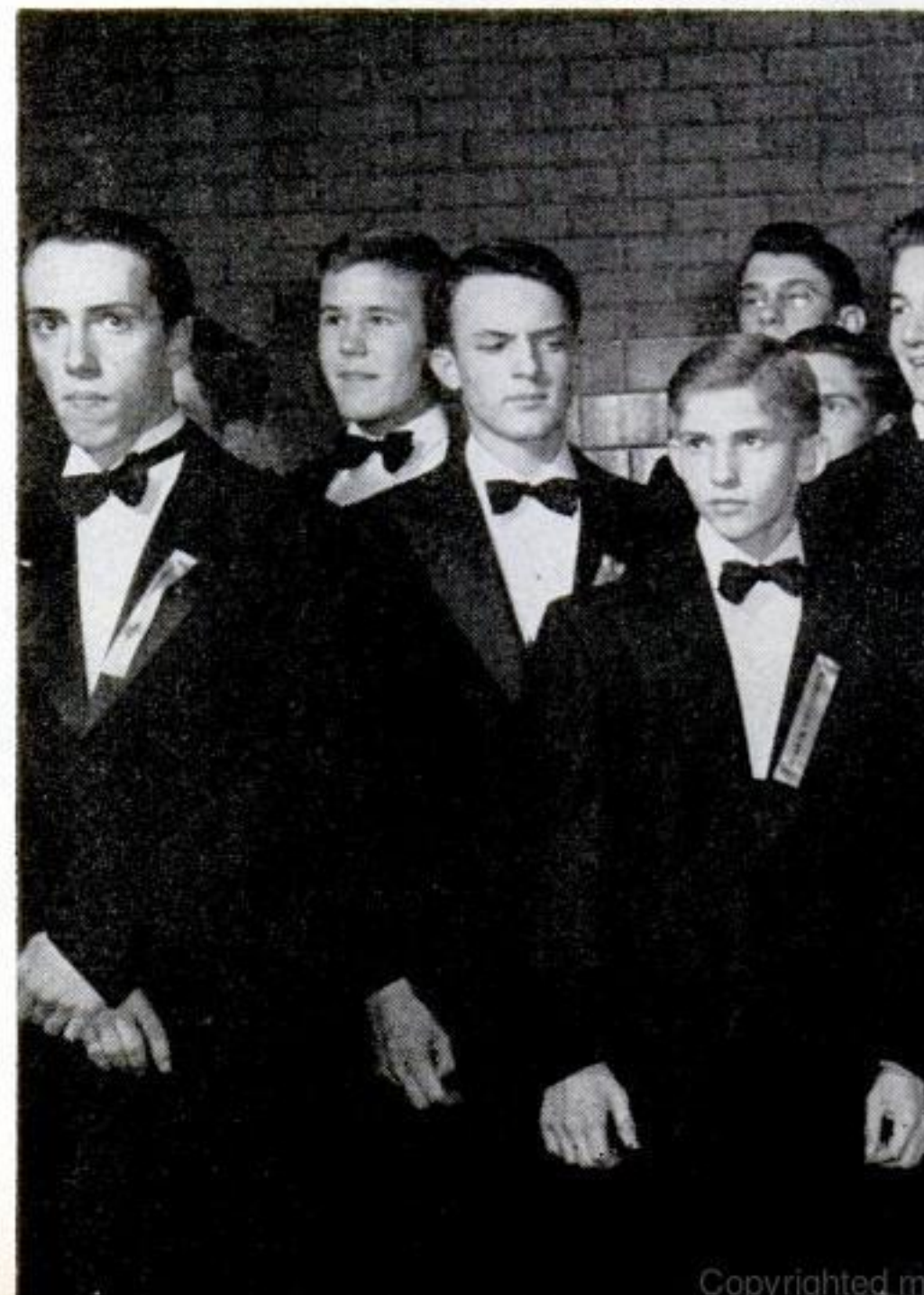
LINES MARKING THE BASKETBALL COURT SHOW PLAINLY

Life Goes to a

Boys at Woodberry Forest School in

Most important social event of the year at Woodberry Forest School near Orange, Va. is the Midwinters, a series of parties extending over a weekend following first-semester exams. On this occasion the boys—whose ages range from 12 to 18—ask the prettiest girls for miles around (*see cover*) to be their guests, and the school puts them up dormitory-fashion in rooms above gymnasium and in the historic "Residence." In this house, designed by Thomas Jefferson for President Madison's brother William, the school was started in 1889 by Captain Robert Stringfellow Walker, C.S.A. His son, J. Carter Walker, is the present headmaster.

STAG LINE CONSISTED MOSTLY OF BOYS WITHOUT DATES.





ON GYM FLOOR AS THE COUPLES PAIR FOR FIGURE DANCE

Junior Dance

Virginia are hosts at "Midwinters"

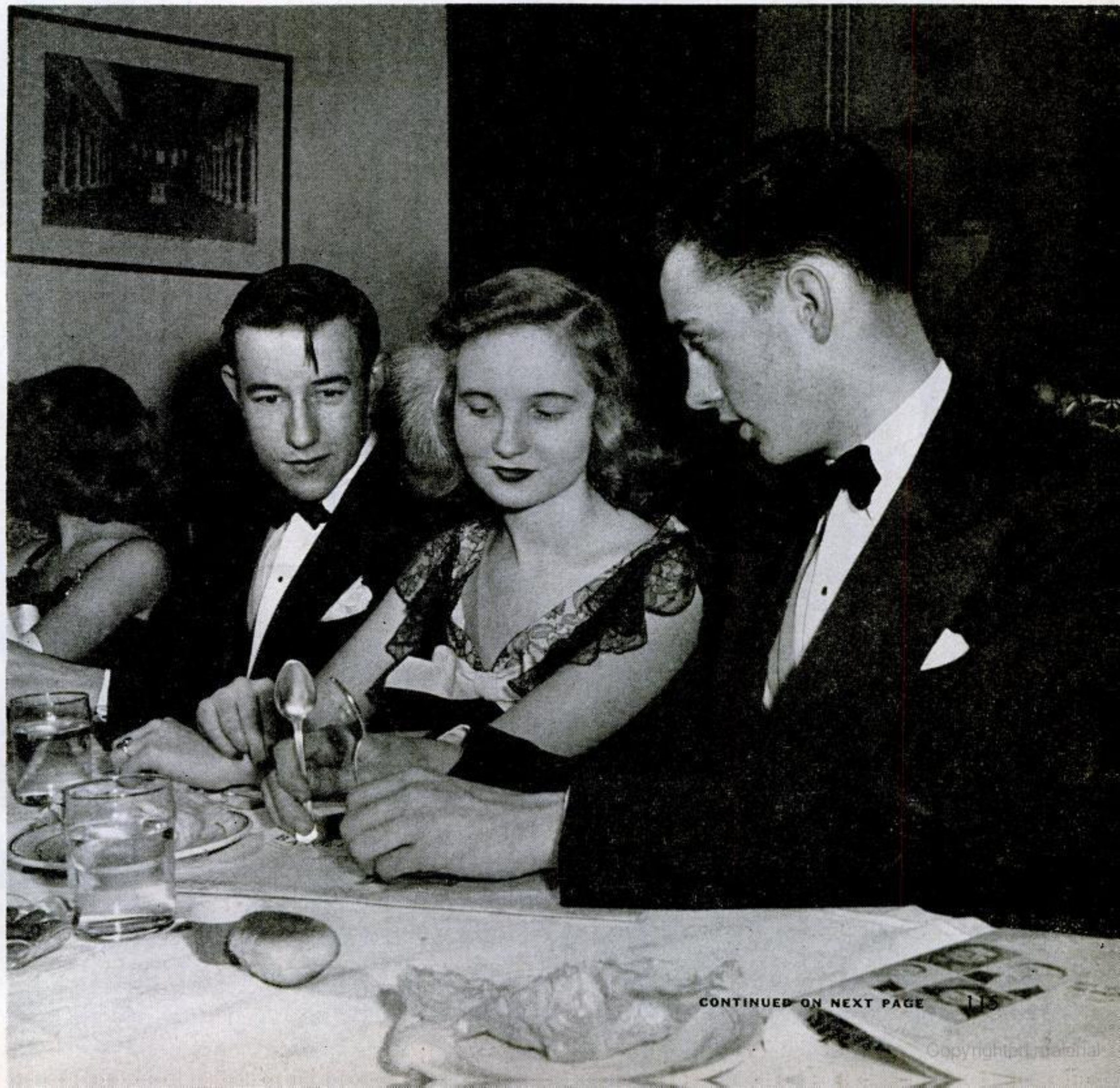
An outbreak of measles a month before the appointed weekend threatened to cancel plans for the party, but each invited guest was advised of the situation and was told she was welcome to come at her own risk. Very few refused. Met at the train Friday afternoon by their hosts, the girls were taken on a tour of the grounds, then rested for the formal dinner and dance shown here. Saturday's program included breakfast for Hop committee and their girls at a cabin in the woods owned by one of the masters. A basketball game, tea dance, buffet supper and another formal dance that night brought the Midwinters to a flourishing climax.

FACES SHOW MIXTURE OF AWE, BOREDOM, ANTICIPATION



At intermission there was a scamper for comfortable seats in the lounge off the gym, where some of the dateless younger boys were stretched out sleepily. Dance ended at 2 o'clock.

David Schenck, a sixth former, used spoons to demonstrate dance figures for his guest, Betty Nutt of Greensboro, N. C. A special edition of the school paper was delivered at dinner.



Guard your lips as Servicemen do!



Freezing winds that chap and crack lips hold no terrors for our Armed Forces with protective Chap Stick on hand. You can use this same protection at home



This special lip preparation smooths, soothes, promotes healing of rough, dry, sore, chapped lips first application

Just like the lips of the men in the Armed Forces, your lips are subjected to sun, wind, and cold weather. That is true whether you're a man, woman or child. So, if your lips are rough, dry or painfully sore—do as so many men in the service do—get quick relief with Fleet's Chap Stick.



Guards your lips...
smooths . . . soothes . . . promotes healing

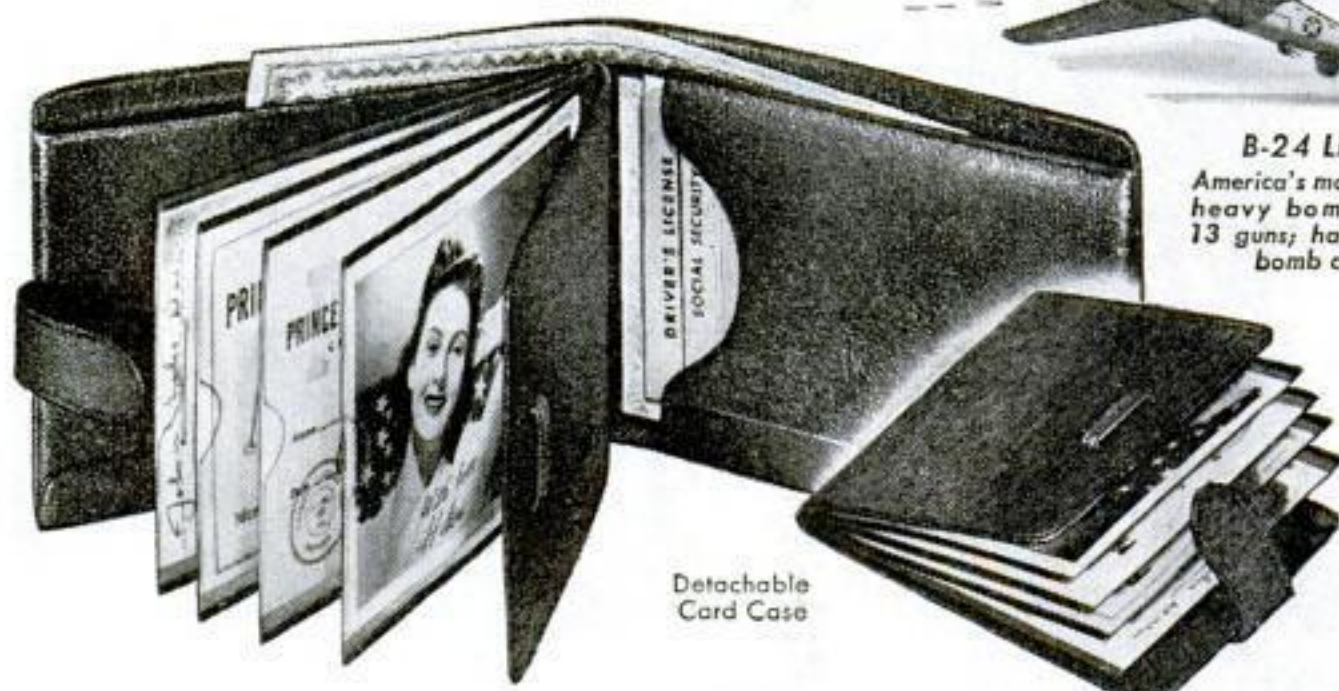
This medicated preparation is made especially for the lips. Acts 3 ways at the same time: 1. Smooths roughness. 2. Soothes feverish soreness. 3. Promotes healing. That's why relief is so fast; why your lips feel so pleasantly smooth almost at once.

Play safe! Use Chap Stick before exposure to sun, wind, and weather. Get Chap Stick today. Only 25¢ at drug counters. Look for the name Fleet's. Remember, if it isn't Fleet's—it isn't genuine Chap Stick. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.



PRINCE GARDNER
"Invisible Stitch" REGISTRAR

Efficient as a B-24



B-24 Liberator
America's most destructive heavy bomber mounts 13 guns; has tremendous bomb capacity.

Detachable Card Case

When an airman describes THE REGISTRAR as "Built like a B-24," he means it's plenty efficient! For Prince Gardner Registrar uses every bit of space. A detachable case with eight "windows" for cards, credentials and snapshots; three indexed folders; secret pockets; hidden compartment for large bills—roomy, yet compact and slim. "Invisibly Stitched"—no exposed stitches to wear or tear. That's why, with men who know efficiency,

THE REGISTRAR holds top rank. At fine stores everywhere. Shown in Hand-Boarded India Goatskin, Black, Brown or Gahna Mission Brown, \$5. ^{plus tax}



If your store is temporarily out of Prince Gardner Registrar, keep asking. Great demand and war scarcities are the reasons. You'll find it's worth the wait. PRINCE GARDNER, St. Louis 10, Mo. Made also in Canada at 468 King St., West, Toronto 2.

CREATORS OF THE "INVISIBLE STITCH" BILLFOLD

Life Goes to a Junior Dance (continued)



Honey and Patty Silliman of Marion, Va. press their gowns at "Residence" before dinner. Honey, 18, attends Marion College; Patty, 17, is Duke University freshman.



Honey obliges by fastening side snaps on Patty's dress of black net with turquoise top. Honey's was a pale blue satin. Each had a different gown for Saturday night.



Silhouetted on the portico of the gymnasium, Pat Hole and Mary McDuffie wait for Hop-committee dates. For pictures of the boys struggling to get ready, see page 119.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119



This job of making things do

When there's only so much to go round, what we have must be shared by all—that's the common sense reason for rationing.

It's the only way to assure enough for everyone—making sure that no one gets more than he should have while another gets less than he needs.

That same brand of fairness is behind the purchase-limits on IMPERIAL—you may not be able to buy all you'd like of this famed

"velvety" whiskey. Like other things, there's only so much to go round.

With every distillery in America making alcohol for our war needs, no more whiskey is at present being distilled—and pre-war stocks must be made to last for a longer time than was planned.

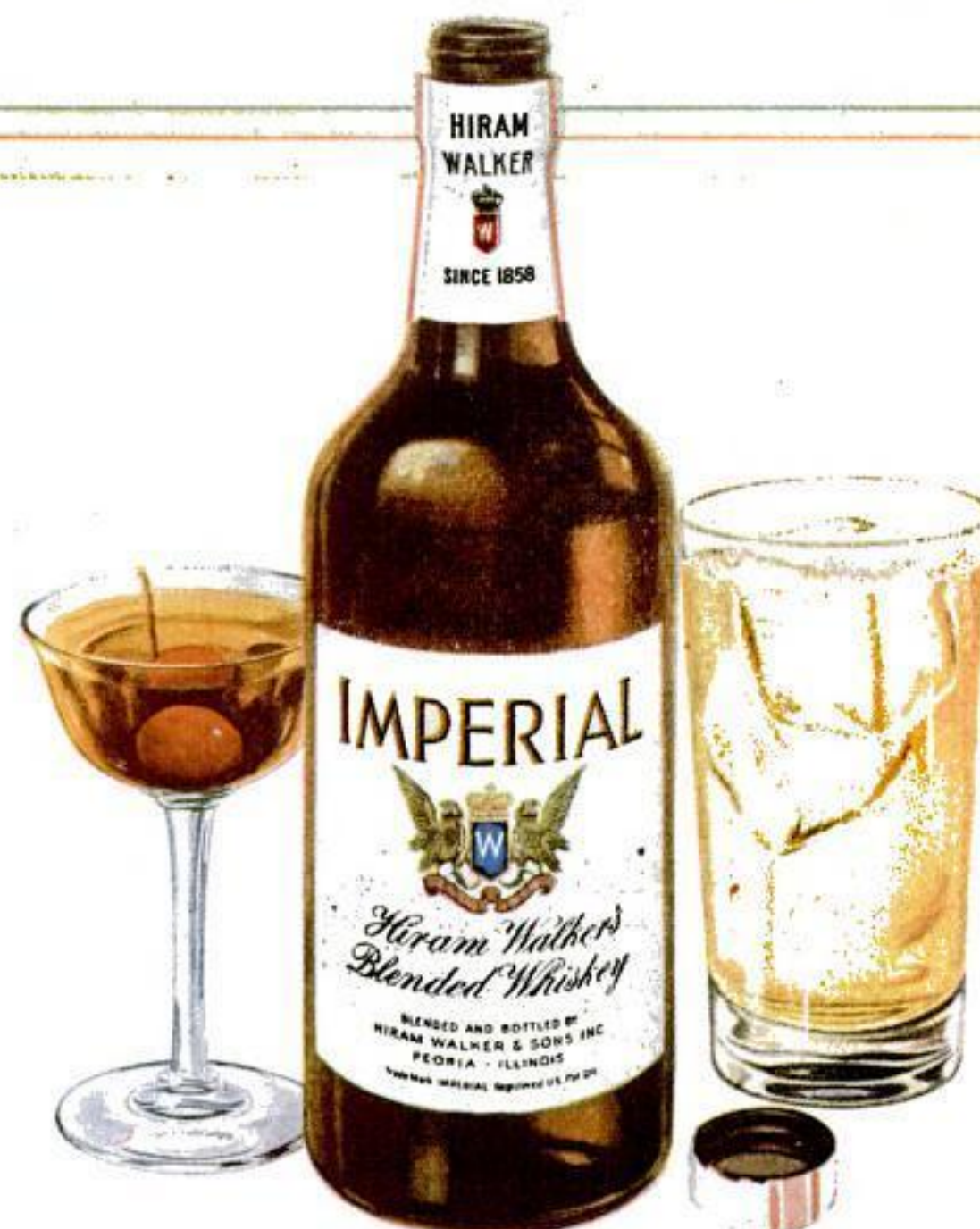
So if you're asked to limit your IMPERIAL buying to one bottle at a time, remember—that *one* bottle is yours because someone else was not permitted to buy *two*.

*Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grain
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.*

IMPERIAL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*... "velvety" for
extra smoothness*





The Upton



The Pinella



The Marcel

With your eyes closed —

True quality is something you can
buy with your eyes closed. For the measure of quality
is not so much what *can* be seen as what *cannot*.
The maker who has kept faith with you through the years . . .
you can have faith in, today. His job may be
more difficult, but his honor no less steadfast.

★ ★ ★

For over 50 years, and through three wars, the makers of
Gold Cross Shoes have made only shoes which they could sell with honor
and which American women could buy with supreme confidence.
That is your high assurance that the Gold Cross Shoes you buy, today,
are worthy of you . . . and of your precious ration coupon.



America's unchallenged shoe value **\$6⁹⁵**
... most styles,
Denver West, \$7.45



The United States Shoe Corp., Cincinnati 7, Ohio • Gold Cross Shoes are manufactured and distributed in England by Somervell Bros. Ltd., in Australia by The Meyer Emporium, Ltd.



Shaving is a small chore for Eli Tulles, fourth former of Louisville, Ky., though he hasn't been at it long. Note the mirror propped on books as Eli works from bedside.



Collar-button trouble assails Frank Dowd, who gets help from a "rat" (new boy), Henry Maclin. Rats perform many tasks for old boys, have to "run laps" if balky.



Waiting for girls at the Residence, Dick Chatham, Bob Beasley, Bill Taylor and Ted Barnes (cover) mark time. When the girls made their entrance, boys whistled loudly.



Such wonderful Munsingwear "Foundettes" still!
The same good, smooth, lean feeling. Real natural rubber sections.
And zippers once more. Not every model, everywhere,
but always one to mold any figure from 14 to 40 into loveliness.

MUNSINGWEAR *Foundettes*
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FINE FOUNDATION GARMENTS • ALSO UNDERWEAR, SLEEPING WEAR, HOSIERY
MUNSINGWEAR, INC. • MINNEAPOLIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES



Bearded chief of Black Dragon Society ominously sits at judges' bench beneath an enormous rising sun. Although the execution of U. S. aviators has already been decided upon, the judges try to make the captured fliers admit that they bombed hospitals and machine-gunned civilians.

Captured U. S. airmen, astounded at being in court, try desperately to find out for what crime they are being tried. They are told the charge is murder. The Japs realize their people are terrified at prospect of further attacks, use trial to calm population, throw fear into future raiders.





Jap Army and Navy chiefs march into the courtroom and take their seats at the trial of the U.S. fliers. At left sit the correspondents of the foreign press (Axis only).

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Purple Heart

It is a ringing indictment of Jap atrocity

Darryl Zanuck's *The Purple Heart* is the first full-length picturization of a specific case of the sickening treatment meted out to American prisoners of war by Japan. Its story pivots on the "trial" of eight U. S. Army fliers captured after the Doolittle raid on Japan. Forced to bail out of *Mrs. Murphy* and *Leaping Lena*, their B-25's, they drop through a violent storm into Jap occupied China. With a minimum of flashbacks, it shows their betrayal by a mealy-mouthed Chinese collaborationist and the efforts of feuding Jap Army and Navy leaders to pin blame for the raid on each other. Taking place largely in a Japanese court and the prisoners' cell, *The Purple Heart* scrupulously avoids any scene of actual torture of the Americans and confines itself to the sufficiently horrifying results.

Producer Zanuck had only meager news clips on which to base his scenario. The shooting took place secretly on a closed set because the government long persisted in withholding official news of Jap cruelty. *The Purple Heart's* release now coincides with the change in Washington policy which brought forth LIFE's article "Prisoners of Japan" (Feb. 7).

Among other things *The Purple Heart* establishes Dana Andrews, who scored highly in *The Ox Bow Incident*, as one of the year's most promising young actors. His portrayal of the leader of the captured aviators is both convincing and restrained. Sam Levene as *Mrs. Murphy's* recalcitrant navigator delivers the picture's most moving speech. Although *The Purple Heart* occasionally lapses into ineffectual bravado, it is for the most part a good forthright motion picture which will make the audiences boiling mad.

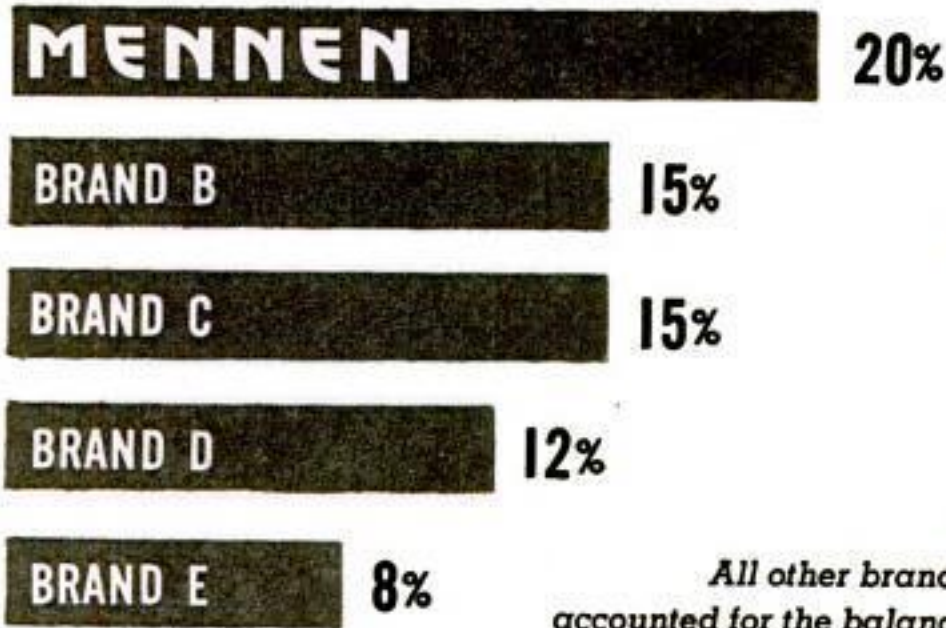


Jap defense counsel Itsubi Sakai (Allen Jung) tells fliers that he went to Princeton. Despite the reluctance of Chinese to play Jap parts, all Japs in the film are Chinese.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

MENNEN LATHER SHAVE WINS DERMATOLOGIST POLL

In a recent nation-wide poll, more dermatologists say they use Mennen Lather Shave than any other brand... one third more than the next leading brand! Here are the final poll results:



This clear-cut preference on the part of these distinguished physicians is real evidence of the superior quality of Mennen Lather Shave. When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the choice of America's highest authorities. They give you the secret of easy shaving.



—plain or menthol-iced
in tube or jar

A Novel Radio Program
"Ed Sullivan Entertains"
CBS Monday nights
7:15 pm EWT 9:15 pm MWT
6:15 pm CWT 8:15 pm PWT



IT'S A champ FROM EVERY ANGLE

Here's what the new CHAMP will tell you when you stand before the triple mirror:

"Mister, you never looked better in your life."

"Mister, that hat looks like a lot more money."

"Mister, that's the smartest style in town."

See the new Ranger! The Commando! The R. A. F.!
From every angle—they're the hit hats for Spring.

Shown above: R.A.F....Year-round weight. Smart narrow ribbon—extra-narrow binding edge. Flexible, durable. \$5.00 • COMMANDO...Luxurious felt—luxuriously lined. Wide ribbon edge, triple-stitched. Imperial quality. \$6.50 • CRUSADER...Soft, lightweight felt. Richly lined. Matched ribbon band and edge. Imperial quality. \$6.50 • Grays, browns, greens, blues and covert.

CHAMP HATS • MADE BY LA SALLE HAT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

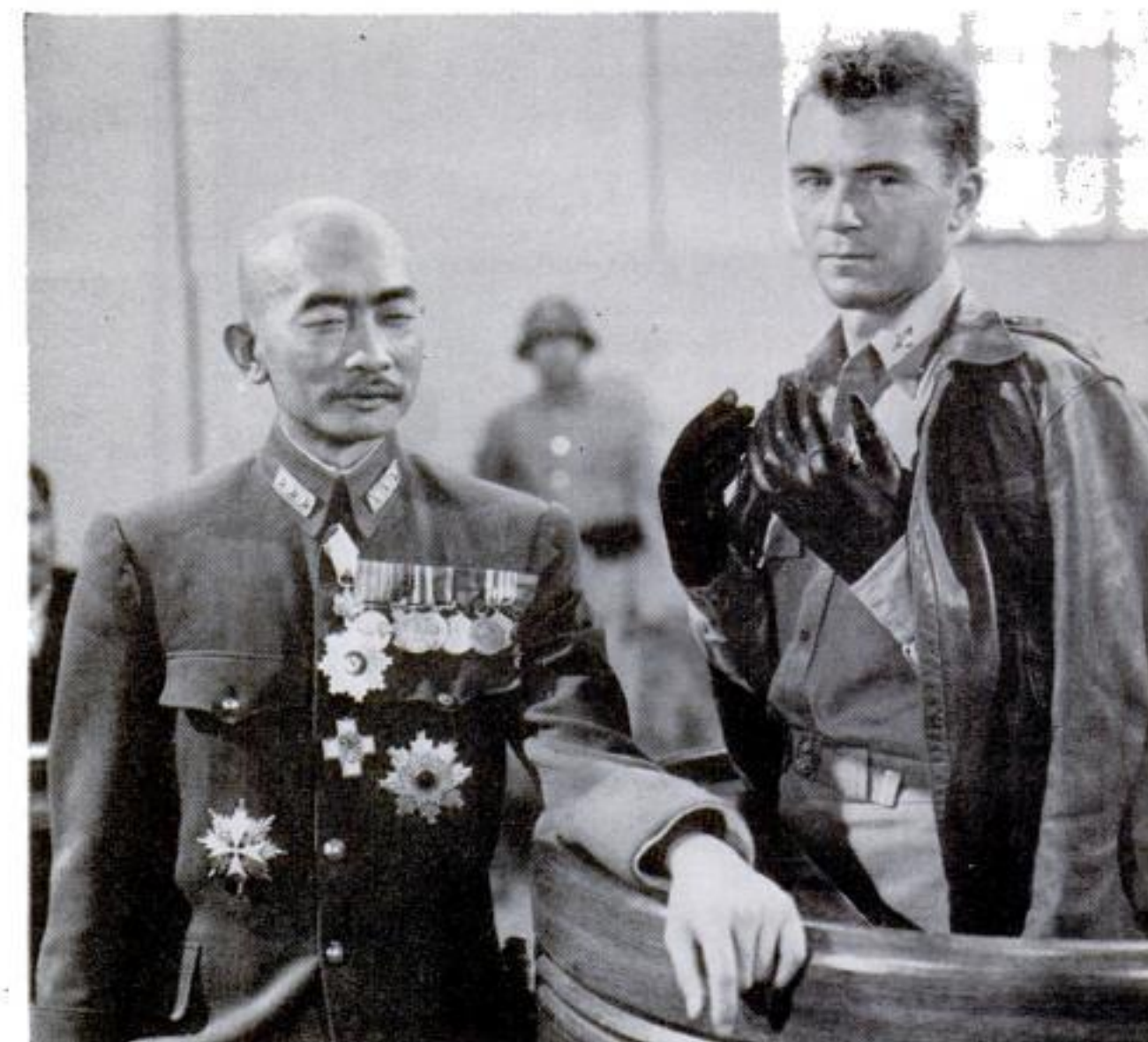
"The Purple Heart" (continued)



Kicked in the face by a Japanese guard, Lieut. Peter Vincent (Donald Barry) falls to the floor. Prisoners are herded into small cell. Two of them are driven insane.

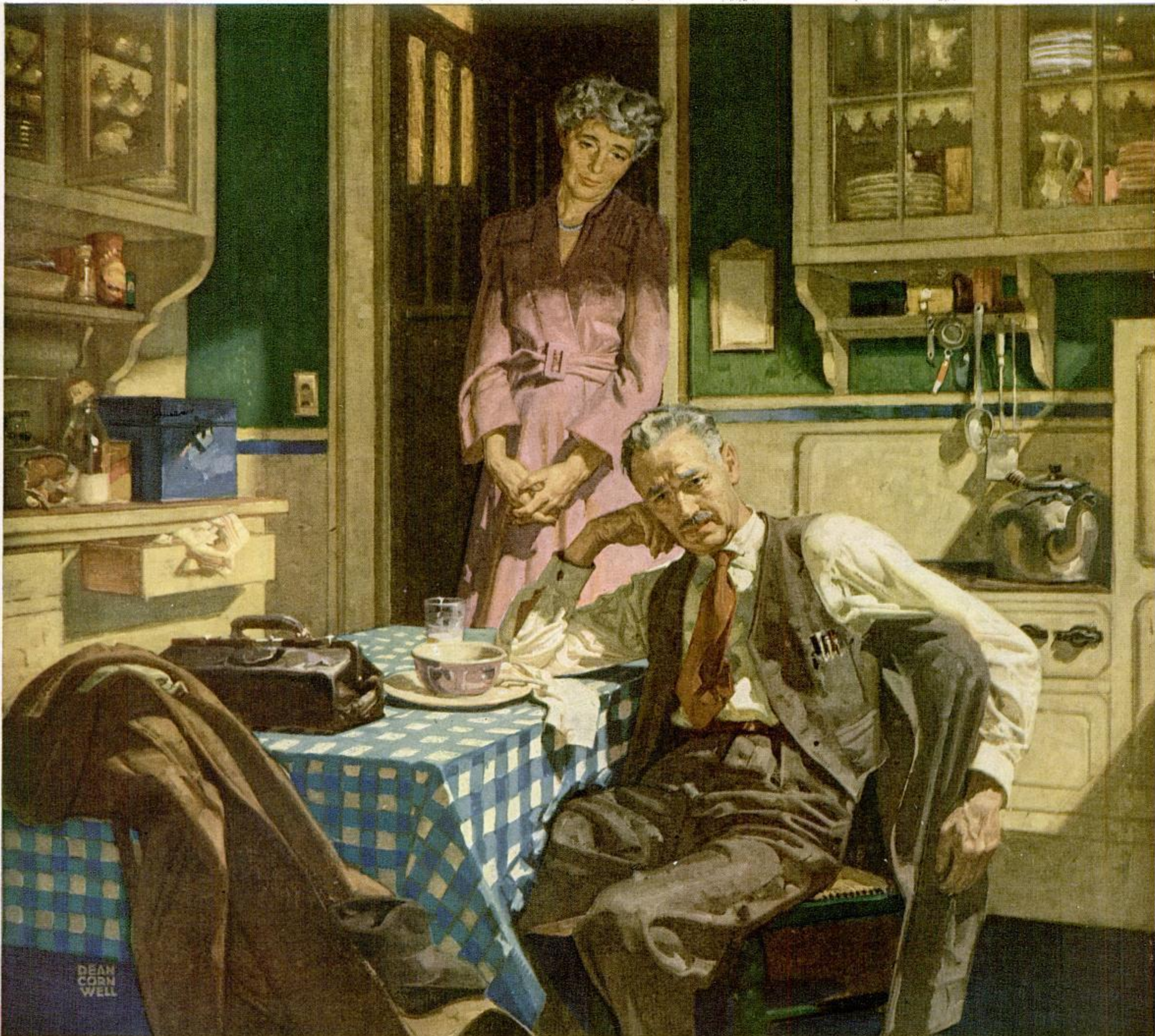


Beaten on the head by a Japanese rifle butt, Lieut. Angelo Canelli (Richard Conte) is knocked out after jumping from the prisoners' box to protest his comrade's torture.



Mutilated hands in black gloves are exhibited by Lieut. Kenneth Bayforth (Charles Russell) as Jap prosecutor tries to make him disclose facts about the raid on Japan.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125



The only patient the Doctor says "No" to

It may be 2:00 A.M. . . . raining buckets. But when a call for help comes—the Doctor can't say "no."

The only patient he *does* say "no" to is . . . himself.

Often, these days, the Doctor "cat naps" when he can . . . eats his meals at crazy hours . . . or not at all. He's on the go 12, 14, 16 hours a day. For, today, nearly half of our physicians are serving with the armed forces. And each of those who are left at home must care for an average of 1700 people!

So, even minutes count for your doctor today. Help him save those minutes. For his sake . . . for the sake of those who may need him more than you . . . for your own sake.

When you need your doctor, he will appreciate

your thoughtfulness if you'll do these four things:

PHONE HIM FIRST. Tell him as clearly as you can what's wrong. Let him decide whether he should come to see you, or you should go to him.

GO TO HIM whenever you are able. House visits take lots of his time—time when someone else may really need him urgently.

KEEP YOUR APPOINTMENT promptly, don't postpone it; make it at *his* convenience, so that he can plan his crowded hours better.

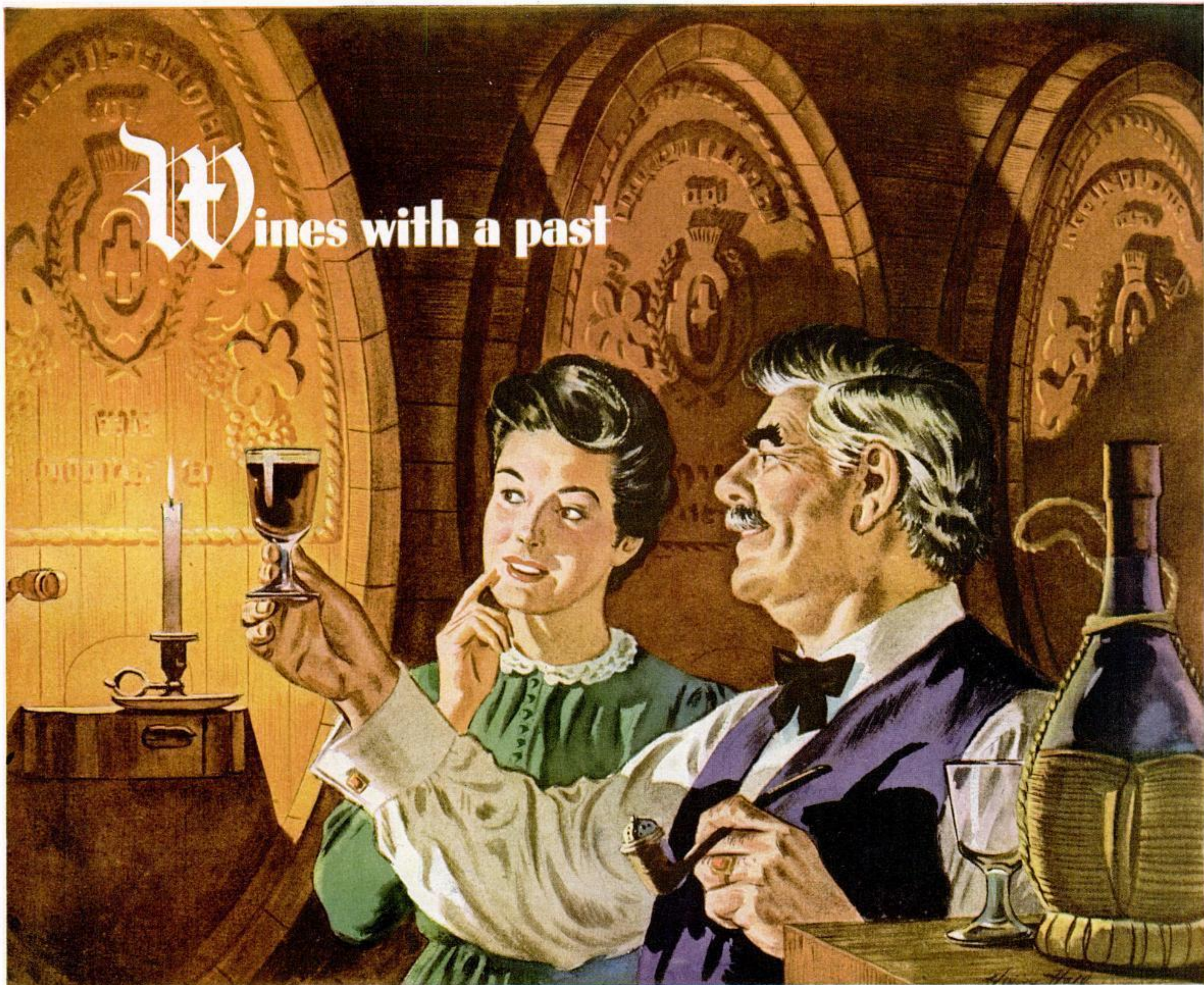
FOLLOW HIS ADVICE to the letter—so that your trouble doesn't drag on, get complicated, or need extra attention from him.

★ ★ ★

ONE OF A SERIES of messages published as a public service by Wyeth's, Philadelphia, illustrated by Dean Cornwell. Wyeth's have been pioneer pharmacists since 1860, relied upon by your physician and druggist for uncompromising quality, precision, and ethical standards in pharmaceuticals, biologicals, and nutritional products.

SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S TIME IN WARTIME!

Wyeth
INCORPORATED



Wines with a past

...for your pleasure today



WINE-MAKING SKILL AT ASTI, CALIFORNIA

HERE, half a century ago, a vintner of Italian Swiss Colony candles a wine in the dim, cool vaults at Asti. He tests its clarity in preparation for a great event... a wine-judging at an international exposition in Europe.

There, Italian Swiss Colony wines not only *competed* with European vintages, but *won a coveted gold medal*... one of *many* captured at world expositions by this unique wine-making Colony.

The vineyards of Italian Swiss Colony, first planted in 1881, still flourish. Today they are in the *heart* of California's fine-wine country, where grapes grow to perfection—*without irrigation*, as in famous old world wine-districts.

Today, in the quaint village of Asti, amidst the vineyards, descendants of the Colony's founders have carried on its wine-making traditions.

These traditions can mean much to you in wine-enjoyment. With dinner, serve the Colony's Tipo Red or White—or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne. "Candle" it by holding it to the light to see its jewel-like clarity... then catch its subtle fragrance... taste its enchanting flavor. You will gladly grant this wine your "award of merit."

Equally fine and equally famous are the Colony's sweet dessert wines... such as Private Stock California Port, Sherry and Muscatel.

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

"The Purple Heart" (continued)



Unable to speak because his vocal cords have been destroyed, Sgt. Howard Clinton (Farley Granger) prepares to write his testimony. Mitsubi thinks he will tell secret.



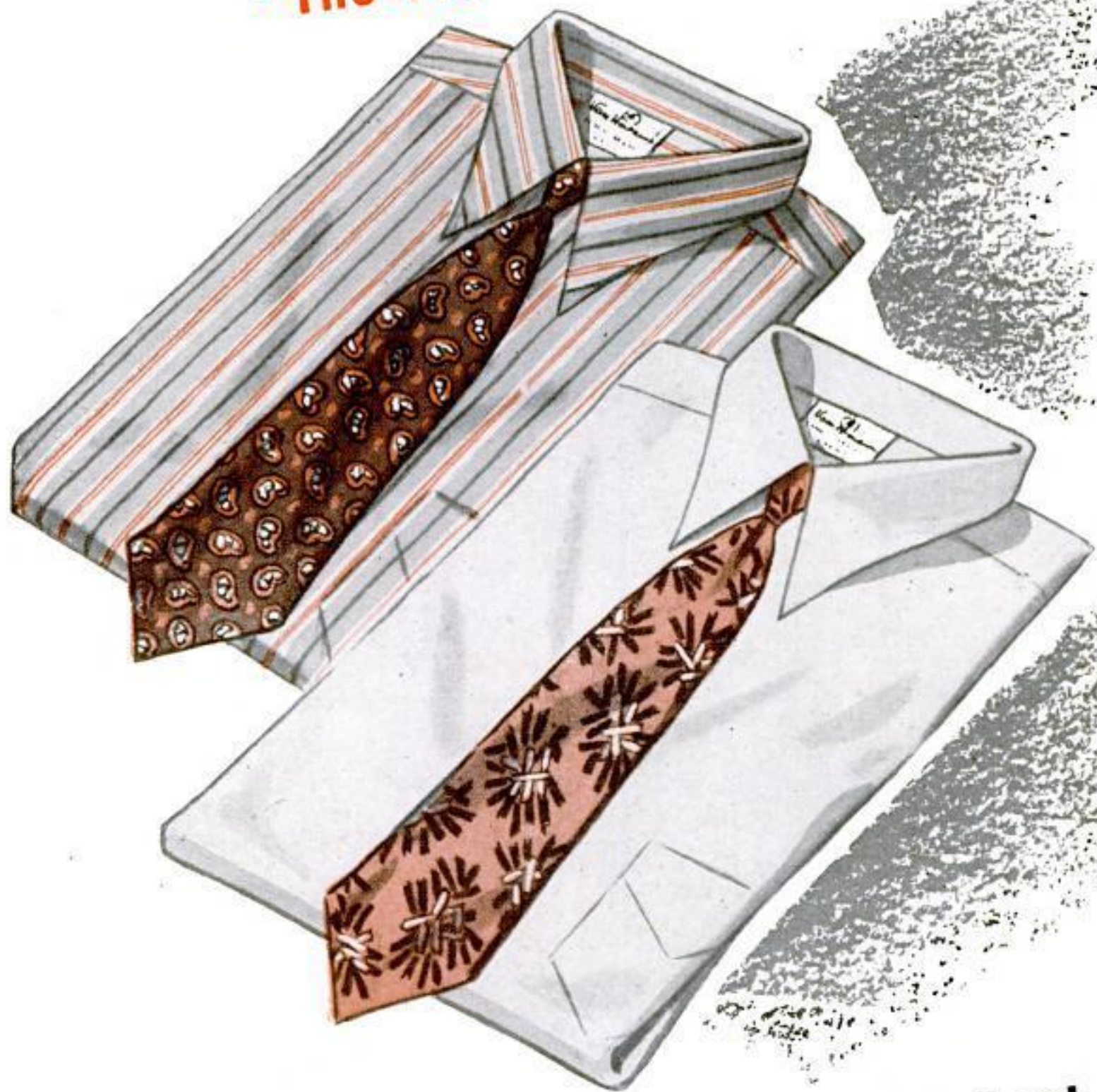
General Mitsubi commits suicide after prisoners vote to reject his last clemency offer if they reveal the names of their commanding officers and location of their base.



Marching to certain death triumphantly, the American fliers, although starved and maltreated, know that they have defeated the Japs and kept their precious secret.



Now I know why they call them
"The World's Smartest Shirts!"



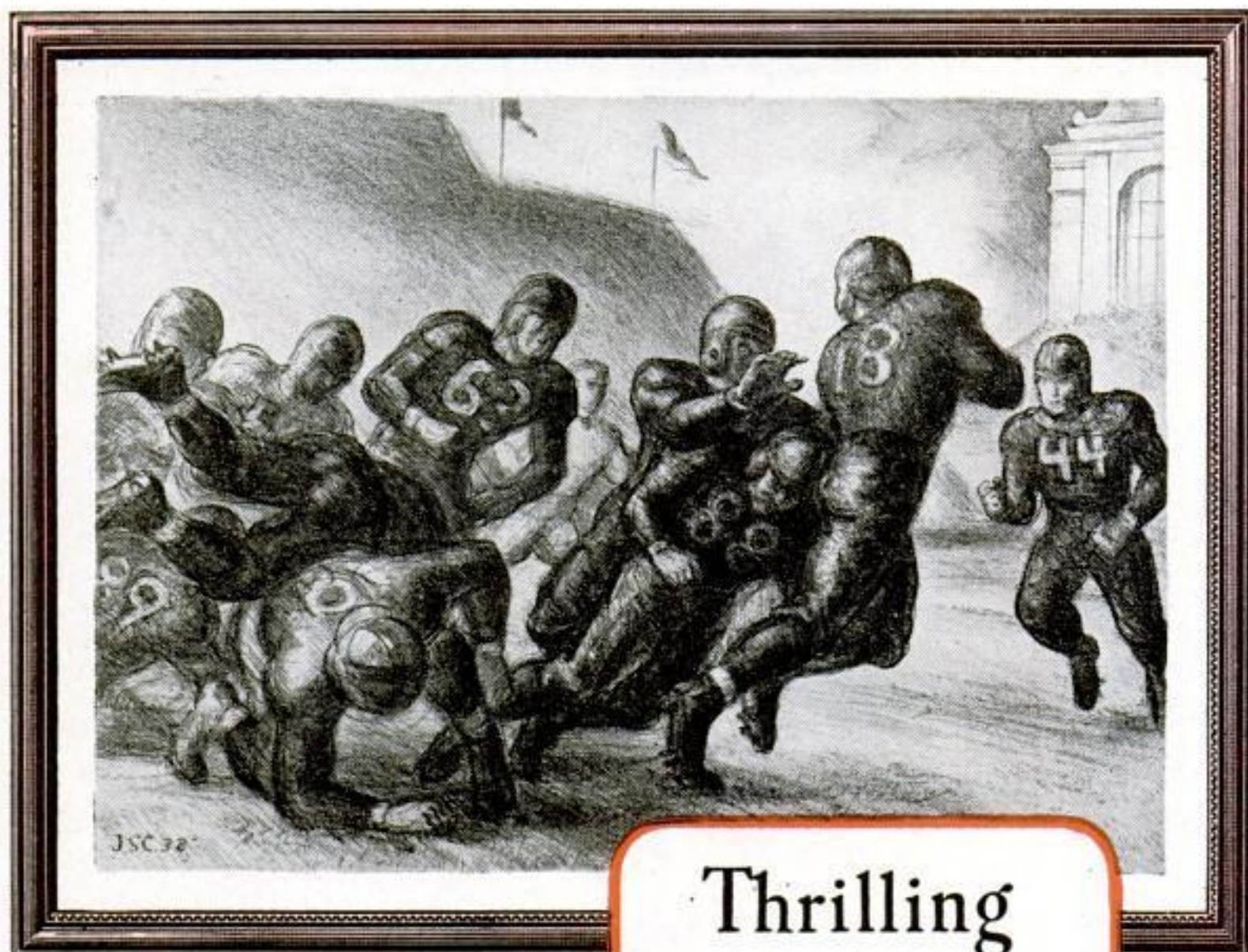
Right! For style and comfort, you can't beat
Van Heusen Shirts

*Give your neck
a break!*

If you don't know why so many men swear by Van Heusen—here's why: no other white shirt has the famous Van Heusen collar attached. The collar that's woven to fit your neck... that looks starched but isn't... that can't wilt or wrinkle. All this on as fine a shirt as you can buy at the price. Patterns and colors too. Sanforized and laundry-tested, \$2.25 and up. Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y.



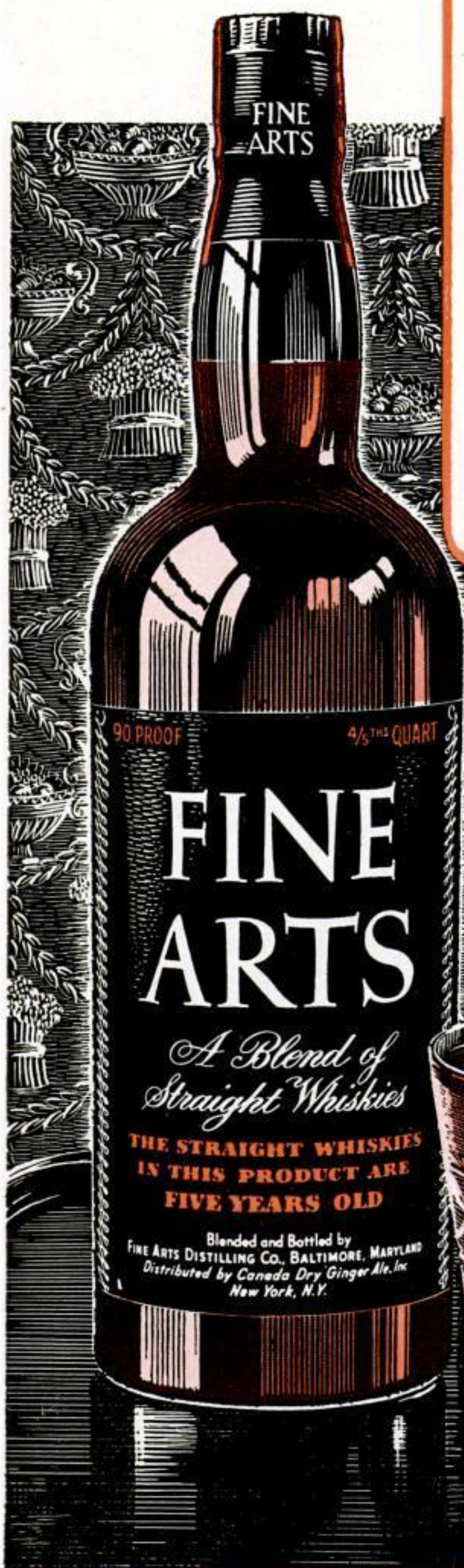
SHIRTS • TIES • PAJAMAS • COLLARS • SPORTSWEAR



"OFF TACKLE" by JOHN STEUART CURRY

Thrilling
as this Curry
Lithograph...
a deep Flavored
Old Fashioned,
made with
**FINE ARTS
WHISKEY**

BUY UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS AND
STAMPS



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

MY PAL, THE RAT

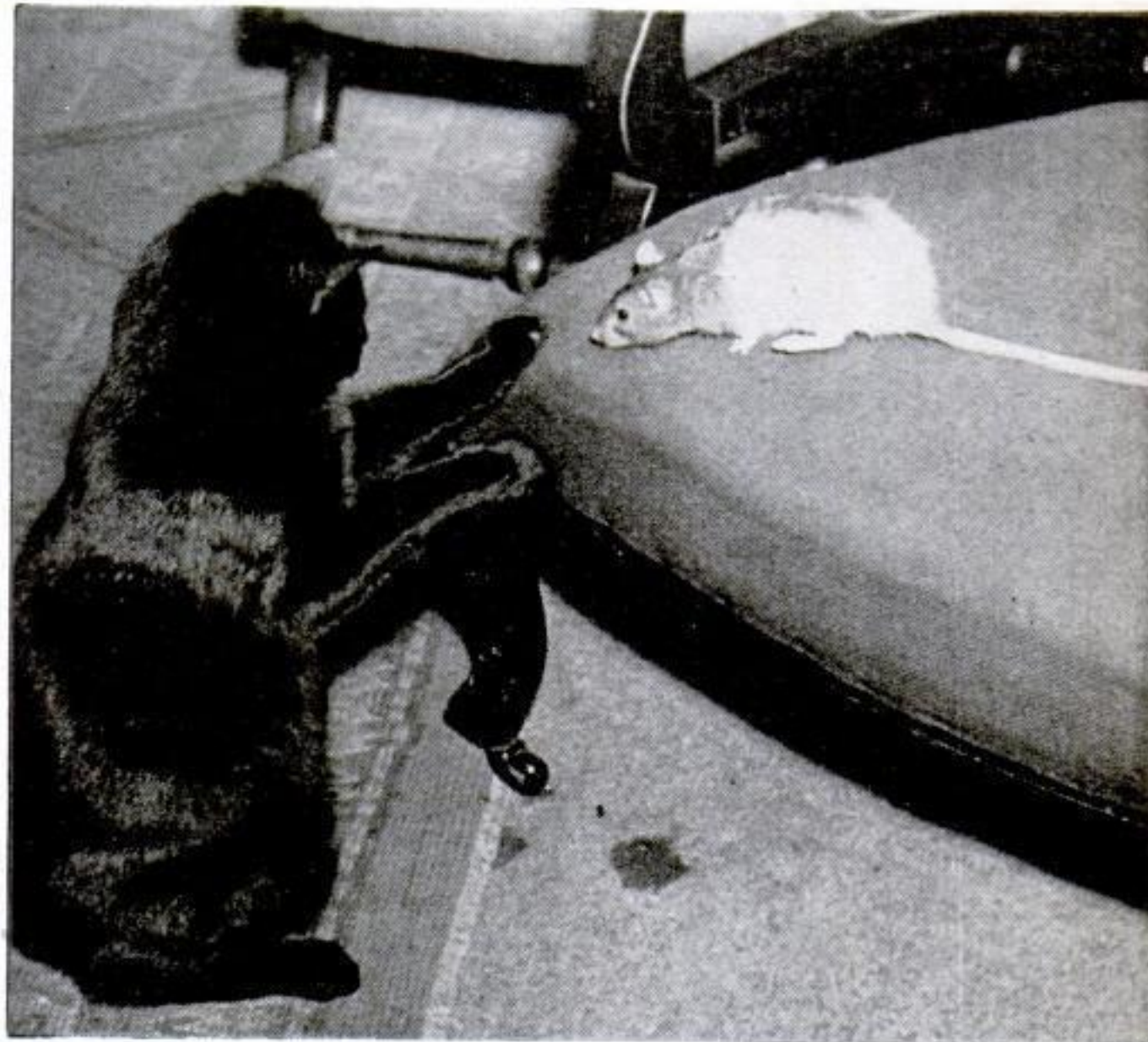
Sirs:

This cat and rat, though tradition says they are enemies, live together in perfect harmony. I caught this picture of the two friends playing together at the home of their owner, Captain J. W. H. Sarll of

Hampstead, London. The rat, a tame one, answers to the name of Kathleen.

JOHN THOMSON

London, England



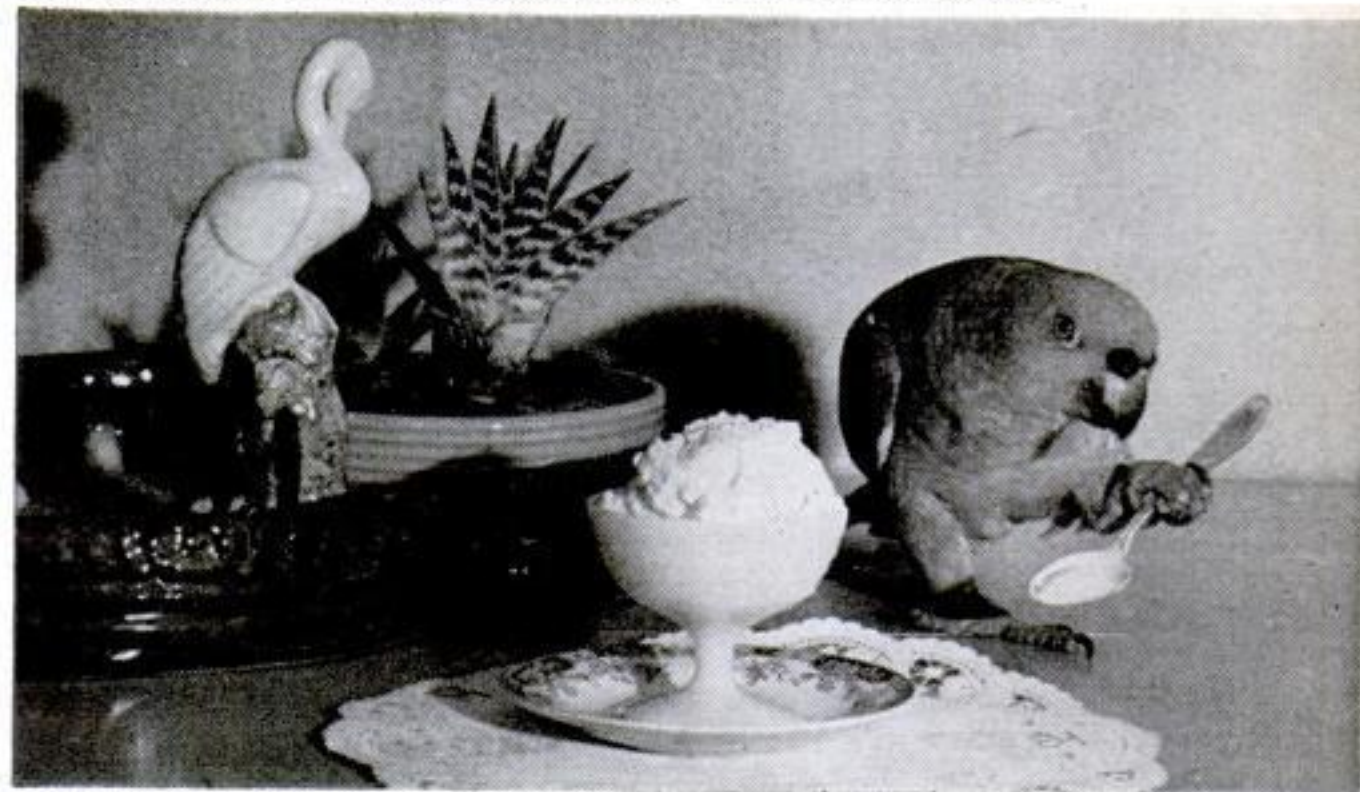
PARROT PORTRAIT

Sirs:

With a still-life background, my pet parrot, Jingles, poses cheerfully for Photographer W. A. January. She is indulging in her favorite pastime, eating ice cream with a teaspoon. Jingles, along with six

other birds, has been my pet since her childhood. The birds are as tame as cats and dogs.

MRS. E. G. SCHARY
San Francisco, Calif.



AMBITIOUS BLACKSMITH

Sirs:

When his day's work was done Henry Church, blacksmith, used to trudge over to Squaw Rock, near Cleveland, to exercise his talents as a sculptor. By the aid of a lantern he carved out of the rock a chained Andromeda, a huge rattlesnake,

a baby in swaddling clothes, a dog, a skeleton, an eagle and a hatchet. All can be discerned in the picture.

MARTHA E. BONHAM
Cleveland, Ohio



**SHINES
UGLY SCRATCHES
AWAY!**

Saves Precious Furniture

Wipe this miracle polish on and thrill to the ease with which ugly scratches disappear—to make your furniture look like new. At leading stores everywhere.

**Old English
Scratch Removing
POLISH**

25¢

Made by the Makers of Old English Wax



BRUSH AWAY

**GRAY
HAIR**

**...AND LOOK 10
YEARS YOUNGER**

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60¢ and \$1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

SWITCH to ENDERS for SIMPLER SHAVES



**KIT
\$2.50**

Here's streamlined shaving... smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave.

Mail \$2.50 today. Supply limited. No C.O.D.'s. Money back guarantee. Srop alone \$1.00.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. A, MYSTIC, CONN.

SYMBOLS OF SAFETY

**Twin Gripper
CAT'S
PAW**

**RUBBER HEELS
AND SOLES**



Stop slipping double fast!

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

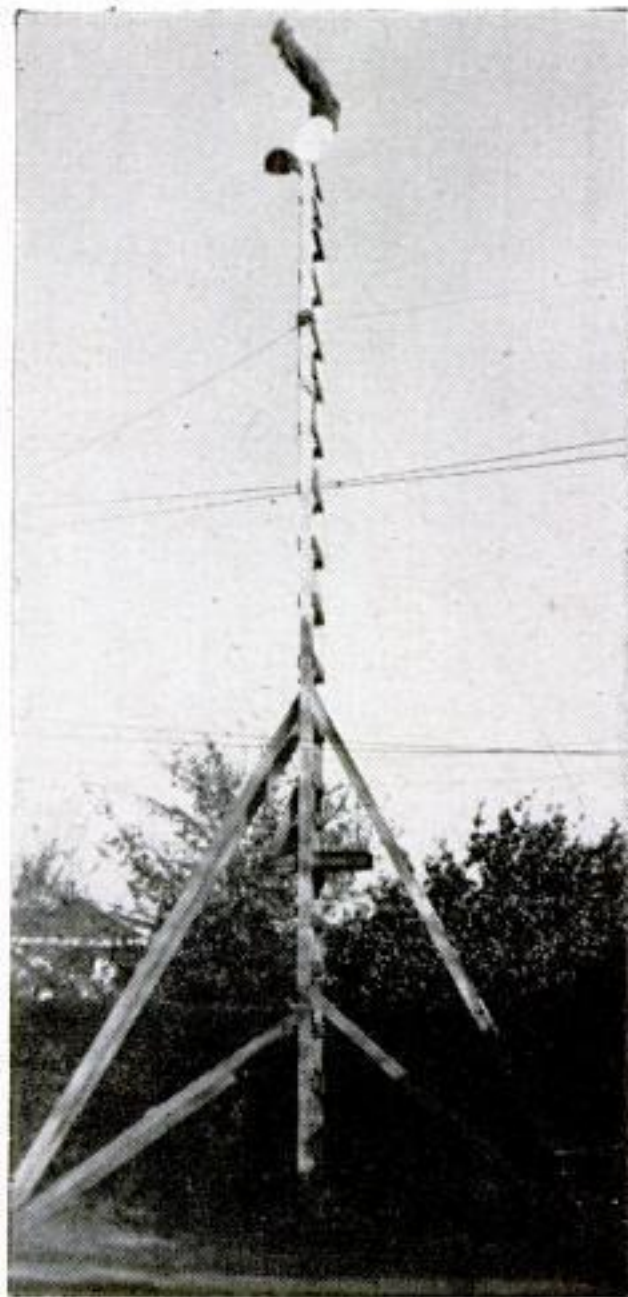
DARING YOUNG MAN

Sirs:

When only 12, Bobby May learned to do handstands. At the age of 14 he had graduated to ladders and is shown here at the top of his highest—30 ft. Bobby performs without nets, to the horror of his parents, who have persuaded him to change his hobby.

J. EDWIN HARVEY

Dallas, Texas



RUSTIC BLISS

Sirs:

Recently I made an imaginary cartoon sketch of a friend's farm, which I had never seen. When I sent it to him he returned it with a photograph of the actual farm. All is identical except that instead of the outhouse he has fancy, newfangled plumbing.

BUD SHAW

Huntington, N. Y.



EMINENT DOCTORS PROVED PHILIP MORRIS

**far less irritating to
the nose and throat!**

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

That is from the findings of distinguished doctors in clinical tests of actual smokers—reported in an authoritative medical journal.



We claim no curative powers for Philip Morris—but that evidence proves them less irritating to the nose and throat.

In addition—you will find Philip Morris finer in taste... more enjoyable.

**CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS**
America's **FINEST** Cigarette





KEY TO CAR CONSERVATION



You do less driving, and you drive more slowly. But that means less exercise for your motor: greater danger of carbon formation . . . more chance of engine wear from grit and grime.

How can you protect your motor while you also save on rubber and fuel? Give proper attention to your Purolator filter element. Replace it regularly—every time you change your oil.

Purolators are the world's best safeguards against engine damage from crankcase impurities. They keep dirt and other abrasives where they belong—away from the motor, *inside* the filter. But unless the elements are systematically changed, they get badly clogged, become eventually useless.

Today's restrictive driving adds life to your car, but also subtracts from its vitality. The final key to conservation is to keep oil clean—constantly, completely, with Purolator protection. Purolator Products, Inc., Newark 5, New Jersey—founder and leader of the oil filter industry.

KEEP IT CLEAN
with
PUROLATOR

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS NOW!

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

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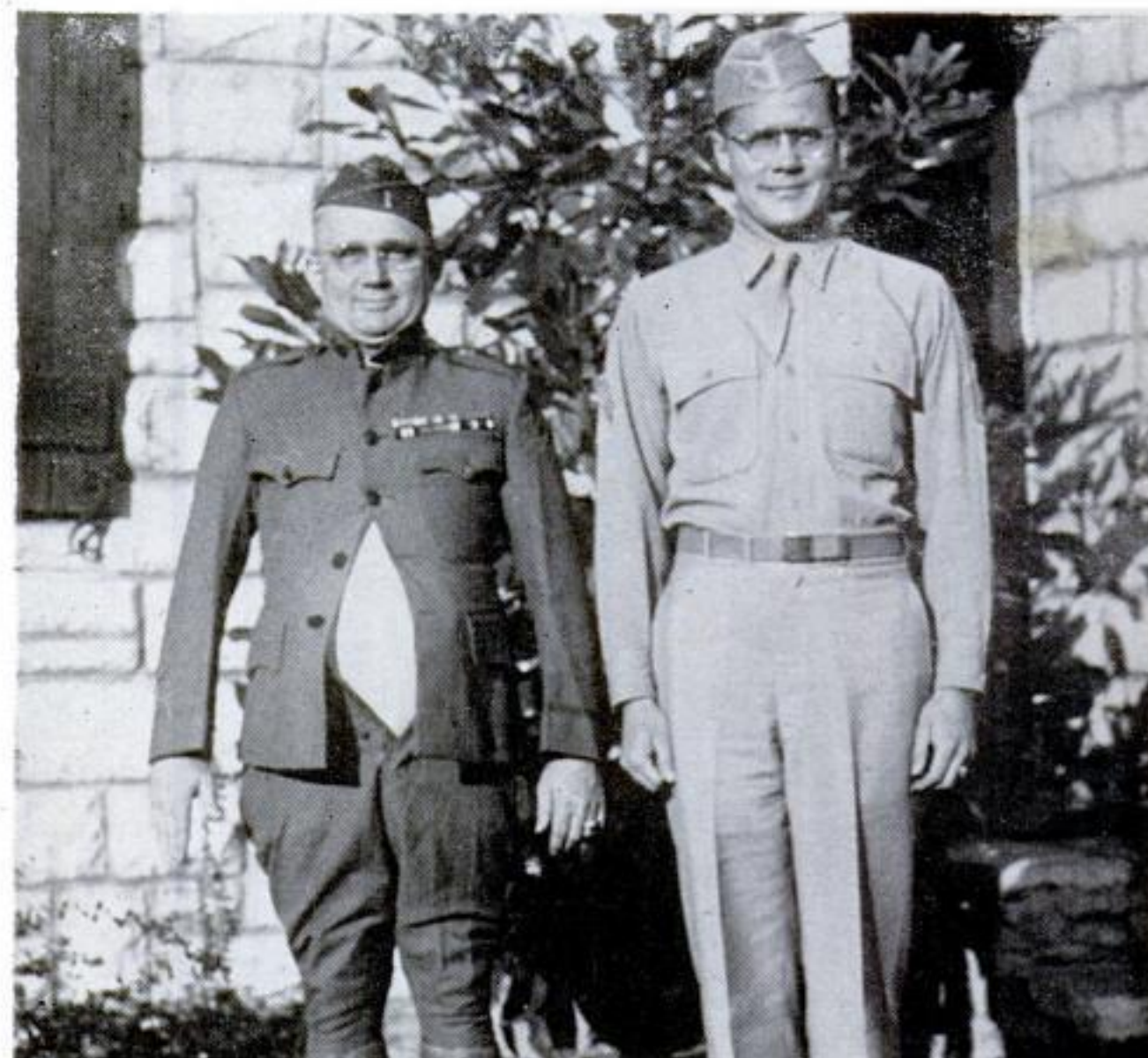
"AT EASE"

Sirs:

When my son, a corporal, was home on furlough recently I decided to get out my World War I lieutenant's uniform and teach him something about military discipline. Without a good deal of tugging

and pulling I would never have answered the call to "fall in"; in fact I got only about two-thirds in at that.

ROBERT M. BARDEN
Lexington, Ky.



BY TOUCH ALONE

Sirs:

Though blind, my mental vision enabled me to complete this carved pipe, a work which has taken me three years. The torso, or pipe bowl, is of Italian briar. The girl's bust is from a piece of gleaming

Honduras mahogany, the feet and legs are of black walnut and the pipeholder, a man's hand, is of California redwood.

JACK R. FULTON
Westerville, Ohio



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our distilleries are devoted to the production of alcohol for war use by the government



... may I suggest you buy
more U. S. War Bonds today?

J. S. Harper



Distilled in peace time and Bottled in Bond
under the supervision of the U. S. Government.

it's always a pleasure

I.W. HARPER

since 1872

the gold medal whiskey



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. | Tune in Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival Every Wednesday Evening C. B. S.

Have a "Coke" = Kia Ora (GOOD LUCK)



...or sealing friendships in New Zealand

Kia ora, says the New Zealander when he wants to give you his best wishes. It's a down-under way of telling you that you're a pal and that your welfare is a matter of mutual interest. The American soldier says it another way. *Have a "Coke"*, says he, and in three words he has made a friend. It's a custom that has followed the flag from the tropics to the polar regions. It's a phrase that says *Welcome, neighbor* from Auckland to Albuquerque, from

New Zealand to New Mexico. 'Round the globe, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*, —has become the high-sign between friendly-minded people.

* * *

In news stories, books and magazines, you read how much our fighting men cherish Coca-Cola whenever they get it. Yes, more than just a delicious and refreshing drink, "Coke" reminds them of happy times at home. Luckily, they find Coca-Cola —bottled on the spot—in over 35 allied and neutral countries 'round the globe.



"Coke" = Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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